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5¢ a copy
November 7, 1925

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Cover by
John Bradshaw Crandell

"Mrs. Fiske"
by
Alexander
Woollcott

and
a remarkable
story
of adventure
by
Charles
Saxby

"THE OPAL STR

STOP
LOOK
LISTEN
RR

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (*other mod's.*)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (*other mod's.*)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

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That is why three out of every four who ask for oil by name specify Mobiloil.

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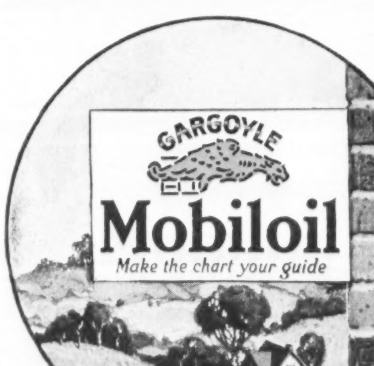
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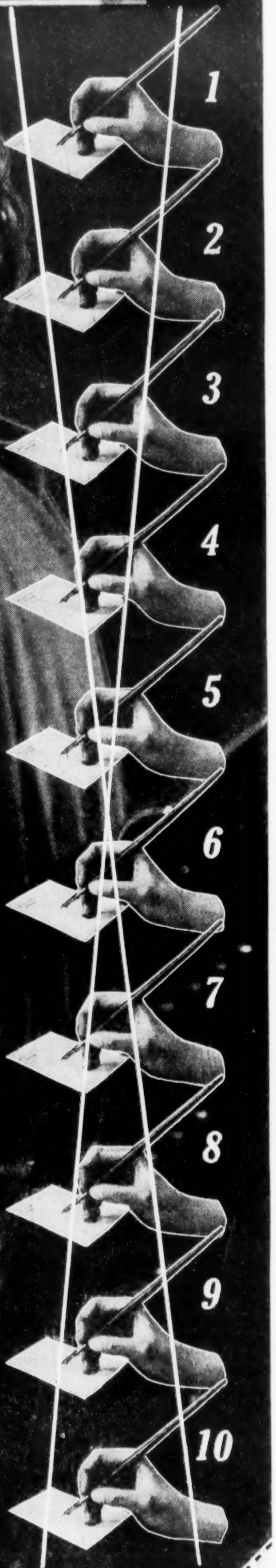

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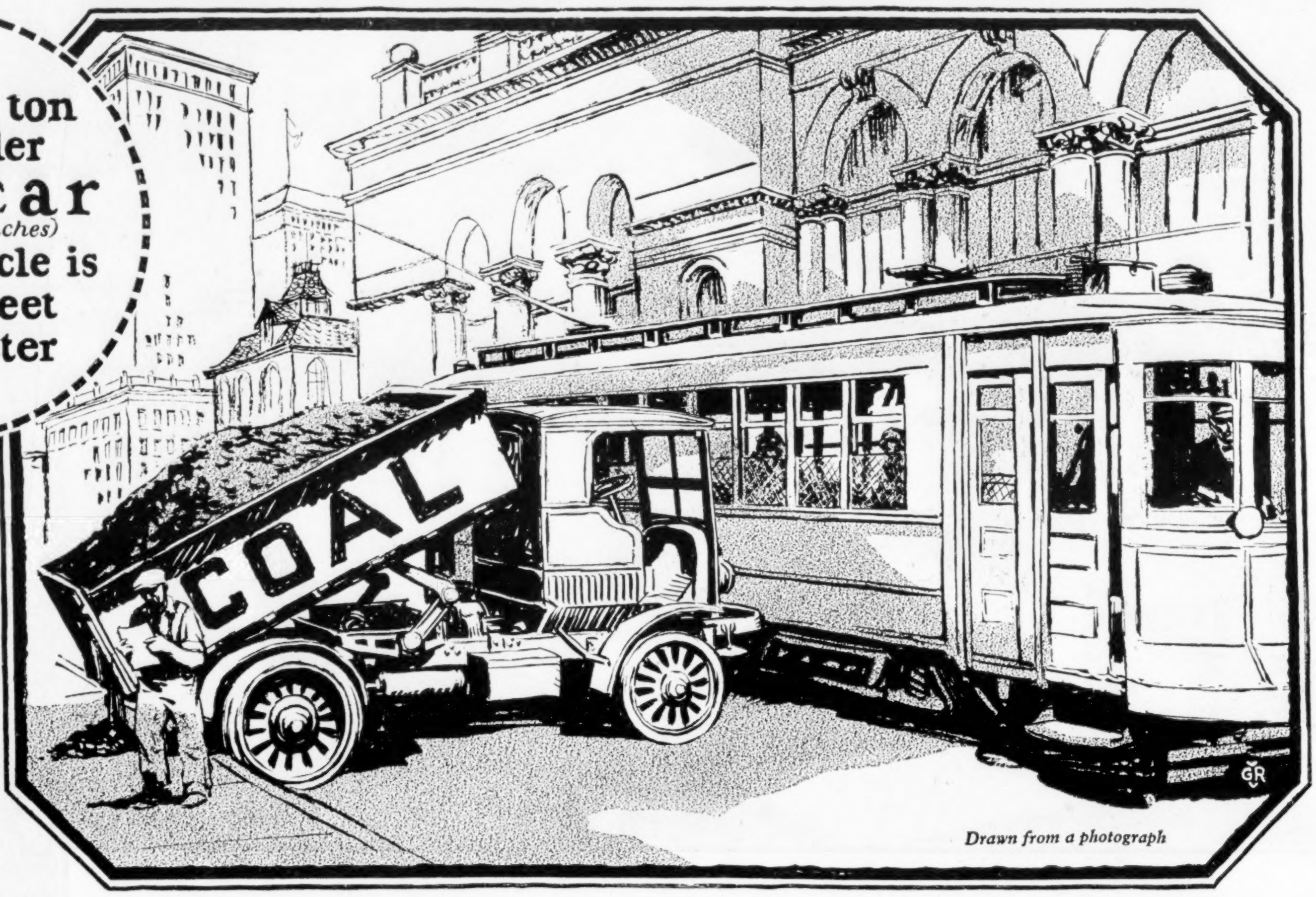

Drawn from a photograph

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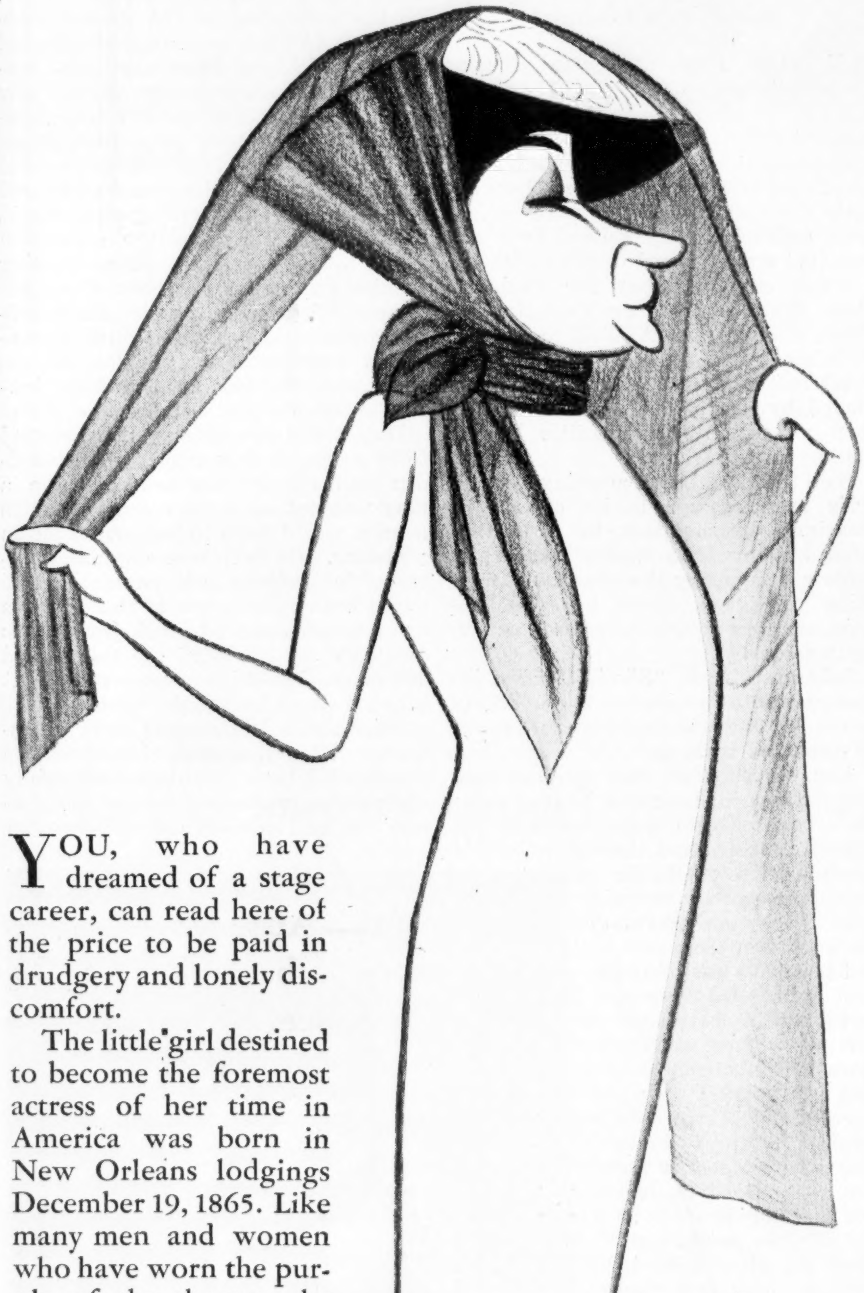
The story of Mrs. FISKE

By
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



YOU, who have dreamed of a stage career, can read here of the price to be paid in drudgery and lonely discomfort.

The little girl destined to become the foremost actress of her time in America was born in New Orleans lodgings December 19, 1865. Like many men and women who have worn the purple of the theatre, she was born "on tour." She has seen a half century of "trouping."

This year witnesses the sixtieth anniversary of Mrs. Fiske's first entrance. This chronicle of her years in the theatre is a kind of birthday letter—a birthday letter to Mrs. Fiske by Alexander Woollcott, writer of sprightly prose and the ablest dramatic critic in this country.

WHEN in the fall of 1863 Farragut forced his way into the mouth of the Mississippi and laid Northern hands upon the panicky city of New Orleans there went up from the men in blue then quartered there just such a cry for entertainment as sent Elsie Janis and so many other players hurrying overseas in 1917 and 1918 to the homesick huts of France. Wherefore in St. Louis a troupe of show folks got possession somehow of a boat and started valiantly down the hazardous river.

In that craft were the three Maddern sisters, Lizzie, Emma and Mary, who all sang, danced, played the cornet and otherwise disported themselves in a most talented manner. They were the fruit of the union solemnized between a young English girl and her romantical music teacher, whose name was Richard Maddern. The two had eloped together and fled to the beckoning wilderness called America.

Also aboard that craft was Tom Davey, a vagrant and much beloved showman of the Middle West who had married Lizzie Maddern.

Also E. B. Thomas of St. Louis, whose son is the Augustus Thomas that wrote "Arizona," "The Earl of Pawtucket," "The Witching Hour" and many other palpable hits, the same Augustus Thomas who, this very season, has been acting away for dear life in a comedy of his own authorship.

Also the lovely Matilda Heron, the first actress to transform the younger Dumas' "Dame aux Camélias" into the play called "Camille: or the Fate of a Coquette," a singularly tearful drama which, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, is believed to have dampened more handkerchiefs than any other play ever written.

The Herons have vanished from the stage, but it is Camille's grandson, Gilbert Miller, who sits now in Charles Frohman's chair at the Empire in New York. Indeed, a hundred threads in the tapestry of the American stage can be followed back to that gamin boat which started to float toward New Orleans in the fall of '63. If one of the rebel guns, firing (in the interest of slavery and state rights) from the wharves along the shore, had ever made a lucky hit the history of the American theatre would have been a different story, and I, for one, would not have enjoyed it so much.

The players of our own time felt they were being pretty intrepid when they sailed with lights out through the submarine zone. (I remember a wag tiptoeing along the night-mantled decks warning the young actresses to hide their radiolite wrist watches, their glowing cigarette ends and their lieutenants.) But the recent perils were as nothing to the nervous voyage that was the portion of the boat from St. Louis which ran the blockade with the troupers on board hiding behind cotton bales to dodge the snipers from the shore. They reached New Orleans in safety, however, and, after a week of preparation, opened a long and eventful season at the old St. Charles Theatre.

Thereafter players came and went. There was the much cherished J. K. Emmett of "Fritz, Our German Cousin" fame. And Benn de Bar. And the beautiful Adah Isaacs Menken. And the John Wilkes Booth whose glory as a player was to give way before long to an infamy that effaced it.

After Appomattox some of the original troupe drifted back up North, but the Daveys stayed on and on December 19, 1865, a little girl was born to them there in the lodgings they had taken in New Orleans. They named her Marie Augusta. This youngster was destined to become the foremost actress of her time in America. When she first drifted on the stage she used the tribal name of Maddern for the play bills, but the present generation of playgoers knows her only as Mrs. Fiske.

This year, then, witnesses the sixtieth anniversary of that actress' first entrance. And this chronicle of her years in the theatre is a kind of birthday letter—a birthday letter to Mrs. Fiske.

High Caste and Long Descent

LIKE most of the players who have become distinguished in their day, Mrs. Fiske was a *born* actress.

The aspiring young people who hurry from the dramatic schools with the ink still wet on their diplomas and their notebooks fairly packed with helpful hints on how to cross the stage without falling down, the bright girls who emerge from Vassar and Bryn Mawr, their ears ringing with the applause of the uncles and aunts who attended their performance in the senior play during prom week—these neophytes find at the stage door a blockade more formidable even than the gloomy Cerberus who is stationed to guard that portal.

They are halted by the legend, the tradition, the indisputable fact that the theatre belongs to its own children.

When John Barrymore goes to London to give that ancient town the exhilarating experience of seeing the Sweet Prince played by one not yet a grandfather the ghosts of three generations of Drews and Barrymores hover in the Haymarket in the wings to watch their youngest critically and to wish their youngest well. The Drews, the Barrymores, the Hacketts, the Sotherns, the Tearles, the Maudes, the Madderns, these family trees are written so large on all the theatre walls in the world that the newcomers are immediately reduced to the becoming humility of conscious parvenus.

In this country a banker whose father and grandfather were bankers before him is usually so inflated with his sense of family importance that he is unfitted for human companionship. But he is a wretched upstart compared with the aristocracy of the theatre, where sometimes the art of the player has been handed on from father to son, from father to son for nine generations.

Wherefore, when earnest mothers come to my door, as sometimes they do, dragging each a shiny daughter by the

At 5. She had made her début at 3—or earlier

Inter-national

Mrs. Fiske herself couldn't remember all the rôles she has played

hand and, with faint intimations of an intention to have her recite something, consult me as to the best method of turning her at once into a famous star, I am bereft of speech and know then how the old English gardener felt in the moss-grown anecdote of the American tourist.

The American tourist paused to admire the vast velvet lawn that stretched away, acre upon acre, across the park of a Kentish country place. He asked the gardener the recipe for such a lawn. And the gardener held forth at length, with careful instructions as to plowing, seeding, rolling, watering, and the like.

"Then," said the old crosspatch, "you sit down and wait five hundred years."

The same tradition might give pause even to the grimly determined young playwrights who are turned out each year from the dramatic seminars at Princeton and Yale and Harvard. For, like Mrs. Fiske, like Duse, like Sacha Guitry, the Frank Craven who wrote "The First Year" was born on tour. And so was the James Gleason who wrote "Is Zat So?" And so was the Eugene O'Neill who wrote "The Emperor Jones," "Anna Christie" and "Desire Under the Elms." Born in Chicago, he was, because his father happened to be playing "Monte Cristo" there at the time.

Under the Black Robe

SO MRS. FISKE was born in New Orleans, not because the Madderns and the Daveys were old Southern families, but because her folks happened to be playing there, just as Duse, the greatest actress of them all, was born in the third-class compartment of a train trundling between two Italian towns, because the family troupe was on tour.

The only reason she was not born under an olive tree along the roadside was because the show had taken in quite a few lire at the first of the towns. The Duses usually walked.

I find myself going back again and again to a paragraph that once caught my eye in some old showman's reminiscences long ago. He had been a familiar of the stage doors all along the valley of the Mississippi, and one time he dropped back stage in Columbus where Tom Davey and Lizzie Maddern were ruling the destinies of a stock company.

Davey was ready with some beer and cheese in one of the dressing-rooms, and the visitor sat him down on a convenient costume hamper to swap the gossip of the road. This parley was in full force when Lizzie Maddern came in, pushed the visitor off the basket, anxiously lifted the cover and peered inside.

"Do you want to smother the life out of America's future tragedienne?" she asked with some bitterness.

For asleep in the basket, rolled up comfortably on the garbs of Portia, the Lady of Lyons, Juliet, and the like, was a red-headed baby who, after the proper interval, woke up, got out of the basket and became Mrs. Fiske. And whenever one of my neighbors reaches that stage of announcing firmly that the theatre has gone to the dogs I like to think that in the dressing-room of some obscure playhouse somewhere this very night, while the father is out front counting the house and the mother is on the stage dancing a breakdown, lies sleeping one who will be the greatest Juliet of them all or who will write, perhaps, the great American play.

I do not know how, in terms of heredity, the wise men would read the records of the stage, for if they did not believe in scions perhaps all the most painfully assembled statistics would merely go to show that the children born in the theatre prospered there only because they had the advantage of an early start.

When Eleanora Duse was seven years old the economy of the Duse household stationed her in the wings as prompter for the troupe. She held the script. Perhaps that early training, rather than any prompting within her blood, was what made it possible for her to play Juliet in Verona when she was only sixteen.

When, at the age of sixteen, Minnie Maddern was formally presented to New York as a star—it was in a short-lived melodrama somewhat inferior to "Romeo and Juliet"—she was no newcomer to the stage. She had already played a score of rôles. She had been an actress for a dozen years or more.

If you will turn to the New York newspapers for the year 1870 and thumb the yellowing files until you come to the issues for the last day of May you will find them bristling with accounts of a newcomer who had appeared the night before at the old Théâtre Français. It stood in Fourteenth Street a stone's throw from Tony Pastor's and not far from the Academy of Music, which, after eighty years, is now to be demolished at last.

Minnie's Witchcraft

AT THE French theatre Charles Fechter was playing in "The Corsican Brothers," a French tragedian who startled the America of that period by presenting it with a blond Hamlet and who fared only moderately well here despite the fact that his advance notices were enthusiastically penned by a not ungifted scribe named Charles Dickens.

As a curtain raiser for Fechter's piece the night before Carlotta Leclercq had put on "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," and the rôle of the child Sybil in that now forgotten opus was played by one Marie Augusta Davey, then already billed as Little Minnie Maddern.

Said the World next morning: "Prodigies are not apt to be objects of pleasing contemplation to a healthy mind, but this Miss Minnie Maddern is made a prodigy by the absence of anything prodigious about her performance, and her acting is entirely unexceptionable."

Said the Times: "She is the first infant actress we remember whose efforts do not relish of the familiar mechanism of word and manner."

And, writing of that performance long afterward, Laurence Hutton said: "Her knowledge of stage business, her general carriage and the careful delivery of her lines throughout the play were remarkable for a child of her years, and hers was one of the most satisfactory representations in the piece."

It was after reading those notices, I suspect, that Tom Davey marched into the old Bowery Savings Bank with a new depositor for that rock-ribbed institution trotting gravely at his side, an exceedingly small depositor, who, in opening her first account, was obliged to forego the formalities of a signature and quiet the receiving teller by just making her mark.

In the newspapers, which preceded the great event in Fourteenth Street, the advertisements had burst into capital letters to announce "LITTLE MINNIE MADDERN, HER FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE." But, as it was when Huckleberry Finn helped the king and the duke put on "The Royal Nonesuch" down the Mississippi long ago, as it was in yesterday's papers when the advertisements emasculated the criticisms to make a Frohman holiday, so it must have been in the New York of 1870. For of course it wasn't her first appearance on the stage at all.

Just when she did go on the stage is left fairly misty in the family annals and her own memory of the early days. Somehow it has become fixed in the records that, despite the parental mendacity of that 1870 advertisement, the interesting début had occurred at Little Rock in Arkansas, when at the age of three she played the small, smotherable Duke of York in "Richard the Third."

Just as, a quarter of a century later, all the youngsters of the theatre were first put to work as that golden-haired angel Little Lord Fauntleroy (the surviving Fauntleroys range all the way from Wallace Eddinger to Eva Tanguay), so the young generation of an earlier day were all tried out as the Duke of York, usually in a doublet and hose made out of something of Mother's.

But I imagine that Minnie Maddern really *strayed* on the stage, sleeping in the dressing-room when the folks were playing, being carried on squalling when a baby was needed, becoming a walking lady as soon as she could walk and getting a part for herself as soon as she could talk.

Out Salt Lake City way there used to be a legend that when Tom Kiskadden had the stock company there a play was put on in the course of which a baby would have to be carried on on a platter. One of those singularly implausible infants of papier mâché might have had to serve in this instance had it not happened that the manager's daughter was already nine months old and one could not begin too early. That baby's name was Maude Adams.

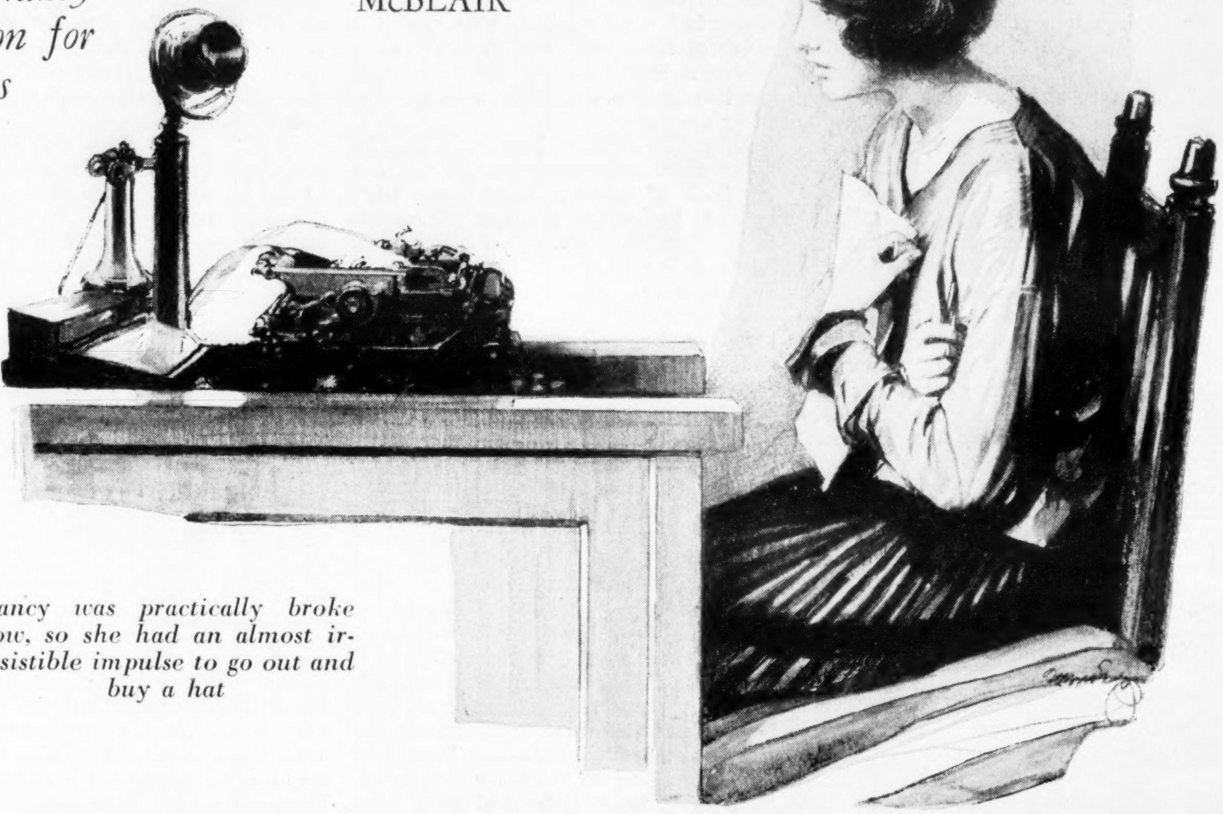
Some such impromptu and unrecorded début doubtless launched the career of Minnie Maddern. Certainly she was an unabashed actress long before she had (*Continued on page 43*)

The little lady who upset the great Barry Sullivan

Miss Washington's elbows

Was Mr. Jimps a going concern? He certainly was when Miss Nancy Washington went into action for the honor of the business

By
ROBERT
McBLAIR



Nancy was practically broke now, so she had an almost irresistible impulse to go out and buy a hat

"MISS WASHINGTON, would you mind correcting this address?" There was a note of amusement in her employer's voice.

Pretty Miss Nancy Washington—who was stenographer, private secretary, filing clerk and office boy at the Jimps Auto Wheel Company—stopped tapping at her typewriter and took the envelope from Mr. Jimps' hand. The letter had been dictated to Miss M. E. Jimps, her employer's aunt, in Canada. The envelope read, "Kiss Me Jimps," as plain as day!

Miss Washington turned a tomato-red. Then, as she met her employer's eyes, a strange thing happened. The expression of mild amusement faded from his pale hatchet face, and he turned a tomato-red too. There was a rather strained silence in the room as he went back to his desk.

The Jimps Auto Wheel Company occupied one room on the ground floor of an office building on Main Street, and was separated from the sidewalk only by a window of transparent glass. The sidewalk belonged to a town shown on the map as a fly speck about two hours west of Philadelphia. Around the fly speck had grown up two hotels, a post office, a firemen's brass band, a Rotary Club, three banks, two churches, and a watering trough for horses.

The Jimps Auto Wheel Company's room contained Miss Nancy Washington and Mr. Codwallader Jimps from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M., except Saturday afternoons and Sundays. It contained, at all hours, a small cracked mirror, three rickety straight-backed chairs, two yellow oak desks, one telephone, one typewriter, one portable synthetic cuspidor, and one medium-sized touring car painted gray and mounted with four Jimps Patented Wheels painted red. It thus was the storeroom, sales office, auditing department, and executive chamber of the Jimps Auto Wheel Company. In fact, it was everything except a private office. From the brunette back teeth of Miss Nancy Washington's typewriter to the blond cowlick on Mr. Jimps' slanting brow, all was exposed to the public eye. But this, Mr. Jimps had said, was exactly the big idea. The public could see the Jimps Patented Wheel. To see was to investigate; to investigate was to understand; to understand was to buy. It—he—was as simple as that.

MR. JIMPS was a tallish and thinnish young man, with a pale hatchet face and a nice, humorous mouth. His rumpled gray tweed suit seemed to need a shave. His thick brassy hair—except for the cowlick—lay smooth against his head. Miss Washington hurriedly rolled the envelope into her typewriter. This was no time to think how sweet Mr. Jimps' green eyes were when he took off those Harold Lloyd spectacles.

After a few minutes the inhabitants of the room recaptured their natural colors. And presently a stout, silver-haired gentleman in a blue suit and pearl-gray fedora passed the window, saw Jimps, stopped, retraced his steps and entered the front door. Miss Washington recognized him as Mr. Linter, a prosperous manufacturing jeweler who owned half the town and who lived—with his wife and two grown daughters—in the big stone house up on the hill. She had often admired the way his girls were dressed.

MONEY does make a difference. Her father liked to say: "Money doesn't buy happiness. If you think a bit about the other fellow you'll find happiness right under your elbows." But Miss Nancy Washington preferred to think of the two hundred and fifty dollars that she had deposited, dollar by dollar, in the savings bank around the corner.

When it grew large enough she was going to open a woman's work exchange and make a lot of money. She had explained this to Mr. Jimps, but she hadn't explained to anybody all the things she was going to buy after her money was made. One of the first things was a certain platinum wrist watch of a bizarre shape which was right now reposing in Mr. Linter's window. It was a watch any woman would crave. It would cost, however, $550, and a long time must pass before—

"It's a bargain at five hundred. That's fifty off for cash." Mr. Linter's long-shaven upper lip was lifted over a black, oily cigar. He was addressing Mr. Jimps. "I am on my way round the corner to sell it to a woman, but thought I'd stop and give you a last chance at it."

Miss Washington was astounded and affronted. If Mr. Jimps was buying this watch, he wasn't buying it for her. He was buying it for Mrs. Carew. It was bad enough for him to be engaged to that—that woman, without taking wrist watches from under people's noses.

Mr. Jimps seemed more concerned than Miss Washington by Mr. Linter's announcement. He put up a hand, as if to stop Mr. Linter from further speech, glanced at Miss Washington, and blushed painfully. Then he said hurriedly: "All right, I'll take it, I'll take it." And pulled the check book out of a drawer.

Mr. Linter, oblivious of these nuances, reared back on his heels, with his hands in his hip pockets. His eyes fell upon the red patented wheels.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded.

Mr. Jimps thrust the check upon Mr. Linter and seemed glad to change the subject. His manner became half humorously apologetic, as if to imply that everything in the world is a bit silly, you know, and perhaps this patented wheel was no sillier than the rest.

"The ordinary automobile tire is blown up with air, isn't it?" Mr. Linter admitted that Mr. Jimps was correct. "And what happens when it is punctured?" Mr. Jimps wanted to know. "The air leaves it. Exactly! Then you have a flat tire, maybe a ruined inner tube. That's expensive, is it not?"

"I'll say it is," agreed Mr. Linter heartily.

"Observe, then," said Mr. Jimps, "the Jimps patented wheel. No more punctures. The outer tire is of solid rubber. There is nothing new about that. Am I right?"

"Well," Mr. Linter began.

"Exactly," said Mr. Jimps. "But you have not yet learned about the Jimps patented wheel. Please notice this bulge that runs around the metal disk wheel, just below the rim. Enclosed within that bulge is your rubber inner tube, protected from all attacks. This springing rim rests upon the casing that protects the inner tube. On the rim rests the solid rubber tire. Only solid rubber touches the road. Double resiliency and no chance of puncture. When the solid outside tire wears, you simply slip on a new one."

"Sounds good," the jeweler interrupted. "Think I might buy a set. Could you show me—run me around the block?"

Mr. Jimps coughed mildly into a long, thin hand. He stood on one worn black shoe and shined the toe of the other against his calf. His hatchet face broke into a whimsical smile.

"This car won't get out," he explained softly. "You see, they took it down and brought it in, and set it up again inside. The door is now too small—or the car is too big."

"Well," said the red-faced Mr. Linter, pulling at his second chin, "this isn't the only car you got, is it?"

"For the present, yes. Later, we expect to have hundreds."

The only car in existence was cooped up indoors where it couldn't be tried. Mr. Linter's brown eyes popped at Mr. Jimps in frank astonishment.

"You see," said Mr. Jimps, "we had to have a place where people could view the car in passing. This was the only space available. . . ."

MR. JIMPS paused. Mr. Linter backed toward the door.

"Of course," suggested Mr. Jimps, "we could put a set on your own car—or," he added, "you can test this set by standing on the running board and jumping up and down." Miss Washington sighed. "Inventors are so impractical!" she thought.

The jeweler stopped and chuckled. His round brown eyes looked knowingly from Mr. Jimps to Miss Washington and back again. Mr. Linter was a rather nice person, with a kind husky voice and a fat, comforting chuckle. Miss Nancy Washington warmed to him. He was so fatherly. He took out a gold-mounted fountain pen. Mr. Jimps seemed to warm to him too.

"I'll order a set of those," he said. "I try to encourage young folks. Of course you'll let me use 'em for, say, a week, to see if they work, before I pay you?"

A flush suffused Mr. Jimps' clear pale skin.

"We have to make them to order," he said, "and we ask payment in advance.

New company, you know. Limited capital."

Mr. Linter put the fountain pen back in his pocket.

"You'd save the cost of them in a year," added Mr. Jimps, a bit desperately. "No punctures, you know!"

But the red-faced gentleman backed out, smiling and shaking his silver head. As he was closing the door his round brown eyes met Miss Washington's almost plaintively—as if to say that he wanted to help, but what was a fellow going to do in a case like this? Miss Washington recognized the kindness in his glance, so she gave him a freezing look. If there was any pitying to be done in the Jimps emporium she intended to do it herself.

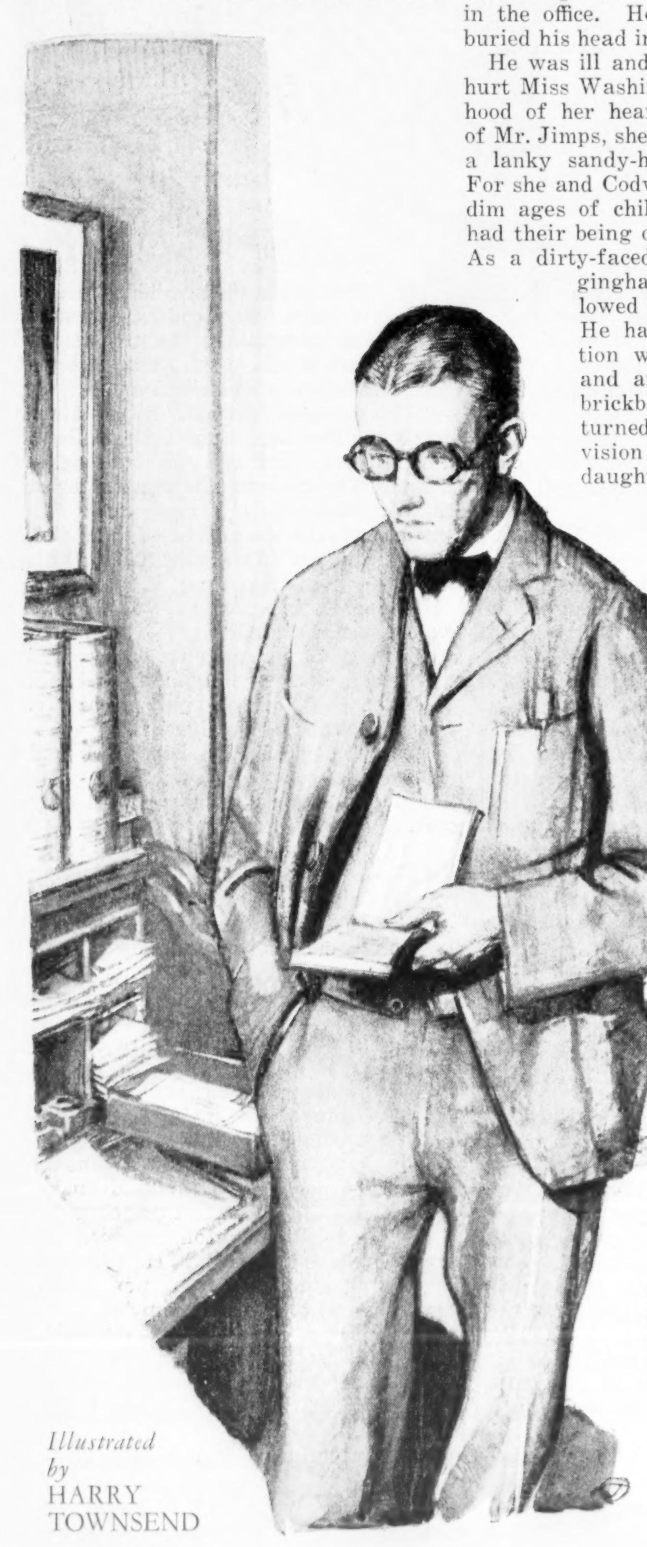
MR. JIMPS smiled apologetically at Miss Washington out of the corner of his eyes, dipped his knees to give an affectionately remonstrating pat to one of the patented wheels, and sank into the chair at his desk. Miss Nancy Washington typed busily, but her large violet eyes were looking over her machine at Mr. Jimps. He wore the only pair of spats in town, and his lean, hooked nose, behind those horn spectacles, had something the look of a scholar. He reminded her of a man out of a book. And then she felt a little shock, because she noticed in the bright morning light that Mr. Jimps' face was pale and drawn, and the long hand drooping over his knee was slightly trembling.

While she watched, Mr. Jimps opened a frayed black record book at a page full of red ink marks and began biting nervously on his left thumb nail. Having noticed one thing, Miss Washington began noticing others. The lining showed through the elbow of his coat sleeve in a spot as big as a nickel. The ridge of his cheek bone shone gauntly where it met his ear. He was really startlingly thin and white, as if he were ill or starved.

Miss Washington began to wonder about that black record book. It was his book of accounts—she knew that, because he always put red ink marks in it when he made out a check—and lately he had taken to biting his nails over it a lot. She knew also that he had borrowed money from old Hamilton, the banker. A fluttery feeling bothered Miss Washington's chest. Her father had borrowed money from old Hamilton and had taken to biting his nails like that just before his health and his business went to smash together.

With a start Miss Washington stopped typing. Mr. Jimps seemed to have forgotten that he was not alone in the office. He leaned forward and buried his head in his arms.

He was ill and troubled. Something hurt Miss Washington in the neighborhood of her heart. Somehow, instead of Mr. Jimps, she saw seated at his desk a lanky sandy-haired barefooted boy. For she and Codwallader Jimps—in the dim ages of childhood—had lived and had their being on the same city block. As a dirty-faced little girl in a blue gingham dress she had followed him wherever he went. He had rewarded her devotion with a fine male scorn and an occasional whistling brickbat. His eyes had been turned toward the romantic vision of Mrs. Carew—the daughter of Mr. Hamilton, the banker—a young lady of eighteen who was even then getting a wealthy hair-brained divorce.



He looked ill and troubled. A fluttery feeling bothered Miss Washington's chest

Illustrated by
HARRY TOWNSEND

Codwallader, at a tender age, had fled the public school and the parental roof. And around his departure there hung, for Miss Washington, the one bright incident in childhood's unreciprocated love. Strangely, he had confided in her alone his plan to flee. Overcome with grief, she had brought him as a memento a single red rose. He had accepted it gruffly. But the next morning, after he had disappeared, she had lifted the pillow in her doll's baby carriage—and found beneath it a spray of forget-me-not.

As the years went by rumor had come back that Codwallader was grown to be a queer chap—an inventor—also that in Cincinnati he had bumped into the wealthy Mrs. Carew and that she had been taken by his impractical youthfulness. And at last word came that they were engaged to be married. Miss Washington had lain awake a long time the night that she heard this news. For a good many years she had been putting herself to sleep by dreaming of a letter that she would find under the front door some sunny morning. It would begin with "Darling!" and be signed "Your Childhood Lover." And she could use this dream no more.

A YEAR ago Codwallader's father had died. Codwallader had returned to his native city and (as everyone knew) had sunk the sum of his father's life's savings in a queer kind of automobile wheel. Here is where his and Miss Washington's orbits once more had crossed. For Miss Washington, having completed a course in the Success Business School, had presented herself four months ago at the Jimps Auto Wheel Company in reply to an advertisement for "a rapid stenographer." He had engaged her promptly at a better salary than she had expected, for stenographers in that town were a drug on the market. But if he had recognized his childhood shadow he had not shown it—except perhaps for a momentary blinking of the eyes. He had been "Mr. Jimps;" she had been "Miss Washington." The dead past had been allowed to bury its dead.

"If I only could do something for him!" Miss Washington thought. She simply couldn't stand seeing him humped over his desk like that.

The desk telephone rang. Mr. Jimps jumped an inch off his chair. He took up the receiver.

"Yes, Mr. Hamilton. Due on the 25th? I thought it was due on the 23d. Well, that's two days better. Yes, I'm going to Pittsburgh to-day. Good-by."

He put down the telephone and turned to Miss Washington.

"I was just going to write to Hamilton and tell him I'd be back on the 23d to take care of that note. Now I can stay away longer. If those Pittsburgh people don't buy me out this time, Miss Washington, we're sunk!" He was staring at her with a brave but sickly smile. "And I'm afraid they won't, because old Hamilton is one of their directors. He's trying to gum the deal so he will inherit the works. I am pretty sure he was the one who put a crimp in the last conference. If I sink, I shan't come back right away. But I'll write you what to do."

His smile was still twisted, but Miss Washington's feelings turned a somersault. He was going to give up business no doubt; go to Philadelphia and marry that wealthy Carew. Well, so far as she was concerned, he could go to—to— Yes, he could go *there* too!

She clicked across the shop, threw down her notebook and went out to lunch. When she returned she was glad to find him gone. And yet there was something heart-catching about it too. The loneliness of the room reminded her, somehow, of a single red rose and a spray of forget-me-not.

THE next morning the front door opened to admit Mr. Asa Hamilton, the president of the National Bank.

"Is Mr. Jimps in?"

"No." Her father had had some unfortunate dealings with this gentleman. That was why Miss Washington had to search for happiness in elbows instead of in Parisian styles. She watched him with distaste as from creased slits his lashless black eyes roamed greedily about the room.

"No?" the old man rasped. "He's got a note due to-morrow, the 23d. Did he leave the money?"

"The 23d!" exclaimed Miss Washington. "Why, you told him it wouldn't be due till the 25th!"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Hamilton, avoiding her eyes.

"But I heard him repeat it to you over the phone!"

"Some mistake. Did he leave you the money?"

"No. That is, I'll have to get in touch with him."

"There's nothing to bother about," he assured her a trifle eagerly. "It's protected, of course, by collateral."

This had a familiar ring in Miss Washington's ears. Her father's savings had been swept away by the sale of collateral that he couldn't at the moment protect.

"What collateral?" she demanded.

"The stock of the Jimps Wheel Company."

"Isn't there enough money in our account to protect you?"

"Your balance," replied Mr. Hamilton, "is sixteen dollars and forty-nine cents. You owe, with interest, two hundred and five. I guess I'd better send you a written notice." He put a bony hand on the doorknob, and in another minute his stooped black figure was threading its way across the street.

Miss Washington took out her little green check book. Bank balance: $251.60.

If she paid the note it would leave her with exactly forty-six dollars and sixty cents. She would be a long way then from a business of her own. Her father had said: "Think of the other fellow, and you'll be apt to find happiness under your elbows." But *he* had thought of the other fellow and had landed on the rocks. No, to pay out two hundred dollars on Codwallader's note would be like pouring water down a rat hole. She simply wouldn't do it.

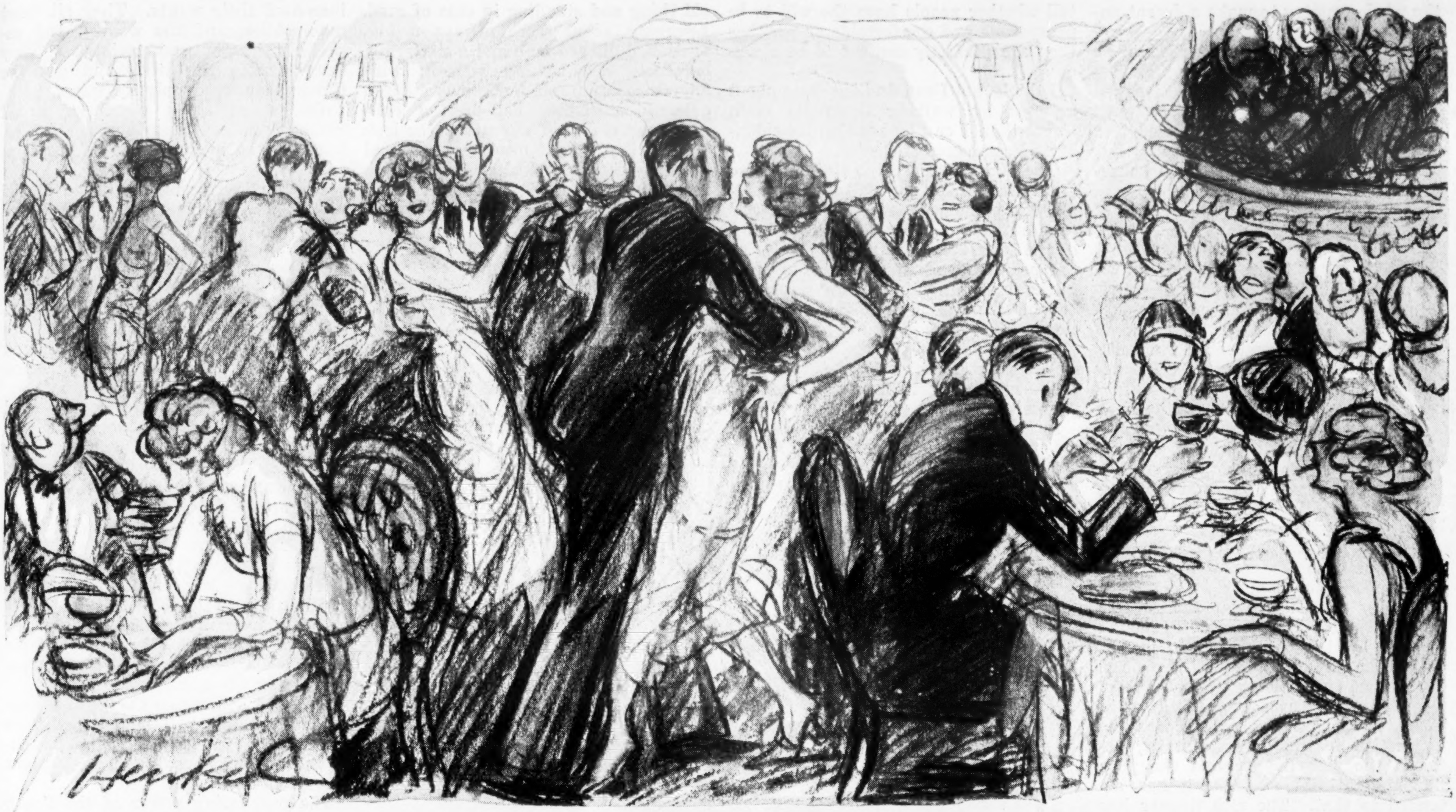
She had just come to this conclusion when old Mr. Hamilton himself shuffled in the front door and laid the notice on her desk. Miss Washington was perhaps like a good many other people. After a great deal of thinking she acted in response to some idiotic impulse seated somewhere in the chest.

"Wait a minute!" she said sharply as he turned to go; and she flipped open her little green book. A few seconds later the old man's gray brows were knotted above his lashless black eyes as he shuffled out the front door. In his bony hand fluttered a check for $205, signed "Nancy Washington" in a round, neat, childish hand.

MISS WASHINGTON opened her vanity case, put some rouge on her lips and some powder on her nose. She was practically broke now, so she had an almost irresistible impulse to go out and buy a new hat.

She would have to go to Philadelphia, where her brother-in-law's cousin was manager for a department store, and take the job he had offered her at twelve dollars a week.

Well, anyhow, (*Continued on page 42*)



The country-club flappers go in for devilment, but they don't count

Aren't we all rich now?

YES, we all are rich. Workmen in America can buy comforts and luxuries which only the very rich could afford not long ago.

Two thirds of what poverty we have is voluntary.

The flapper, symbol and product of prosperity, is our most important national institution.

Our country will continue to be the most prosperous in the world because good management that pays high wages makes it sound.

Our standard of living is the highest, but not because of extravagance. We Americans get our money's worth or we don't buy.

This article and others to follow by Mr. Crowther will compose an epic of our changing country that every American should read.

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

Illustrated by
AUGUST HENKEL

IT WAS not so long ago that going to a bootblack was an extravagance —a fool-and-his-money affair, or a diversion of improvident traveling salesmen. Then shines were five cents. To-day they are ten, and we take them as a matter of course.

During the past several months I have traveled from coast to coast and from Fargo, N. D., to El Paso, Tex.—through all the states and in all the cities and many of the towns. I did not find a town of over two thousand—and I doubt if there is one—where Jeannette or Lucille or Marie is not running a "beauty parlor" or a "beauty shoppe" and doing fairly well. In Sioux Falls, S. D., I counted three in two blocks—and Sioux Falls is supposed to be broke.

Polishing shoes and polishing hands and faces have become great industries, earning many millions a year. In a small Middle West city I saw, in the wholesale district, a store devoted entirely to selling beauty-parlor aprons. Every fair-sized city has its "beauty school" and also you can learn by mail.

But why bother about such trivialities as shining shoes and steaming faces—does not this just go to show that the males are growing lazier and the females more vain? It means a lot more.

It means more than the figures any statistician might assemble—it means that we to-day are rich enough to go in for luxuries not just in the big cities but everywhere in our land. It means that we are all rich in a way, for there are not enough of the really rich to keep so many places going.

Consider the flapper and how she grows. I was not on a flapper hunt; my primary purpose was to see what was going on in this country. I had heard many doleful tales—we were riding to a fall; our people were not working but demanding extravagant wages for going through the motions of work; money was being spent and not saved; numerous homely virtues of our forefathers had been scrapped; we were all in hock for automobiles, radios, diamond rings, and the thousand and one knickknacks that you can buy for a dollar down and a dollar when they catch you; and the country had to get back to normalcy or perish. I have not yet been able to discover exactly what normalcy is, but as far as I can make out it is intimately connected with 1913 and Canton flannel nighties.

I was told that people were skimping on necessities in order to indulge in luxuries; that retail dealers were nervous and bought only from hand to mouth, because they could not know from one day to the next what their business would be; that the consumption of the country was far below productive capacity, and that we simply had to have a drastic readjustment.

The World's Greatest Adventure

I TALKED with bankers, business men and farmers, and also I kept my eyes and my ears open, and I reached the conclusion that our only trouble is that we have not yet awakened to what this country really is—what has happened, what is happening or what can happen.

We have been measuring it with old measures. We have been thinking, "For the poor always ye have with you." We cannot comprehend that to America has come a new order of things—that dire poverty is as rare as smallpox and as obsolete; that we are in the midst of a great experiment the like of which the world has never even dreamed of, and that it lies with us to carry on or to funk.

Our national machine is wondrously strong. It hit many a wicked bump in the three years from 1920 to 1923, and those bumps, which would have smashed any other machine, merely tuned ours up—as one tunes up a new motor car. To-day we are incomprehensibly strong—so strong that we could pass the wealth of the Roman Empire through our clearings in a single day and only the statisticians would notice the bulge.

We Will to Prosper

AND it is by no accident of nature that we are what we are. The natural resources of China or of Siberia are quite as great as our own—perhaps greater.

But we have built up our machine by good management which pays high wages. We have an enormous stock of good managers. We have only a few bad ones and they are principally in the textiles and in coal. But over and above all and more powerful than anything is this—our people have the will to be prosperous. That is the great fact which shows out all over the country—and it is nowhere more evident than in the flapper.

We have never considered the economic significance of the flapper. We think of her as a country-club product, smoking cigarettes, drinking liquor and taking in petting parties. There are not enough flappers of that sort in the whole country to make a decent parade.

The real flapper is what used to be known as the "poor working girl"—who, if the accounts are true, dragged herself off day by day to work until someone came along and married her. Sometimes she was a Cinderella, but more often she graduated into a household drudge.

They Work to Flap

THE flapper of to-day is a very different person. In dress she is as standardized as a chain hotel—and incidentally hotel bedrooms are becoming so alike that you can remember what city you are in only by tacking a local newspaper on the wall. Barring size, flappers at a hundred feet are as standardized as Ford cars. As far as dress goes, they are a simplified national product. The men of the country—even the young men—have not caught up with the flappers. We still have plenty of hicks—although they are dying off.

I happened to be in Minneapolis when the Norse Centennial was on and the people were coming in from the farms by the thousands; the fathers and the mothers were well enough dressed, but the girls were all flappers. It was the same at the farmers' picnics. There is no distinction between the town flapper and the farm flapper—the automobile has wiped that out. There is no distinction in the cut of clothing between the rich flapper and the poor flapper—national advertising has attended to that. The rich flapper has better clothing than the poor one, but a block away they are all flappers.

The outstanding characteristic of the flapper is not her uniform but her independence and her will to be prosperous.

She is no clinging vine. I was in the office of the president of a good-sized bank on the Pacific Coast when his daughter and several of her high-school friends burst in—flappers all. We got to talking, and I found that these girls, not one of whom had any need to work, all intended to find jobs during the summer, and they thought that most of the girls in school would do the same. They all wanted to know how to make a living—and to have a good time doing it. That seems to be common everywhere.

Girls will no longer marry men who can merely support them—they can support themselves better than can many of the men of their own age. They have awakened to the fact that the "superior sex" stuff is all bunk. They will not meekly bow their heads to the valiant man who roars, "Where is that dress I bought you three years ago?"

On the farms of the foreign born the young girls will no longer allow themselves to be used as farm hands at nothing a year; when things get too thick and the father starts using the rod the young woman simply slips off to town and gets a job that pays money.

The flapper wants to look well, and she is willing to provide for herself—employers everywhere told me that the women were doing better work than the men, and they do seem to be mentally more alert. All of which means that the man who marries the modern flapper has got to provide for her—she will not be merely an unpaid servant. And this in turn means that the men have got to work—than which nothing better could happen for the country. The flapper is to-day our most important national institution.

Statistical indices and reports are most excellent guides to the condition of the country, but they do not tell the whole story, and especially they do not tell whether people have the will to be prosperous and comfortable or whether they are perfectly content to be slackers.

I think that I can find out more about a town by walking down its main street than I can by reading its chamber of commerce statistics.

The Main Street of the United States is an amazing sight.

Two years ago I made a seven months' tour of Europe. We, as a nation, are of the same stock as Europe. Many of our people are foreign born; many are in the first generation. Only a few are beyond the second and third generations. We have heard a great deal about our famous old melting pot not melting, but it has melted to this extent—everyone here has the will to be prosperous.

In Europe there is not that will—people are glad to be alive.

The will to be prosperous has brought prosperity. We have practically no poverty, and I judge that at least two thirds of what little we have is voluntary.

The rest is due to accident or disease and must clearly be distinguished from destitution, for its amount is negligible and can easily be cared for by the communities in which it exists. There is work at fair wages for anyone who will go after it—some will not go after it.

For instance, in southern Ohio, near Ironton, I found many squatter shacks—filthy huts thrown together from any old thing and standing in seas of mud. Lounging about were always a big, brutish, dull-eyed man and a slatternly, barefoot, tired-looking woman, with anywhere from half a dozen to a dozen pale, ill-nourished, half-dressed children—not a few of whom had the look of imbeciles. These men were soft-coal miners. They have had almost no work since 1919, yet they persist in being miners.

The Touch of Money

AN ENGINEER told me that on a big excavating job near by he had offered these men six dollars a day, but not one of them would take a job. He actually had to import his labor. The miners shuffled over every day to see how things were coming, but not one of them would work even for a single day. That is what I mean by voluntary poverty.

We have the same sort of thing through the mountains in the South, and we have the white trash and the shiftless Negro, but the tremendous industrial expansion of the South—for there are cotton mills going up nearly everywhere—is drawing down the mountaineers and taking the white trash and making human beings of them, while the Negro is leaving the South and scattering far and wide through the industries of the Middle West.

Nearly all our backward people have felt the touch of money. They have increased their wants. They all want automobiles, and the women, and especially the girls, want clothes. They are learning that they can get the things they want only by work.

Of course many of them would rather have gewgaws than necessities, but that is just a stage of development.

One Southern mill put up a lot of really good cottages for their white employees. They started to screen them and ran up against the stone-wall objection that the screens made the houses look like jails; they quit screening and people moved in. Within a month the whole colony threatened to strike unless it had screen doors, and the company had to provide screen doors.

The tenants without exception tied the screen doors back and left the windows open, but they liked the looks of screen doors, and so they had to have them—screen doors became a social convention.

Some day these people will learn that flies are a nuisance and that screens will keep them out, and then there will be a big demand for screens, which will be felt in the copper mines and the iron mines and the lumber camps and through all the long chain which leads from the producer of raw material to the consumer.

Within a generation the regular payment of wages will completely have transformed the South. The daughters and the sons nowhere are content just to live!

The purchasing power of the South Atlantic States, although it is still small as compared with that of the North Atlantic States, is probably fifty times what it was before the World War. And that is the sort of thing which is going on everywhere. This country is not static. It is in flux; it is ridiculous to talk of the country in terms of European economics—for instance, to talk of saturation points. We do not even know what there is to saturate—we are changing so mightily.

America To-day—in Nine Slides

TO SUMMARIZE—I shall develop the points in later articles—this is primarily and roughly what I found:

(1) That there is no poverty other than voluntary or due to accident or disease, and this is negligible.

(2) That we are, excepting in a few sections, solidly prosperous, with a buying power beyond comprehension.

(3) That the standard of living is very high, but without even a leaning toward extravagance. The people want their money's worth and will not buy unless they can get it.

(4) That the speeding up of the railroads, the immense automobile traffic on good roads and other factors are fundamentally changing the whole business and financial structure of the country in a way that few comprehend.

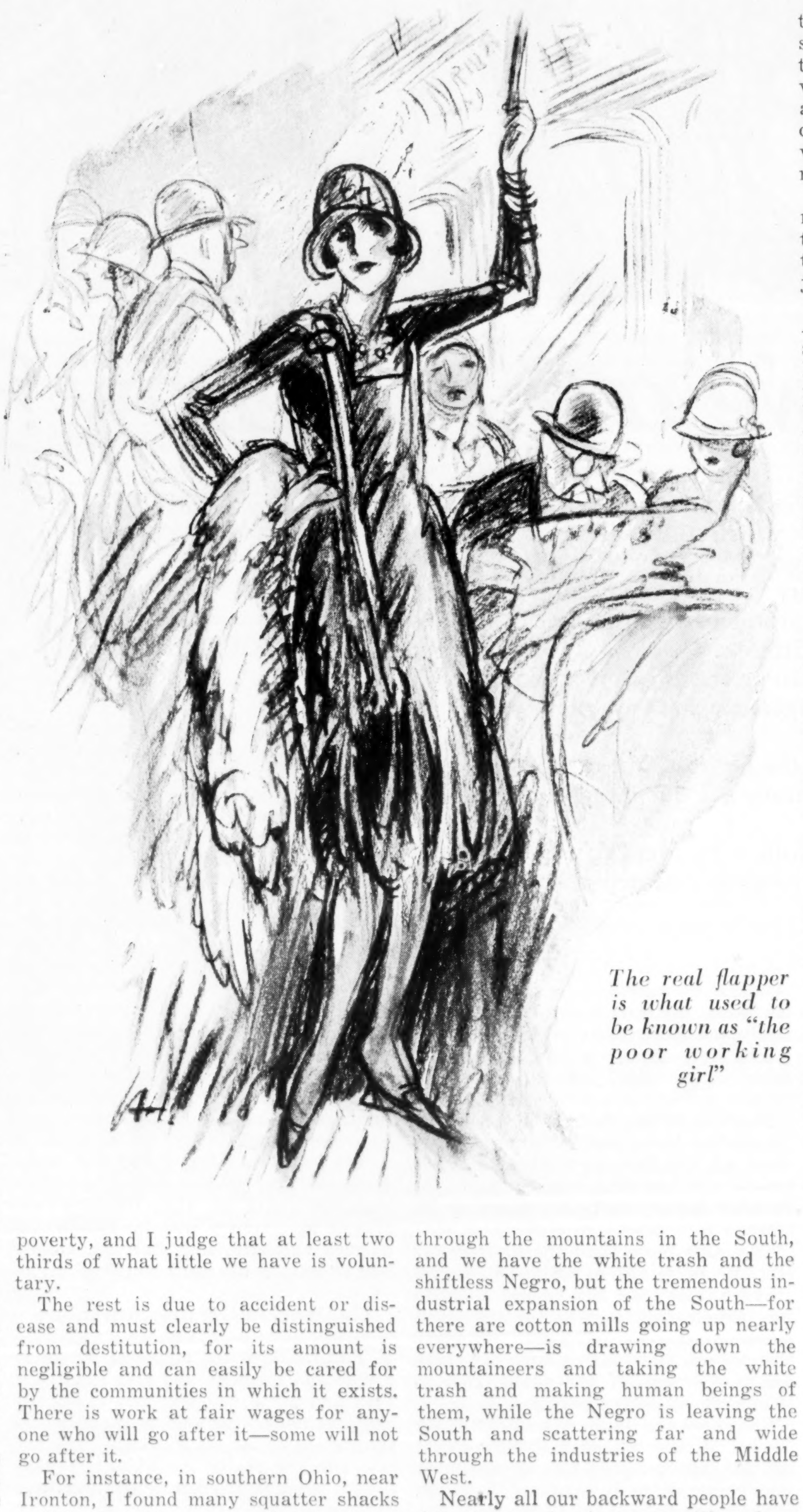
(5) That the country is getting two coasts: that, instead of the whole nation looking to the Atlantic, an ever-growing portion is looking toward the Pacific. We are zoning.

(6) That those who complain of hard times are those who fail to adjust themselves to the new order of things in retailing, manufacturing or agriculture.

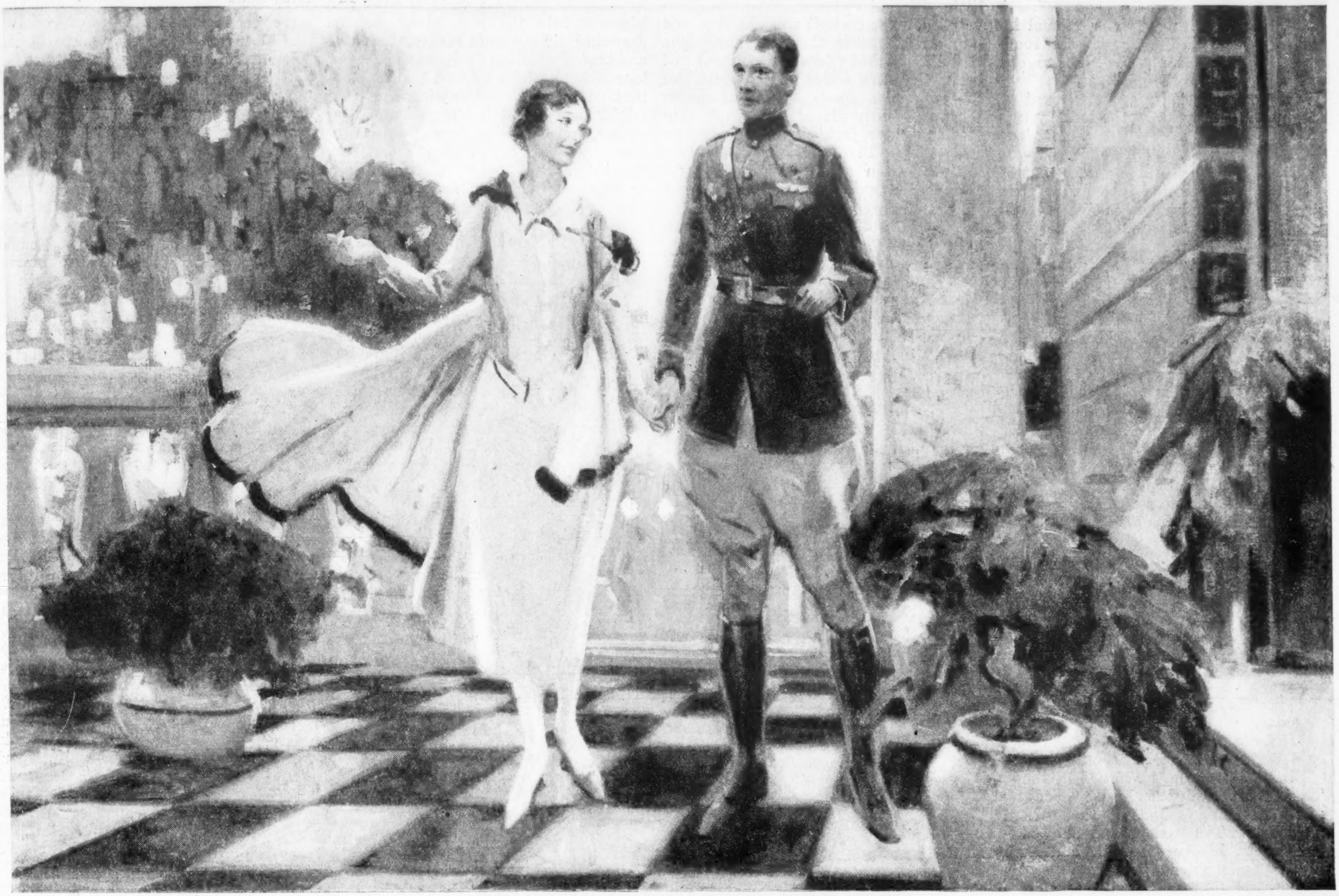
(7) That there is nothing of what we used to call radicalism.

(8) That nothing can wreck our ship excepting ingeniously bad management—in government or in industry.

(9) That the day of the old-style employer and the old style of labor union is passing.



The real flapper is what used to be known as "the poor working girl"



"Was it only a dream, Tom? Oh, don't you understand yet?"

Field 10

By STEPHEN AVERY

There were nine training fields for the aviators, the young Americans at Issoudun—and there was "Field 10." There was, too, the château, a place of repose for tired bodies, of refreshment for souls. .

SOMEONE else heard Charlie Berkeley tell that weird tale about the château the other day. It is a great pity. Charlie is too rare a soul to join the company of not too successful old young men who go along the street mumbling about things which everybody else has forgotten.

What really happened was fairly commonplace: three aviation cadets, wild with inaction in the mud-bound aviation training camp at Issoudun, were running the guard lines on adventure bent—three dim figures blurred by a slow, gray rain into the background of a sloping field. Up beyond Vatan they saw a white château in the woods and went there. No one came to the door, and they finally walked in, walked into the stillness of absolute desertion.

The details were the only queer part. Three card tables remained set up in the drawing-room, chairs pushed back and bridge hands face up on the green covers. A half-filled wineglass stood on the mantel. A heap of cold ashes was in the fireplace. A withered flower lay on the bottom step of the central staircase, and on the piano bench was a lady's white glove. The three cadets hurried away to the nearest town.

That's all. But you wouldn't think it was all to see Berkeley's nice blue eyes all screwed up as he blandly connects the thing with poor old Hibbard and tells it as though he himself had seen and heard the whole business. He's too fine a fellow to go on this way.

A great droning, level as silence, filled the warmth of that afternoon. "God's got a tougher job than spotting sparrows if he's keeping tabs on us *pilotes*," said Razz Ryan. Berkeley and Stannard, lounging across the lower level of a double-decker bunk in Barracks 5, laughed. But Razz was right. They were coming down faster than sparrows just then. Another lad stood with his back to them, struggling into an oil-stained leather flying coat. A soft helmet sat askew on his blond head and a pair of Meyrowitz goggles dangled at his neck. For the lead-heavy skies which had dripped all winter into the red mud flats of Issoudun, where the American training base was mired, were gone. Gone too were the mutinous ditch-digging, guard-walking, mad-to-fly days when the cadets of Issoudun had broken along with their own hearts the hard-boiled will to discipline of a succession of C. O.'s. They were pilots now, officers, and they were flying.

And they were not so eager. During those springtime weeks which were each an era, either of tragedy or the exultant conquest of fear, the dizzy Nieuports had taught them that there was more in the thing than a pair of wings on one's tunic. So if disappointment had driven them into comradeship, now danger made them rare friends, never such friendship, and for so many of that spirited, blithesome band, both the best and last.

BUT there was no halt. Outside a hundred darting Nieuports made tiny, bright patterns in the sunlight, and the moaning of their motors was that droning sound.

The blond lad was gazing meditatively into the square of sky framed in the small barracks window and studded just then with a daystar as a twinkling 15-meter banked up to catch the sun. Yet he did not see the little plane. It was one of those moments when Nieuport and Issoudun and comrades blurred out and from a four-thousand-mile distance appeared the veranda of a miraculous brick house, atop a lawn. Or maybe it was only an ordinary brick house, but the pompous old gentleman and the lady inside of it were miraculous. That much was sure. They expected him back some day.

Also, there was another he thought about, though she had told him he mustn't. He remembered her gray eyes, black-gray, very wide and burning in their depths with a sort of passionate sincerity. But she had told him he must forget the depths of her eyes and that he must not think of her that way, ever. So he thought of her that way, always.

"Come out of the trance, Tom," said Berkeley. "You'll see Paris before any of us. Give me a cigarette, somebody."

Hibbard faced around, smiling. "I've got a date with a Sopwith Camel this af—this af—ternoon." He had always stammered. "They're very tr—tricky. If I don't get down, you can come up after me with a but—butterfly net."

Paul Stannard laughed. "You'll get down all right—in the front yard of the Château de Valençay." Every forced landing at Issoudun was jovially assumed to be a subterfuge to spend a few days at a convenient and hospitable château.

But Stannard was not so jovial as he seemed. When Tom had passed out of sight down the aisle between the bunks his friend's expression changed. A drumbeat, sounding at long, dismal intervals, reached them from the roadway in front of camp. But no one spoke of it.

"Old Tom's getting groggy," went on Stannard. They knew the look by this time, a bafflement written across the brow, a strange, presaging moodiness of heart, and then a 27 spinning out of the air and another old cadet gone down. "He's flying too much, too well and too fast. He ought to go to town and get tight, eh, Razz?"

"Why ask me?" said Razz. "But it's a fact about Tom. He's had 18's, the 15's at Field 5, Acrobacy, Cross Country, Formation and now Combat at Field 8 inside of three weeks. No wonder it's got him."

EACH of the nine flying fields, some of them apart from the main camp, had its special feature of training. A man went all the way through to become a pursuit pilot, or part way for observation and bombing, or else he was graduated with suddenness from any of the fields to that last one of all which they called—wouldn't you know?—Field 10. It lay just over the hill, a short distance up the road, and nearly every day now a grim little cortège started the journey from the main entrance of camp, a few scratchy band instruments, that slow drum, a shuffling honor guard of rifles, a truck creeping in second gear and many young men going out to fly that day pretending they didn't see or hear or care.

"It isn't the flying that's got Tom," said Berkeley. He hadn't spoken before.

Stannard sat up. "What is it, then? That?" He nodded his head toward the faint, receding sound of that drum. "You know, Ted Parker—gay old Ted—was about his best friend, and Tom doesn't make friends easily. It seems that everybody he's chosen to like has—Brooks, Carberry—"

"No, that isn't it either," said Berkeley. "I found Tom in town one night, awfully lit. Very queer for him. He was babbling about a girl. Judith, I think. She's just come over with the Red Cross and is in Paris with the flu. But she wrote him not to come. Tom doesn't remember anything that happened that night, and he thinks no one knows. Perhaps one of you can kid him out of it. Take a shot at it."

Stannard and Razz had hopped into the truck bound for Field 7 before the news came in. Berkeley had gone over to the Red Cross canteen to get some coffee and enough ink to write a letter. The girl on duty sat at the table with him for a momentary rest. "Little Thunderfoot" they called her, because of a particularly energetic, chunky way of walking, but her first name was Shannon and she had been there from the very first, and half the boys in camp were half in love with her. And Shannon was blue to-day. "I've lost a friend," she said, "Judith Carleton. The dearest there was. Just came over and caught the flu—"

Someone pushed open the door noisily. "Who had the Sop Camel up from Field 8?" he called out. "Well, it came down in a spin over toward Valençay. Somebody saw it all the way to the trees."

Shannon must have been watching Berkeley's face. "Who?" she asked.

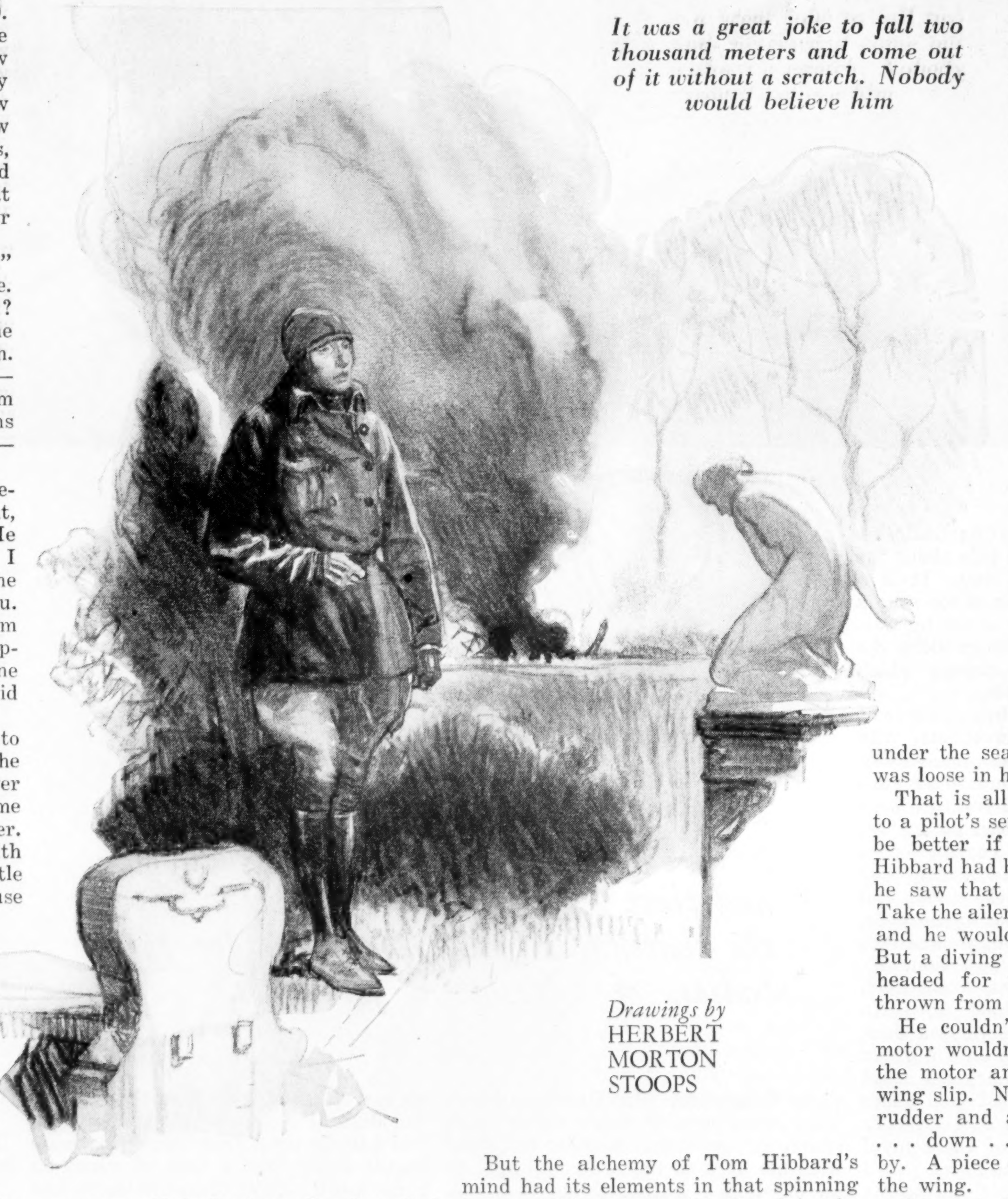
Berkeley didn't answer that. He stood up.

"I guess I'll go for a walk," he said. "These things get me down. There's a château up the way which I ought to be able to make before dark." . . .

In reality Tom Hibbard was more curious of the eccentricities of the little Clerget-motored Sopwith than worried. The cockpit was shallow, and he seemed nearer the propeller. The throttle pushed forward instead of back; the stick ended in a handle like the grip of a spade; the instruments were differently placed; the whole ship seemed lighter, jerkier, more delicate on control even than the Nieuport 28.

He'd gotten off all right, straight over the hangars, and at five hundred meters he began a few experimental banks, short dives and zooms. Then, with that sense of release, elation, power which fills the expert pilot of these darting little speed hawks, he swung out over the main camp in a wide, free arc.

Down below, in miniature even from this altitude, were the rows of long barracks, across from them the Red Cross huts, the Y. M. C. A. shelter, several clusters of hangars. On the white tape of the road were tiny black figures in a short procession. It looked stationary, but he knew it was moving. He could imagine the drum. His elation left him suddenly, and quick thoughts went to Ted Parker, Brooks, Carberry. . . .



It was a great joke to fall two thousand meters and come out of it without a scratch. Nobody would believe him

Drawings by
HERBERT
MORTON
STOOPS

Then he started climbing in a tremendous spiral. A fellow could forget if he looked up instead of down. Above was a bank of thick white cloud. He mounted twenty-five hundred meters to reach it and then coasted along within a few feet of a stupendous mass of white which towered over him like a tremulous wall of the world.

Little skeins and veils swirled out to ensnare him, and it was sport to jump and dodge them until, weary of it and moved upon some sheer, laughter-ridden impulse, he turned a vertical bank and plunged into the soft blank depths. Twisting air currents rocked the plane and traced whirling designs in the nebulous shroud which hugged him so close that he couldn't see the wing tips. He might have been climbing, diving, slipping off on one wing or the other, upside down, for all his eyes could tell. But there were "feels" which told him he wasn't. He knew he was climbing. The motor was pulling steadily.

IT WAS like coming to the surface of the water after a long dive. He was mounting toward the light and finally burst out into an atmosphere as warming as sparkling gold, as liquid almost as a Vouvray champagne, and the moistened wings were glistening. Beneath him was a carpet for anybody's heaven, soft, undulating whiteness suffused with sunlight, for human eyes have never seen a lovelier thing than the top side of a cloud. The plane hung motionless above it. Far below, out of sight, so far as to be out of reckoning, a planet spun—like a child's top.

But the alchemy of Tom Hibbard's mind had its elements in that spinning toy, and his imagination found in the whirls and shapes of the cloud a spired castle made of stone, a tree made of wood standing in the wind, a man with bowed head and the profile of a girl's face.

"Judith," he murmured and, remembering, tried to smile.

Intellectually he had always understood about Judith. His Judith was his own creation. The real Judith had never loved him, never would, and all those fair hopes of his which dreamed her by his side in this place and that were but the manufacture of his heart. But they were none the less beautiful and they were perhaps more poignant because unreal and because they were his incommunicable own.

Sometimes, when he'd been flying all day, he really dreamed, and it was a strange, exquisite dream. They would both fly, quite without planes, quite by themselves, he and Judith. They simply joined hands, spread wide their arms, and, with their outstretched palms serving for ailerons, drifted away rapturously above the topmost green of trees.

Coming free of the level of cloud, Hibbard scanned the geometric imprint of humanity upon the misty earth to get his bearings. He was north of camp. Plainly he could distinguish the smokestacks of Vierzon and still farther north was Romorantin. Directly below was the green rectangle of the Valençay wood with the white jewel of the château gleaming in its center.

He decided to go down a bit and dropped a thousand meters in a series of renversements, wing slips, six or seven turns in a spin. The Sop Camel behaved well. He liked it.

Many of the fellows at Issoudun flew down low to look over the Château de Valençay. It interested them as a contrast of comfort, cultivation, the pleasures of gentle life, against the crudeness of their own days. They imagined weekends there with a small group of congenial men, cards, music, polite talk, a few manners, linen and silver, a little less and better wine, and, for a change, ladies, nice ladies, something in the way of girls they'd known at home.

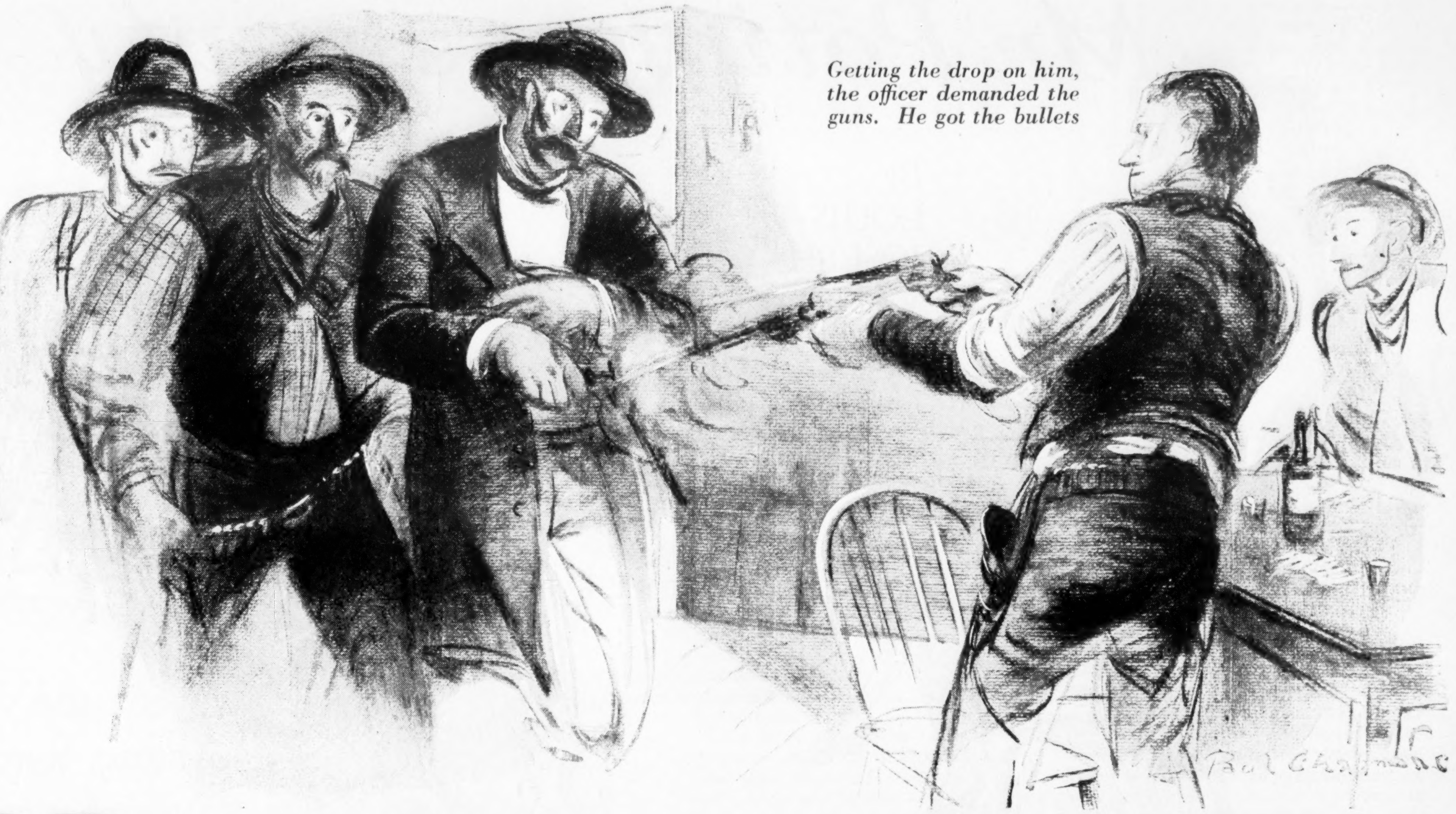
Hibbard had another curiosity. He and Charlie Berkeley and one of the other boys had found a château once. He wasn't quite sure that they hadn't gotten off the road that day and that the château they found was the Château de Valençay. The wires began to vibrate a little too much, and he eased up his descent. There was a snap under the seat, and suddenly the stick was loose in his hand.

That is all the preliminary there is to a pilot's sentence to death. It would be better if there were none. Tom Hibbard had his moment of frenzy when he saw that his elevators were gone. Take the ailerons, the rudder, the motor, and he would have a fighting chance. But a diving plane without elevators is headed for the ground like a dart thrown from Mars.

He couldn't get the nose up. The motor wouldn't pull it up. So he cut the motor and tried to rudder into a wing slip. No go. Then he crossed the rudder and ailerons and got his spin . . . down . . . down. The air screamed by. A piece of linen ripped away from the wing.

Once at Tours he'd seen a fellow plunge into the field, and just before he hit they all heard him shouting. Hibbard thought of that. He'd seen many planes crash, seen the engines buried five feet deep, seen the twisted unrecognizable wrecks. He thought of all that. He was breathless and blind with dizziness now, sitting back in the cockpit with folded arms.

A smile touched his lips. So this was the way good old Ted Parker and Brooks had felt. Well, they'd have to move over when he came to Field 10. He remembered (*Continued on page 30*)



Getting the drop on him, the officer demanded the guns. He got the bullets

The minister's bad boy

The further adventures of John Wesley Hardin, who occupies a niche in the Bad Men's Hall of Fame

By
OWEN P. WHITE

Illustrated by
PAUL CHAPMAN

IN 1871, when John Wesley Hardin reappeared in Gonzales County, Tex., after having written his name in large letters of six-shooter smoke across the sky line in the vicinity of Abilene, Kan., he found a condition existing which was greatly to his liking.

The whole county, in fact the whole of two counties, Gonzales and De Witt, was divided into factions; everybody was in a happy state of belligerent turmoil, and Hardin's arrival was welcomed by all of the most lawless with shouts of delight. Here was a young man who would soon rid the neighborhood of all such embarrassing obstacles as peace officers, vigilance committees and posses comitatus.

Hardin looked the field over, saw what was needed, and made a good beginning. Within a few days after his return, and making use of the same "double roll" on his guns with which he had been able to subdue Wild Bill in Abilene, the young bandit killed an officer who got the drop on him but was so indiscreet as to order him to hand over his pistols; caused two other officers who were standing by to beat a disorderly retreat, and placed himself at the head of a band of twenty-five good men and true, whose avowed business it was to defy all authority.

This organization functioned well, and as long as Hardin remained within its territorial jurisdiction—kept himself, so to speak, beneath the protecting shadow of his friends' six-shooters—he was unmolested. In the latter part of September, though, when he had been back only two months, he grew restless at imposed inaction and suddenly made up his mind that he would go to Bonham, where he could visit relatives and pick up some easy money at poker and horse racing.

Word that he had left Gonzales County was immediately sent to Austin by some of Hardin's well-wishers, and the governor of Texas, all of whose proclamations concerning the young man had been entirely disregarded, at once sent out a special detachment of Negro troops to capture or kill him. Being warned by some of his admirers that these officers were on his trail, Hardin, following his usual custom, did an about face, and, instead of running away from the fight, ran into it. He met the posse when the members of it were least prepared to greet him, and before they could realize that the man they were after was in their midst he had killed three of the party and ridden hurriedly away.

After this escapade (because trying to arrest him seems to have been an undertaking that was attended with some personal risk) Hardin was allowed to visit his parents, undisturbed, until after Christmas; and on his way back to Gonzales County he openly passed through such places as Waco, Austin, Georgetown, Belton and Dallas.

Domestic Bliss for Two Months

SOON after his return to Gonzales County Hardin was married to Miss Jane Bowen and prepared to settle down to a life of domestic bliss. Two months of regular matrimony, though, must have been as much as he could endure because at the end of that time we find him once more on the road in search of adventure.

Hearing that there was a good profit to be made from the sale of horses in Louisiana, Hardin gathered together a large number and started to drive them across to that state. But he never arrived. The attractions offered by several impromptu race meetings, and by numerous gambling opportunities, proved too much for his good commercial intentions; and so, after having made several profitable pauses, he stopped over for a longer time at a place called Hemphill, which seems to have been quite a town, and proceeded to go on a regular spree. It was a good one. During two altercations, one of which arose over cards and the other over horses, he wounded one man and killed another.

Then, with an angry populace in his wake, he was forced to flee. He went into hiding with friends in the vicinity, had an associate dispose of his horses, and with about $2,000 in gold in his money belt set out for home.

Again he failed to reach his destination. In the little settlement of Trinity City, in the John Cates saloon, following a game of tenpins, Hardin as usual allowed his belligerent inclinations to rise to the surface, and in the mêlée which followed received the first wound of his career. It was a severe one, administered with a charge of buckshot in the back by a man named Sublett. But where most men would have died Hardin didn't. He was picked up by his friends and rushed to a place of concealment out in the country. Then, for several weeks, he played hide and seek with the officers by being moved from one place to another. Finally, when it became apparent that he must have surgical attention, he gave himself up and was taken as a prisoner to the jail in Austin.

After recuperating in Austin for two months Hardin was transported, heavily ironed, to Gonzales County, where, according to legal presumption, he would have to be tried for some of his numerous crimes.

They Wanted a Legal Halter

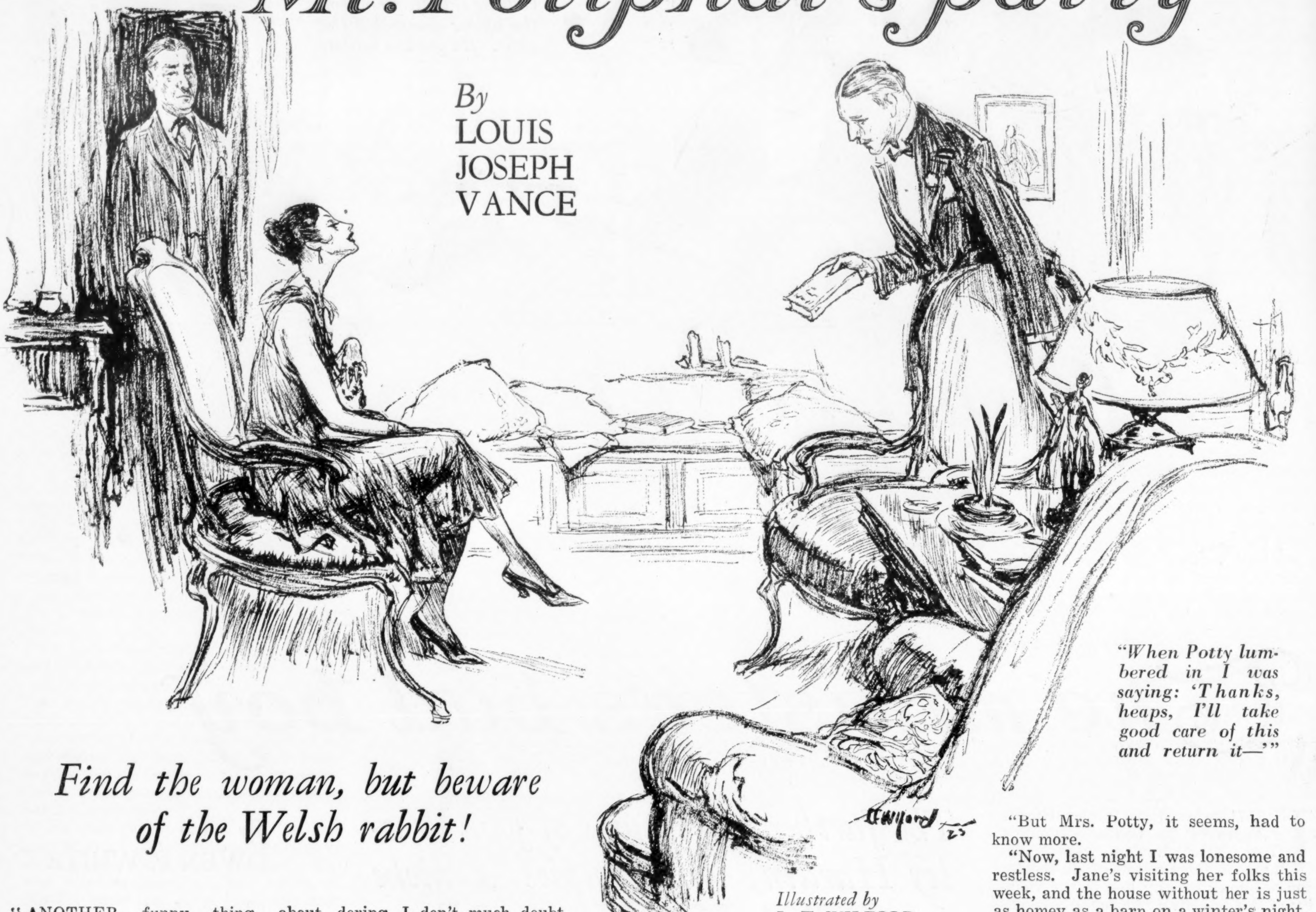
NO DECISION on the part of the authorities could have been more pleasing to the young outlaw than this one. Within an hour after he had been placed in the Gonzales County lockup he was visited by a friendly blacksmith who removed his leg irons and handcuffs. About a week later—his friends having supplied him with a proper kit of tools—he sawed his way out of jail and escaped. Accompanied by Gyp and Manning Clements and other friends, he rode home to his loving wife, who, unmolested by anyone, nursed him back to such complete health that in January, 1873, he began life over again by going into the cattle business.

In the meantime, during the months that Hardin had been either away or inactive, conditions in his two counties had got sadly

(*Continued on page 36*)

Mr. Potiphar's party

By
LOUIS
JOSEPH
VANCE



"When Potty lumbered in I was saying: 'Thanks, heaps, I'll take good care of this and return it—'"

Find the woman, but beware of the Welsh rabbit!

Illustrated by
L. T. WILFORD

"ANOTHER funny thing about women," Philander came out of the Silences to observe, apropos of nothing but the secret content of his conscience, "is this, I've noticed, that the best of them simply can't let sleeping dogs lie."

Somebody was heard to doubt whether any woman had ever caught Phil napping long enough to listen to him lying in his sleep, and for that was rewarded with a stare which a single eyeglass could hardly have bettered.

"I mean to say," the slandered man pursued with a hurt but dogged air, "you give a chap a bad name, and most men will allow it's more than likely a shade overcolored, whereas nearly every woman will give him a wide opening to perform as per ill repute, and if he fails to make good will manifest her disappointment in some disconcerting damn' way."

IT WAS here suggested that some fool woman had evidently been encouraging poor old Phil beyond his capacity. But he gave that innuendo its bare deserts.

"I'm getting along in years now, but some of you bright lads may recall hearing your fathers speak of old George Philander as one who, in his day, had the name of being successful, as the saying goes, with women. Well, I'm not denying I was, in my prime, more blessed or damned, I'm not sure which, than most. I was well fixed and idle and had the rest of the modish vices to outgrow; and I have reason to know a good lot of women wasted more or less thought on designs to make me a good husband. The lady who in the upshot consented to take on the job is still wondering, I don't much doubt, what all the fireworks were for. I have led her a singularly dull life."

"You trying to sell us the idea you took marriage serious, Phil, and reformed?"

"I have been faithful," Philander unblushingly asserted, "after my fashion. Every wife knows every husband does his bit of window shopping on occasion. But I have yet to heave a brick through the plate glass of holy wedlock and make off with the display, no matter how tempting. It is, after all, the boudoir-broken who make the steadiest husbands; they know how sterile light loves are.

"For all that, ill fame hounds me to this late day. Every other time I meet a likely new female I'm aware of a gleam in the backs of her eyes. 'Aha!' I can almost hear her saying—'so this is the bold boy I've heard so much talk about. Well, I'd just like to see him try any of his nonsense on me!' Worst of it is, she just would, nine chances out of ten; she's apt to be no end put out if I decline the jumps. So I have to let on to be taking a furtive interest in her just to keep her temper sweet. Even a bad actor can't afford to disappoint his public. Besides, it amuses my wife, it even flatters her vanity a mite to think other women still find me—shall we say exciting?"

"That sort of thing must get you into a lot of trouble. Does it also, by any chance—"

"That wheeze, dear boy, was creaking in every joint when you were wearing kilts. . . . Matter of fact, it sometimes does get one into trouble. One pays light-hearted attentions to a pretty woman, just out of kindness and meaning no harm, and the first thing one knows she's wondering why one doesn't want to kiss her, or something. Take Potiphar's wife, for example—"

"You take her, Phil; we're booked up solid with our own generation."

"Potiphar isn't his name, of course; and we'll call him Potty for short. Potty brought his new-laid wife out to live in our neck o' the woods some years ago. She proved to be a really delightful little thing, pretty to death, with a high-knee action and a mean bridge hand. She even succeeded in making a social animal out of Potty. He's always been thought a good scout, but perhaps a bit heavy on the hoof and—well—stuffy in general. But Mrs. Potty got to be so much in demand he just had to buck up and make himself publicly sufferable.

"AS SOON as we met I saw Mrs. Potty had heard tell of me and was all set to give me my needin's the minute I tried to start anything. So I made myself politely aware of her as a pleasant item of scenery, but stopped short of betraying any mad hankering for the mustn't touch.

"We compromised on one of those hardy perennial flirtations which never get beyond the tacit understanding, 'Well! it's a jolly good thing for all concerned we're both of us cowards.' If you know what I mean. . . .

"But Mrs. Potty, it seems, had to know more.

"Now, last night I was lonesome and restless. Jane's visiting her folks this week, and the house without her is just as homey as a barn on a winter's night. I poked round looking for something to read; but as the rule is when you've got a houseful of books I couldn't hit on any title that attracted me. Then I remembered Potty had recommended 'The Constant Nymph,' and thought I'd hop over and ask him for the loan of it. Besides, Potty makes his with applejack, which is far safer stuff than the drugs they shake up for us here at the club.

"Potty wasn't at home. Mrs. Potty stated, just a trace acidly, he'd been detained in town. She said 'The Constant Nymph' was a treat and invited me to help her hunt for it. It was right in plain sight on the library table. I was for making off with it pronto, but Mrs. Potty dared me to stop for a cigarette, and I didn't like to seem churlish or—well—afraid. Most sins get their start in false shame.

"In no time at all Mrs. Potty was perching on the arm of my chair to take a light for her cigarette, after which she with perfect ease slipped off on to my knee and giggled and waited to see what I was going to do about it. So, to be honest, did I. It seemed a lot like old times, and I wasn't at all indisposed to let nature take its course. In the beginning I did have a qualm or two about Potty's being a good fellow and all that sort of rot, but it didn't last after the first kiss. It's the Koran—isn't it?—that says, 'Commit a sin twice and you will consider yourself perfectly justified in it.'

"I seem to remember mumbling something in the half-hearted sense of 'See here, my dear, this is all very friendly, and that sort of thing, but what if old Potty should (*Continued on page 43*)

The Gang's all here

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

When the whistle blows and the great game begins the battle flames burn brightest in the grand stand

WITH 50,000 or 60,000 or 70,000 looking on from some vast bowl or stadium the two rival football squads come surging into the field. Their battle hymns strike a responsive chord in student hearts, but they sound an even deeper note for thousands scattered through the tremendous throng around the field.

These thousands are the Old Grads—gray of head but young in spirit. On the wings of the melody which the college band is playing and the students are singing the Old Grad has flown from the gray afternoon or the early twilight of life back again to morning. He needs only to shut his eyes and imagine the cheers he hears are the cheers he heard for himself twenty or thirty years ago. And here to-day are those who represent his youth, where the battle upon the gridiron below means more to him than it could ever mean to any of the present generation, who are still too young to feel the burning brand of tradition or to know the full value of dreams.

If you should happen to wind your way through the stands of the East and West and South you would come upon names that belong with the immortals. At one time or another you will see Heffelfinger, Hare, Wharton, Woodruff, Brooke, Thorne, Butterworth, Edwards, Coy, Heston, Curtis, Eckersall, Campbell, Dibblee, Fish, Bloomer, Minds, Salmon, Reynolds, Beacham, Weekes, Kilpatrick, Ames, Homans, and a long line of others who in their day helped to make football history.

They belong to the Old Guard now; but they are still playing the game in their dreams.

They can see the ghosts of themselves upon the field, the ghosts of their youth still carrying the ball.

Only the Old Grads who were once football players can quite understand the thrill that comes when the first whistle sounds at the start of some big game when an old rival is lined up waiting for the charge.

"It is bred into us deeper than most people can understand," an Old Grad said recently. "I can look back to twenty-five years ago and recall the eve of a Harvard-Yale battle. The entire Harvard squad was sitting at the training table at the end of the meal when a famous Harvard player from the 90's entered the room. He walked to the end of the table, looked us all over for a few seconds, struck the table with his fist almost hard enough to break it and then, turning suddenly to one of the players, literally hurled this query at him: 'What are you here for? What are you at Harvard for?'

"The startled undergraduate finally half stammered, 'To study and to play football.' 'The hell you are!' was the Old Grad's answer. 'You are here to *beat Yale*. That's what you were born for. That's the only thing in your life that counts. That's all you are on earth for—to beat Yale—*to beat Yale*—and unless you do there is nothing else that will ever matter.'

"The burning zeal of that Old Grad star set us all on fire. I could hear 'Beat Yale! Beat Yale!' in my dreams. That slogan has been hammered into every Harvard man just as 'Beat Harvard' has been hammered into every Yale man. It is now part of the game, part of a tradition that still carries on. I'll be frank to say that I don't bother much about any other Harvard defeats as long as we can beat Yale. I don't fret over a weak Harvard team if it is only a little better than the Yale team of that year."

To a large extent the same thing is true when Princeton meets Harvard or Yale; when Cornell faces Pennsylvania; when Syracuse tackles Colgate; when Pittsburgh meets Penn. State; when Michigan faces Illinois, Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota or Ohio State; when California lines up against Stanford; when Virginia and North Carolina battle; when Vanderbilt is set against Suwanee; when Georgia and Auburn or Georgia Tech and Auburn meet; when Williams grapples Amherst or Wesleyan; when Dartmouth goes to Cambridge; and always when the Army battles with the Navy.

The Old Grad's Great Month—If

THERE was a time when the Old Grad was no small part of the football machinery. He came back to college again for a week or ten days and threw himself with rare fervor into the coaching work. To-day's organization is entirely too efficient for any such harum-scarum coaching methods. The coaching staffs are selected far in advance and in the main they are made up of younger players just out of college. The average head coach would welcome some restless, wandering Old Grad back upon the field as he might welcome the plague. The visitor can look on only if he will remain quiet and keep out of the way.

But if his team happens to lose the big game a year or two in succession, you will begin to hear whispers and murmurs of an approaching storm. The Old Grads still form most of the football committees, and they still have a lot of power over the football destinies of their university, so far as the coaches are concerned. They have chased more than one losing coach into deep retirement.

There was a time when the old war cry was sounded on Tad Jones' spoor with Harvard winning year after year. Tad Jones at the time was building an efficient organization and instilling in it the spirit of hard but clean and friendly play. And just at the time when the war cry had reached its height and Tad's scalp was in grave danger the Yale coach proved the worth of his system with two unbeaten years, years in which the Crimson banner came down to float beneath the Blue, with the Orange and Black also trailing.

Gil Dobie, brought from the Navy to Cornell, began beating Pennsylvania after long years of defeat; and he became king. Then Pennsylvania turned on Dobie and Cornell, and now the Dobie status is not as secure as it used to be.

Yet the Old Grad, with all his fire and flame and enthusiasm and bitterness, is not as rough as he is often painted. Yost has been at Michigan for more than a quarter of a century; Stagg at Chicago for even longer; and Jones, Fisher, Roper, Wilce, Zuppke, Rockne and others have held on through defeat as well as victory.

The Old Grad is beginning to realize that if one team wins another must lose. It may happen that the head coach, through a period of years, lacks the material his rival has. But defeat must have its limits.

Results finally begin to count above all else, and the Old Grad gets extremely depressed at seeing the ghost of himself hammered up and down the field with rival cheer leaders doing flip-flops in their fanatical exhortations. He no longer can feel any glow or get any kick out of defeats that are labeled "moral victories." The Old Grad has now entered the zone of the Big Game season. His team is pounding into the stretch where some traditional rival is waiting, and once more his nerves are on edge.

Harvard and Princeton are weighing their chances. Stanford men are wondering whether they can break California's five-year march. Cornell knows the job ahead before Pennsylvania is beaten. This will be one of the great months for the Old Grad, the greatest month of the year if only— If not, it will be the month of dirges and requiems.

Don't speak too loudly or too quickly—the Old Grads' nerves can stand only so much.

This Saturday's Important Games

East

Yale-Maryland, New Haven
Princeton-Harvard, Princeton
Dartmouth-Cornell, Hanover
Syracuse-Ohio Wesleyan, Syracuse
Penn. State-Notre Dame, State Coll.
Pittsburgh-W. & J., Pittsburgh
Brown-Boston Univ., Providence

West

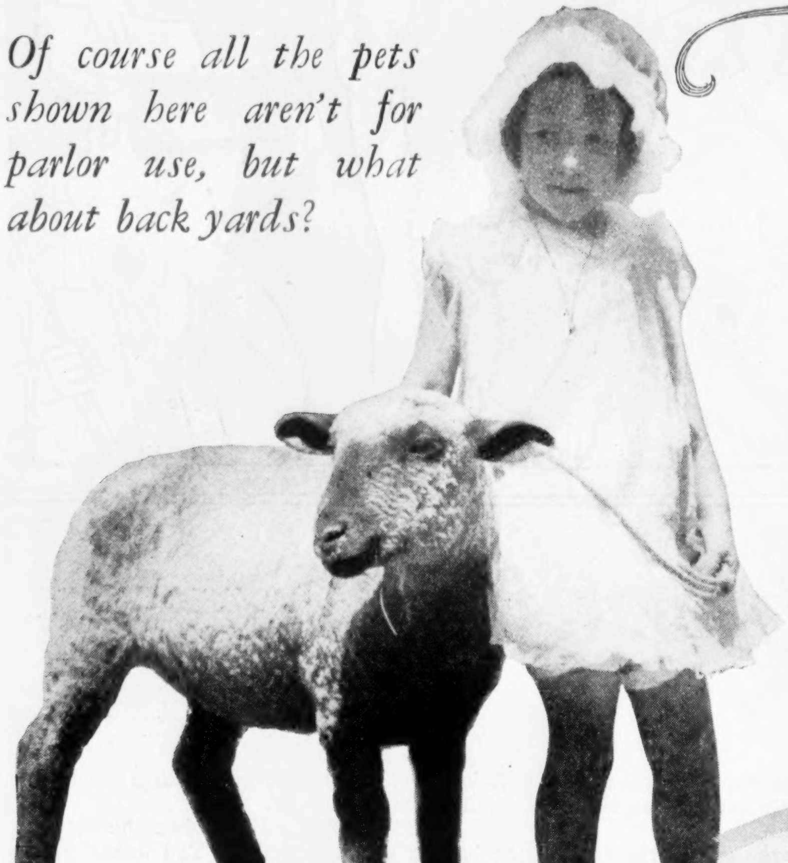
California-Washington St., Berkeley
Illinois-Chicago, Urbana
Iowa-Wisconsin, Iowa City
Minnesota-Butler, Minneapolis
Northwestern-Michigan, Evanston
Ohio State-Indiana, Columbus
Washington-Stanford, Seattle

South

Centre-Tennessee Univ., Danville
Vanderbilt-Georgia Tech., Nashville
Va. M. I.-North Carolina, Richmond
Wash. & Lee-Virginia, Lexington

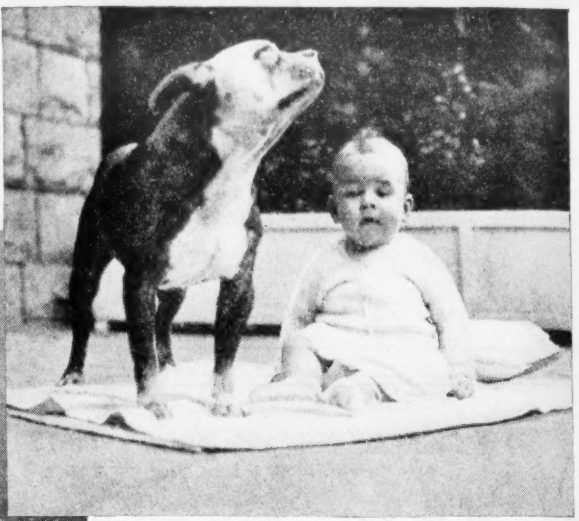
What is home

Of course all the pets shown here aren't for parlor use, but what about back yards?



Wide World

A good many little girls, beginning with Bo-peep and Mary-Had-a-Little-Lamb, have found young sheep desirable and publicity providing pets. But this baby, with neither book nor crook, loves her lamb for itself alone, and not to get her picture in the paper

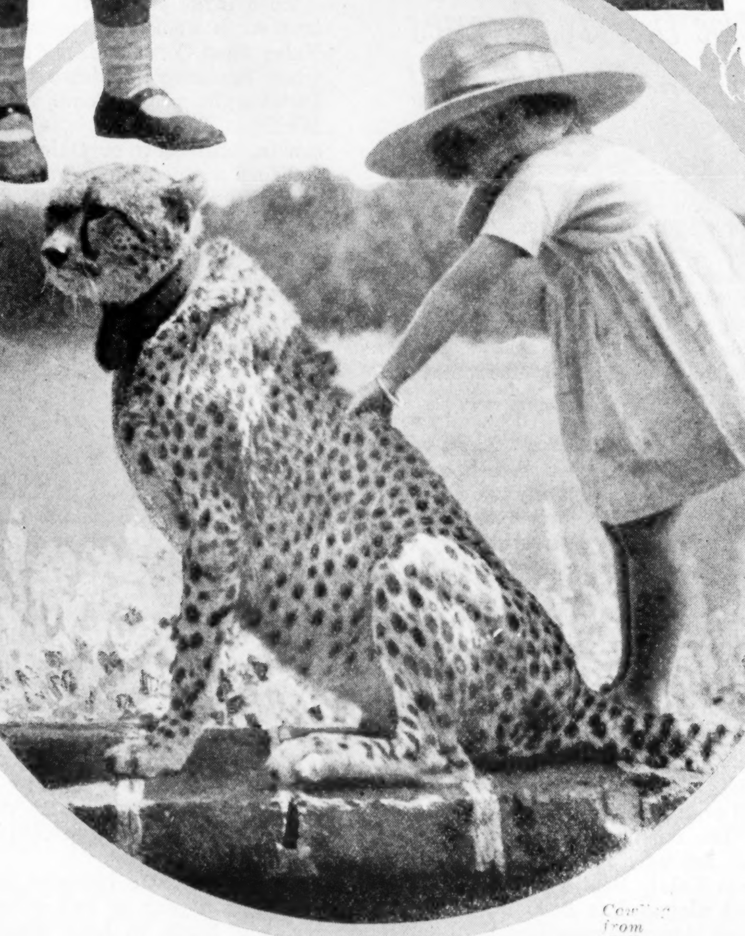


The martyred look on the Boston bull comes from the fact that it's a big day down at the kennels, and he's assigned to nursemaid duty

Mrs. J. N. Stewart

U. & U.

If we were telling a bedtime story we'd call the little beast at the left Harry Armadillo, but since this is a serious discourse he's spelled Hairy. To his mother in the Argentine he's mighty like a rose



Cowling from Galloway

A leopard on a garden wall is all right—as long as the sun shines. The little girl looks pretty young to have taken a correspondence course in salesmanship, but evidently someone has told her that approach is everything. Also "Safety First"

Galloway

The fox on the left acquired his furtive air on hearing the latest fashion news. It's hard luck for a fellow to be a silver black when the word goes out that furs are in style again. Every woman wants one around her neck, and Reynard expects to be skinned on the deal

© U. & U.

The cub reporter who covered a christening at the zoo brought back this picture of the party. Sheba and Ayesha will never be kings of any but iron-barred jungles, but their tags show they are eligible for the Animals' Social Register, which ought to be a consolation

without a pet?

U & U.

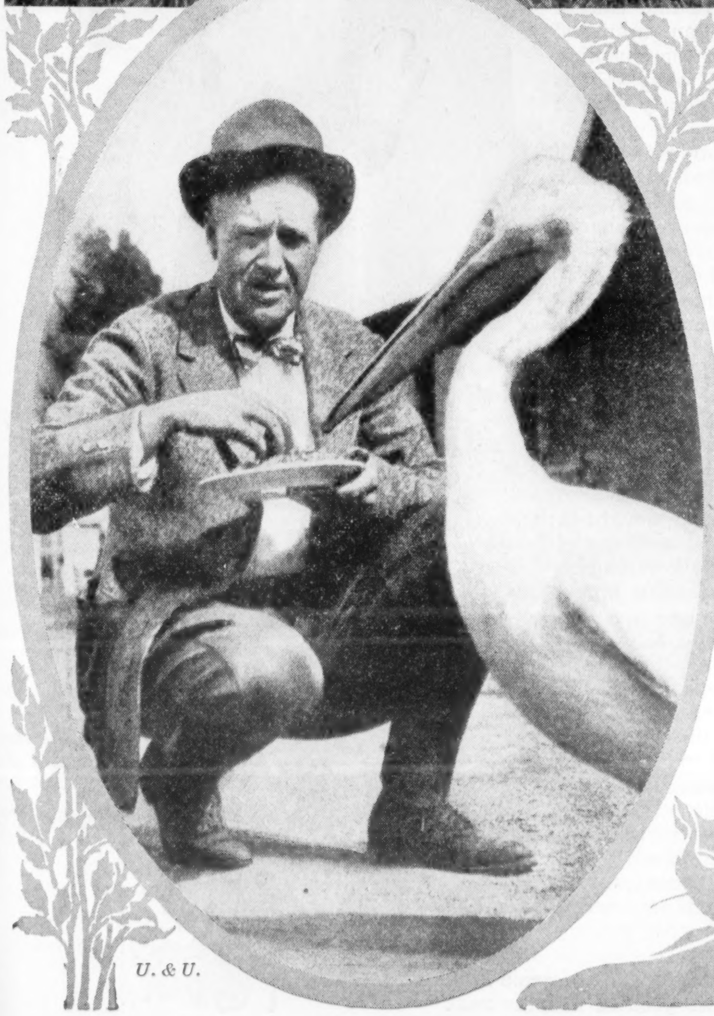
Here's a cat who not only looks at a king occasionally but who also lives on a pension. Sixpence a day is his official allowance for milk, and maybe a little roast beef of old England, and the Record Office sees that he gets it. K. C. sometimes means a glorified lawyer. In this case it's King's Cat

U. & U.

The most exclusive of all pets is the white deer of Nicaragua. Only three others are known to exist. This one doesn't look lonely, probably because of the good luck it's had in owners

Wide World

The lady on the hard-shelled locomotive probably never had a more durable pet. A turtle of this kind, given enough minnows and mosquitoes to snap at, ought to last a hundred years at least. Much longer, surely, than the lady's gorgeous stockings, which so appropriately match her steed

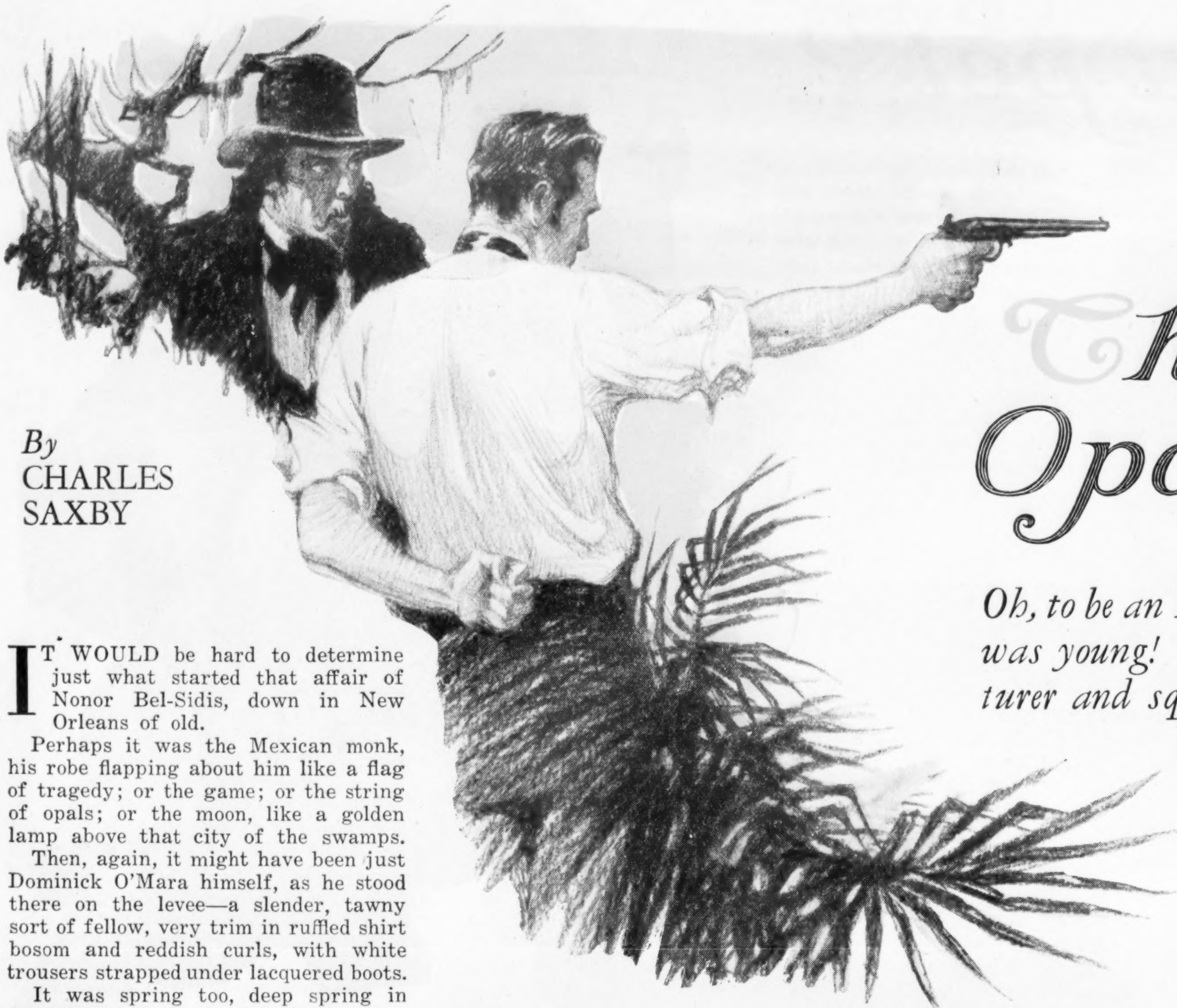


U. & U.

Another illusion shattered. We always believed that limerick about the pelican whose "beak holds more than his belly can." But having seen the sturdy silhouette of this stomach, we have our doubts

Alene Sandstrom

This little brown bear may only be telling about some wild honey he found in the woods, but anyone who was ever young can hear him say "Somebody's been sitting in MY chair"



The Opal String

By
CHARLES
SAXBY

Oh, to be an Irishman when New Orleans was young! Dominick O'Mara, adventurer and squire of dames, is the hero of three colorful stories in which women and opals cross his luck. The second and third stories will be in succeeding issues

IT WOULD be hard to determine just what started that affair of Nonor Bel-Sidis, down in New Orleans of old.

Perhaps it was the Mexican monk, his robe flapping about him like a flag of tragedy; or the game; or the string of opals; or the moon, like a golden lamp above that city of the swamps.

Then, again, it might have been just Dominick O'Mara himself, as he stood there on the levee—a slender, tawny sort of fellow, very trim in ruffled shirt bosom and reddish curls, with white trousers strapped under lacquered boots.

It was spring too, deep spring in Louisiana. Easter's high festival had just passed and the oleander trees were as clouds of pink and red. The river still held a chill in its olive flood, but out in Attakapas the prairies were knee-deep in grass, the bayous falsely blue with floating lilies. And Dominick was a scant twenty-six, his heart soft though stubborn, his temper always ready to blaze.

Yet his outward effect was one of coolness, an engaging sort of insolence as of one who had had to cut his way through the world by his own edge. It showed in his glance, in the curl of his lip, and in his hands, white, carefully tended, steady with cards or pistol and open with money, even though they had none—hands to which horses and dogs came to be stroked, while women—

But that was another tale. A strange tale too, as those about a man and a woman are apt to be. Some of it was already told, but the end was not yet in sight.

He had traveled much since, as the youngest of five wild sons of an Irish squireen, he had been pushed out from his home beside the Shannon. It is a far cry from the hills of County Clare to the half-tropic swamps through which the Mississippi pours to the Gulf. But the wheel of things, always throwing him out toward its edge where it revolves most swiftly, had now cast him up in this New Orleans of the forties, as much a coast of chance as ever the world had to offer.

IT WAS down from the north that he had come, in one of those great, frail river packets ranked behind him at the levee. Heads turned to look at him as he landed, for rumors of him were already abroad—rumors of a game and a monk; of a game which had brought men pressing about the cabin doorway; of a monk who had flung himself to rash accounting with Providence.

Three men had sat with Dominick in that game: a Creole planter, a lank Kentuckian and a man from Texas who sat wide and bleak as one of his own buttes. All night they sat, the pile of chips mounting higher on the green cloth, while from the hurricane deck overhead came a sound of footsteps—the monk's footsteps those, as Dominick knew, disordered, persistent, coming in horrid reiteration as of one trying to flee from himself. He could picture the fellow, a saturnine rack of bones, something like a picked crow under his black robe, his eyes as two red peep-holes into some private hell.

"I raise one hunder'," said the planter, pushing forward a scarlet chip.

DOMINICK dragged his mind back to his cards. Plague take that monk for coming so between him and the business of the game! He could almost hear the creature again, praying in the darkness:

"*Domine, exaudi . . . clamor meus . . .*"

Then a pounding of fists on a hollow chest and a choked cry.

"Am I one of the damned?"

But now it was morning, the yellow reek of the lamp paling in the dawn, passengers watching from the doorway, a Negro bringing coffee, his eyes round as dollars.

"Raise you a thousand more," barked the Texan, and the coffeepot rattled in the darky's hands.

It was up to Dominick now, and the whole cabin waited the words lurking behind his lips.

If only he could think, instead of listening so to those footsteps overhead. Let the fool be damned; what business was it of his? Then came a trampling confusion up above, a cry of hideous despair and something black hurtling down to the water like a shot buzzard.

Like some marionette jerked upward by unseen wires, Dominick rose. That was how he felt just then. It was useless to argue, to ask what affair was it of his? Was he, then, God, to pluck men from damnation? That invisible pull upon him was beyond self-counsel, tugging irresistibly at his muscles.

"If you will excuse me a while—"

That was his own voice, and he was already laying his cards face downward on the table.

"—I think it's needed I am."

Three faces nodded inscrutably above a green cloth. Then he was at the rail, flinging off coat and shoes, diving carefully aft of the thrashing side wheel. He had caught a glimpse of an upturned face ghastly in the churning wake, of two bony hands clutching impotently up at nothing.

Half an hour later, with dripping clothes, Dominick reëntered the cabin where the three devotees of chance still sat in unmoved guard over cards and chips.

"Your pardon, gentlemen—where do we stand?"

"There's three thousand in the pot and it'll cost you eleven hundred to stay in," the Texan said.

Dominick's face paled under his wet hair. All he had in the world lay upon that table. One hand sought a pocket, feeling at a string of beads which yellow fingers had just thrust upon him—beads which he had accepted mainly to escape those abhorrent pawings of gratitude: oval beads, strung in tarnished silver, large as pecans, glowing like many-colored fires cased in globules of milk, and a dangling piece from which some finishing pendant had been torn. There was something almost sinister in their beauty—red, green and hot blues, veiled in milky innocence, but with potency in their flash!

Opals—that meant luck of some kind at least, whether good or bad the next

few moments would show. He pushed forward his last stack of chips.

"I'll see it and raise it five hundred more."

The Creole gasped and cast down his cards; the Kentuckian seemed to crumble. Like animation through some stone idol, a hint of gambler's superstition swept the Texan.

"Did you get that fellow out?" he rasped.

"I did."

"Was it that Mexican monk?"

"It was."

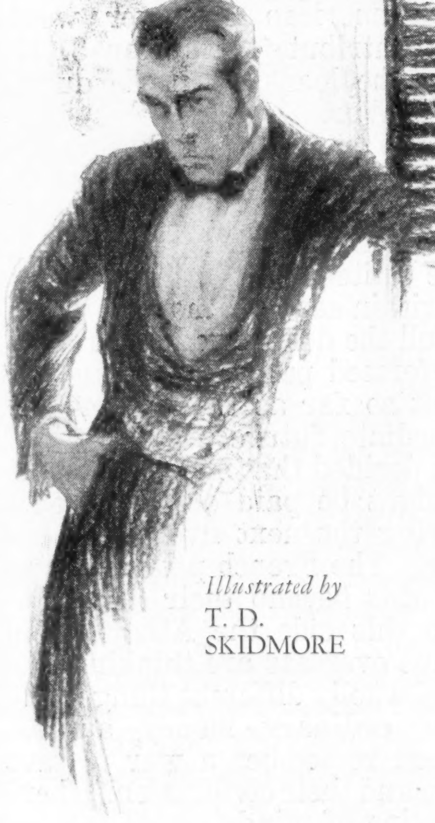
With a blue oath the Texan threw his cards upon the table.

"A suicide and a priest; you can't beat that! I cave."

All eyes turned to the cards hidden in Dominick's hand, wondering as to their secret. With a slow smile he crumpled them in his wet fingers and flung them through the door out into the yellow river.

SO MUCH for that. The opals had brought him luck, and this New Orleans was promising—a passionate, pride-bound city, half mad with the tide of wealth poured down by the great river; a city of destiny gilded by romance, her charm almost that of a woman, and her caprice as well; an insolent city, stalked by blue fever wraiths that stole almost visibly in from swamp and bayou. Half queen, half slut, trailing rich robes in the mud; her commerce, her great churches, even the white purity of her ladies, all alike supported by a traffic in cringing human flesh. A vital town in a vital time, unhacked at by any axes of uplift or reform! There were prospects of adventure on every side, and Dominick was a good prospector.

He leaned from his balcony in a small hotel back behind the bulk of the cathedral. There were gay groups on galleries of lacy ironwork, bananas drooping green fronds, noise and lights in streets still busy. And over all was that maddening moon and half-tropic enchantment.


Illustrated by
T. D. SKIDMORE

Drawing the opals from his pocket he flung them about Nonor's neck. It was only a play. But Aguirre was standing there looking out at them in a black flame

There was singing in the next room; its long windows were yellow with light. From them to the corresponding balcony a figure drifted.

A little figure, gayly smiling, bobbing blond curls, her slimness rising like some pretty calyx from spread pink petals of crinoline! A carol of song, throatily liquid, a flash of blue eyes which seemed to have seen much and to be amused thereat! They appraised Dominick's leaning length, then the half-elfin face, pale with powder, crinkled into a grimace of mock modesty above a fan.

"Oh, la! A strange man; how sho-o-ocking!"

"And since when have fairies been afraid of mere men?" Dominick smiled.

That brought a twinkle, an impudent kick of a sandaled foot from under the crinoline's hem. Then came speech, like a tinkling torrent.

"What are you doing there all by yourself? Poor dear—did she jilt you? I can't believe that, though; no woman would. Why do you look so lonely? You won't think any the worse of me for speaking to you, will you? Isn't this a heavenly night, but oh, lud, what a pig of a town! They can't appreciate art here, my dear. Would you believe it? Hardly a corporal's guard in the theatre and old Caspar shedding real tears! You look as if you belonged with us; come along over. I'm Nonor Bel-Sidis. Who are you? But it doesn't matter; I am going to call you Cupid, anyway. Poor Rollo will be black as thunder when he sees you, but that doesn't matter either. Isn't it lovely that nothing really matters? Come along, Cupid—"

That balcony plastered to the moonlit wall might have been some stage scene set up against the radiance of the night. She herself was like some moth of the footlights—a pink and golden moth, fluttering at the moon. Above all, she was obviously, utterly feminine. That was enough, and Dominick went by the simple process of leaping from the rail of one balcony to the other, heedless of the thirty-foot drop below.

Nonor clapped her hands at that.

"Ods duds! What an entrance! Can you sing? You should be in our company, Cupid. I tell Caspar we'll never be a success so long as he tries to sing my lovers—come in—"

Seizing his coat tails, she dragged him backward into the room, shrieking melodious delight.

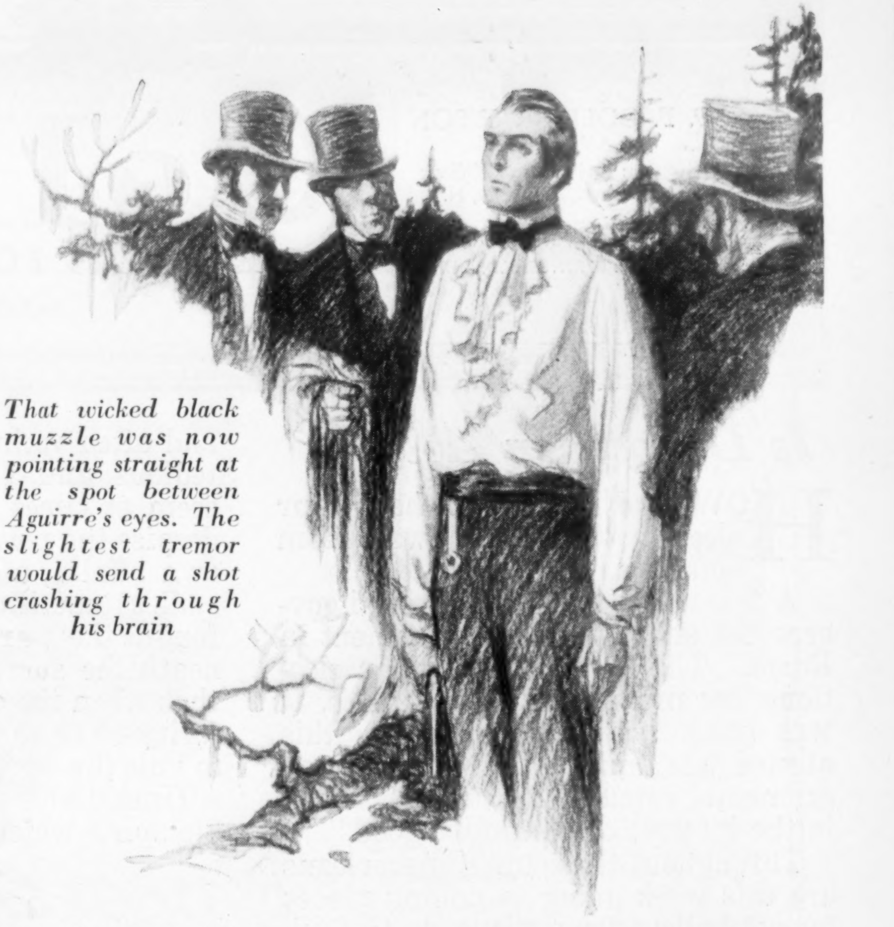
"Look, my dears, see what I found—he jumped to my balcony. Caspar, you must work it into our next opera—but he must be the hero."

She whirled Dominick about, presenting him like some newly enchanting toy.

"His name is Cupid, and I've fallen completely in love with him."

Dominick knew the company into which he had leaped. The look of the room would have told him that. Apparently it was the Bel-Sidis bedroom, but no one seemed to mind. Great hair trunks spilled contents of soiled gayety, and the bed was heaped with the same. On the bureau a bottle of champagne stood among silver toilet articles and an overturned saucer of rouge. From chair backs hung garments of lacy intimacy, all rather torn.

There was a fat little man, with a pale green skin and eyes like dead jet, who seemed to be this Caspar of whom she spoke. An imposing woman, curtained with purple satin, sat on a trunk as if it had been a stage throne and nodded a headdress of feathers. In the corner, slim and straight as some black and white ramrod, stood a young fellow of about Dominick's own age. He was evidently a Creole; sallow, lean, arrogant, with fine linen and much lank black hair.


That wicked black muzzle was now pointing straight at the spot between Aguirre's eyes. The slightest tremor would send a shot crashing through his brain

"This is Madame Strobelli, the contralto," Nonor chirped on, indicating the woman on the trunk. "Give him your chest note, Strobby dear—wo-o-o-oh—like that," she mocked, in hollow depths. "And that's Rollo in the corner there—isn't he precious? Now you know everybody. Give him some wine, Caspar."

A wandering troupe, probably fallen on evil days, as these singing fly-by-nights always did. Dominick had met their sort before, the same the world over—will-o'-the-wisps, perpetually getting mired in the swamps over which they twinkled. A glass of sticky champagne was thrust into his hand, while the purple woman ogled from beneath her feathers. Caspar breathed stale whisky fumes at him; Nonor fluted in shrill mirth. It was only that Creole chap who was taking it at all seriously. And the only danger with people like these was to be serious about them.

"Miss Bel-Sidis—the finest Arline in this new opera,'The Bohemian Girl;'the most enchanting of 'Preciosas' too," Caspar droned in his ear. "And, by gad, sir, not house enough to pay even the lights. A conspiracy, that's what—a jealous professional cabal to crush her exquisite art!"

WITH his indignation he was almost convincing, in spite of his dingy linen and glass diamonds. Then the contralto, nodding her plumes and booming her chest note:

"I, Strobelli, have appeared at Covent Garden. I sang the page in 'Les Huguenots'!"

"Yes, sweetness, but it wasn't the title page," grimaced Nonor.

From the wall the young Creole bent severely, a trifle lantern-jawed under his black brows, his gaze consciously burning as it fastened on Nonor.

"I feel mos' deep' the insult which my city has offer' to Mademoiselle Bel-Sidis."

Dominick shot an appraising glance. There was something about that fellow; a bit ridiculous perhaps, but something real. The one thing which men always know is the one thing which women never, never know—and that is other men. There came a subtle change in his own manner as he spoke:

"Pardon me, my presentation was perhaps informal; I am Dominick O'Mara."

"And I am Roland Aguirre the Third."

With the announcement of his name the Creole seemed to wipe the other off his mind. The insult brought the quick blood pricking under Dominick's skin, yet he could understand the reason for it.

ROLAND AGUIRRE; he had heard that name even as far north as Memphis—the Aguirres of Belle-Source plantation; of Anse Picayune and its leagues of Opelousas prairie; of—of a considerable portion of all Louisiana, it appeared. Aguirre the Third, with hundreds of slaves, sailing his own sugar ships to France, holding the keys of New Orleans in his pocket! And they met here in this tawdry room of a tawdry little singer.

"I am ashame'," Aguirre was going on, to Caspar and Strobelli, pointedly ignoring the newcomer. "All La Luziane should be at the feet of such art as Mademoiselle Bel-Sidis display'."

Then came a burst of Nonor's shrill laughter as she danced up to him on restless feet.

"Sweetie—ain't he perfect? But we are rotten, and we know it."

She lifted her voice, chirping and trilling like some slightly hoarse canary:

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
With a backer so rich and so ga-a-ay.

She stopped with a shrug, another of those irresistible chuckles.

"Then I woke up, my dears, and found that my feet were out at the window—no wonder they thought the floor was cold."

From beneath her crinoline her criss-cross sandal pressed Dominick's instep. At the same moment her fingers brushed those of Roland Aguirre. An eerie little thing, she seemed, with her whitened face, her blue glances and impish grins; rather haunted beneath her gayety too; something like an anxious nightingale trying to stave off the frightening day by constant fluttering. From (*Continued on page 38*)

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Is Democracy Absurd?

HOW would you like to have your election day taken away from you?

A few weeks ago the Mussolini government abolished self-government in Rome. The system of popular elections has proved its incompetence, it was officially announced, and "this absurd presumption of general governmental capacity must be abolished in the interest of the public good."

Throughout the country Americans are this week going to polling places to cast ballots for various elective officials. As we vote there is a challenge to thought in the change which has come to Rome.

A hundred and fifty years ago, when the pattern of self-government was being outlined in this country, the revolutionary statesmen looked back to Greece and to Rome for guidance. The recollection that ancient Greeks and Romans had successfully governed themselves gave Americans courage for their great experiment.

It prospered and millions were lured by the beacon of American liberty to leave their European homes. The fact that the presumption of the capacity of average people to govern themselves did not seem absurd made possible the rapid settlement of the United States. In the early decades of our history men migrated to these shores in search of liberty.

Mussolini says that is all wrong. Liberty is a thing to be trampled upon: popular self-rule is an absurd pretension. Abandoning democracy "we must return to reason, logic and, above all, reality." The Kaiser Wilhelm had the same ideas back in 1914 although he lacked the Italian dictator's gift for forcible utterance.

It is true that we have not made an unqualified success of municipal government. The Hylans of New York and the William Hale Thompsons in Chicago are typical of the popular incompetents who are too often elected to high office. But the alternative is worse even than the occasional flannelmouth in office. For government is a balancing of clashing interests and no group, however wise, is generous enough to do justice to others.

We have bad government at times and often voting itself is neglected as tedious and futile. By neglect we seem at times to ignore and even to despise the privilege of managing our own affairs, a privilege won through endless sacrifices by good men who fought the wars of freedom. But beneath the surface lies the knowledge that when the occasion arises the majority have the power and the right to rule the land.

Unshakable faith in that reality is the spirit which has created America.

Dr. Gloom Still With Us

THE superintendent of the Anti-saloon League out in Indiana is in despair. He sees the youth of this generation speeding to destruction in automobiles.

His is a new song to an old tune. Our grandfathers and grandmothers were on the way, but failed to arrive at perdition, in the old-fashioned single buggy. Our fathers and mothers were headed for ruin on bicycles. Our children no doubt will be viewed as speeding on the wings of Icarus.

Still, people come and go and the world continues to get along. Some among us are not all that we should be, but few of us are wholly bad. We keep right on averaging up pretty well, year in and year out, in spite of the trepidation of those anxious souls who fear the worst.

Oh, Shucks!

CORN without a cob is being created by an Illinois farmer. If he gets it he expects that it won't have any shucks either. Just the ear and the tassel. He figures to save the strain on the soil caused by the necessity of growing 700 pounds of cob per acre. The chances that he will succeed are enhanced by the fact that he has already grown oats without a hull and is well on his way toward a bugless potato.

But corn without a cob! Shall not all loyal trenchermen rise and rebel? We shall. Next they will be threatening us with porkless beans, eggless ham and turkey without cranberries. These are radical times, but some at least of the fine old traditions must be preserved.

For Mississippi, et Al.

RECENTLY there was a most brutal murder in Cincinnati, committed by a Negro. The victim was a fourteen-year-old white girl. The murderer was captured, tried and sentenced to pay the extreme penalty—within two weeks from the date of the crime. There was no mob, nor was there any agitation for one. He was captured by a Negro policeman.

This incident serves to show that there *are* law-abiding colored people, eager to have felons apprehended and anxious to help.

That colored policeman of Cincinnati, instead of the colored murderer, should stand for the Negro race.

"They Hired the Money"

ALL told, various foreign governments owe the United States upward of twelve billion dollars. If Europe refused to pay its war debts the average American taxpayer would have to contribute more than $1,700 to repay the loans we made during the World War.

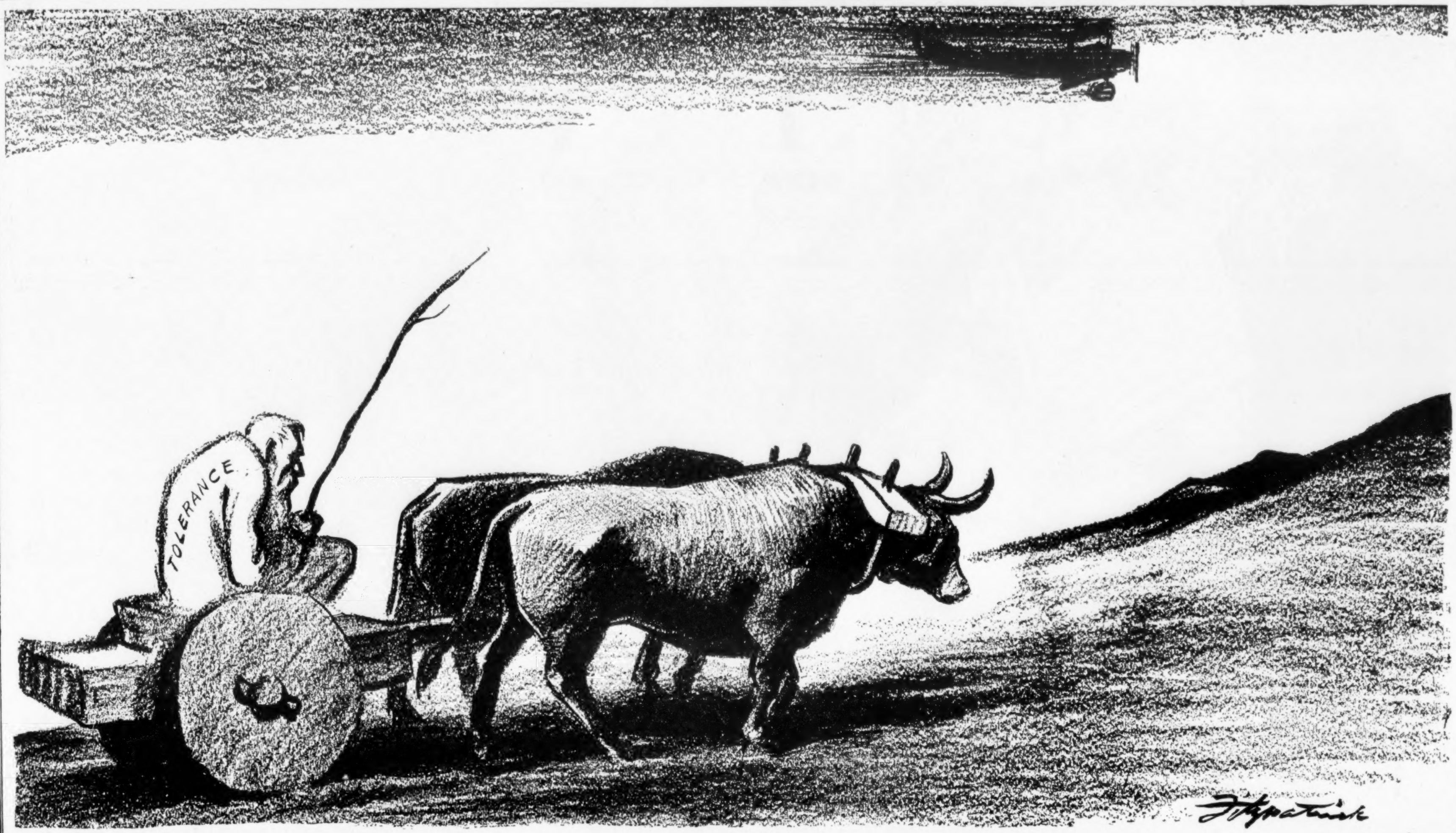
From the standpoint of Washington the matter is simple. "They hired the money." Therefore, "let them pay."

The countries that borrowed heavily from the United States as well as from Great Britain say that they cannot repay in full the debts owed America.

No informed person questions this statement so far as the present and the immediate future are concerned. Caillaux decided that one per cent interest might be paid on the French debt during the next five years, but not more. The French people seemed to think this beyond their capacity.

We on this side the Atlantic and Europeans overseas are thinking and talking of wholly different things. We speak of ordinary money affairs; Frenchmen remember a war to save their race and their civilization. There is no meeting of minds.

This uncertainty and instability are bad. A practicable arrangement fair to both sides can be had only when we not less than the French people are willing to face the facts. The politicians seem to think that neither in America nor Europe is public opinion to-day ready for such a step.

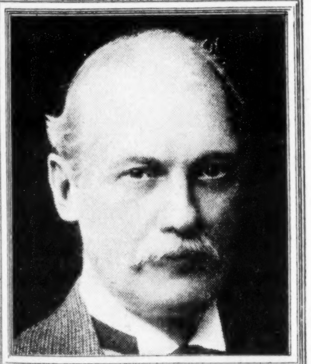


Lagging Behind

Foolproof Highways

By CHARLES CLIFTON

President, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce



IN THE interests of public safety we must build foolproof highways.

We must have broader roads.

We must abolish blind curves.

We must do away with narrow bridges.

We must flatten high crowns.

We must work for gradual grade crossing elimination.

This is an issue of national urgency. There are seventeen and a half million motor vehicles traversing our highways daily. Every other family in America owns a car. But we have not yet conquered the hazards of motoring.

There were 19,000 citizens killed in highway travel last year. The road of yesterday will not serve the needs of to-day. Science, which has increased the productivity of man, aided him in the conquest of disease and helped him in his war on waste, must be employed to meet the problems which the new era of motor travel has brought.

In Maryland the Highway Department has been keeping an accident map of its state road system. It found that the greatest number of disasters occurred on old roads which were highly crowned, narrow, rolling and with steep grades. At the chief danger points it flattened out the crowns and widened the roadway, with the result that accidents at these points have been materially reduced.

Los Angeles has been one of few cities to lower its street fatalities during the past year. It has brought about this result by developing an organized plan for its traffic. It is eliminating five grade crossings per year. It is providing safety zones for pedestrians and strict regulation of the movements of those on foot and at the wheel.

Grade crossing elimination will come slowly because of the cost, but it is a necessary part of the program.

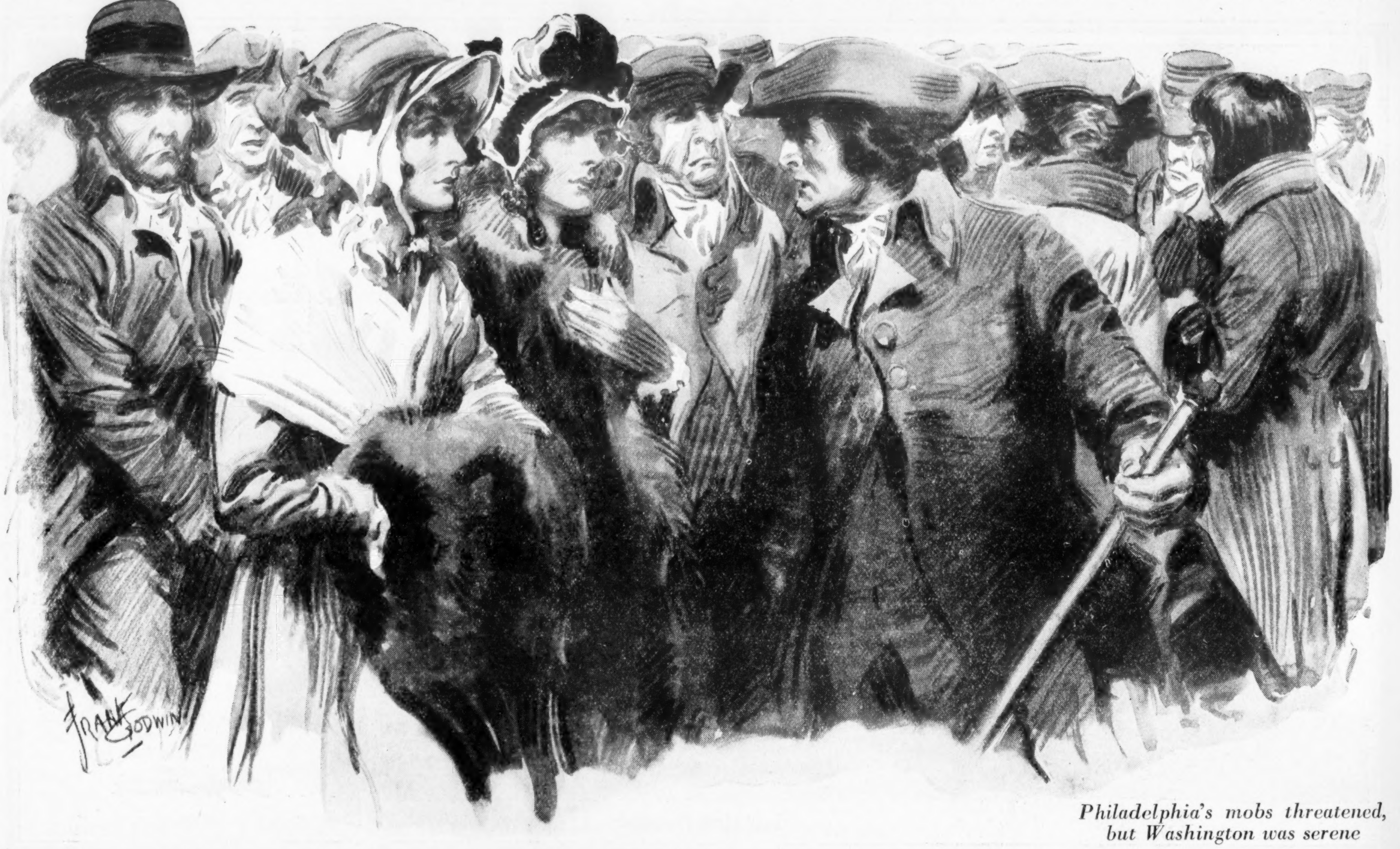
This applies not only to railways but also to grade separations on through boulevards. In Chicago the increase of land values where boulevards are being put through has exceeded the cost of the improvement.

In New York the property owners on Sixth Avenue are paying for the removal of the elevated line in order to facilitate motor travel. A notable grade separation leading out of New York is that of the Grand Concourse, which passes under Fordham Road, thus giving a stretch of several miles in the heart of the Greater City without any major intersection. These improvements are profitable not only in saving of life but likewise in dollars and cents.

Our highway authorities are aware of the needs of the new age. They are progressing as rapidly as funds, time and public opinion will permit. The U. S. Bureau of Public Roads has listed the following factors as of particular hazard in highway design, elements which engineering effort can remove:

- Blind curves and road intersections
- Sharp curves on embankments
- Unprotected embankments
- Narrow bridges
- Sharp convex vertical curves
- Slippery road surfaces
- Grade crossings
- Steep grades
- Narrow road surfaces
- Low or rough shoulders
- Steep crowns
- Sharp curves at bridge and underpass approaches
- Improperly banked curves

We must keep in mind, to be sure, the personal factor. Safety education in our schools such as is carried on in Detroit, Cleveland and St. Louis should be continued. Newspapers by hammering on this subject are doing a constructive work in keeping the public alive to the need for personal care in driving and walking, and the necessity for traffic improvement. Our faulty facilities should not be an excuse for the speeding or the reckless. But at the same time, along with these efforts, we should use every ounce of engineering knowledge to minimize the risks.



Philadelphia's mobs threatened, but Washington was serene

She knew Martha Washington

DAILY mobs of more than ten thousand people assemble in front of the residence of President George Washington, threatening to drag him out of his house, all because he will not declare war on England out of sympathy with France! The difference between 1794 and 1916 seems to be in our favor.

In this final installment of the letters of a Frenchman and his wife, translated by Princess Radziwill, you will find a remarkable self-portrait by the wife. The affairs of the De Maussions go from bad to worse. They lose their plantation. Gaston goes about from place to place, all the time thinking of returning to France.

This he finally does and lets his family shift as they may. Abandoned by her husband, the wife goes bravely to work for the support of her children. When, after some years, a lucky legacy enables her to plan the return to France she begs her husband's mother never to let the children know that their father had failed them.

And, although never completely at home here, her last cry is:

"If only I could take part of America with me to France how beautiful it would be!"

⁂

Writing of Washington, Madame de Maussion says: "People don't approve all his policies; they find him too strict and severe; he refuses favors too easily." And they were even attacking our first President for refusing to be made a king!

25 December, 1792

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

WE ARE ending this terrible year in fear and trembling for your safety. Oh, what a pity you did not accede to our prayers and come over to this country. Now, of course, it would be impossible without being put on the list of *émigrés*, to which you rightly object. We must trust to God's mercy.

We had a suspicion of what was taking place. The American Ambassador, Gouverneur Morris, wrote to friends in Philadelphia that from the first moment he realized Monsieur de La Fayette had quite lost popularity. He attributed this to Monsieur de La Fayette's lack of understanding of the masses of people, which we knew was one of his principal failings.

In spite, for instance, of his real affection for General Washington, he did not realize the real greatness of his character, nor how much above all other mortals he stood. This lack of judgment was sure to bring about dire circumstances when he found himself confronted by a revolution which he had neither the energy nor strength to control. Then, again, he is far too sensitive to other people's judgments of his personality and actions, to which, on the contrary, General Washington is supremely indifferent. In fact, the difference between these two men is that between a truly superior being and an ordinary one.

Criticism of General Washington does not leave off: one hears it right and left. People don't approve all his policies; they find him too strict and severe; he refuses favors too easily. They upbraid him for refusing to be made a king although the refusal is absolutely consistent with his character.

Gaston, who through all these years has always adhered to General Washington, says that the General alone has a just idea of what this country is bound to become in the course of time and of its resources, and that he dreams real dreams, not the nonsense dreamed by so many of those who surround him. Yet people like Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay favor a monarchy. One may well ask whether they have as much at heart the welfare of the American people as General Washington.

The children are writing to you also and please take particular notice of Adélaïde-Rosalie's letter, in which no one has helped her. When one thinks she is but six years old one can feel proud. She is an independent little creature, far more like an American child than a French one.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

How they tried to force Washington to declare war on England in support of France—and how Washington, at times confronted by large mobs, refused to be forced.

15 January, 1794

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I AM writing this without knowing whether it will ever reach you. But one of our friends goes to France on an official visit and has promised to deliver this message. What times these are when one cannot even write to one's parents for fear of compromising them!

They have organized public manifestations here against President Washington because he will not declare war on England in support of France. Monsieur Genêt, the official representative of the slayers of our poor king, has spent enormous sums to force the hand of the President. Crowds of more than ten thousand people have daily filled the streets of Philadelphia, threatening to drag the President out of his house, so as to effect a change of government and compel this country to take the side of the French Revolution.

These manifestations continued for days and days; they only served to bring out the wonderful character of the President. He was the same man who in the Revolution was the only one to preserve his calm and presence of mind. He serenely went his course, refusing to be intimidated by the mob. And he is having Monsieur Genêt recalled in spite of the opposition which such a step gives rise to.

If only we had had a man like him in our France during these years!

Men like him are born once in a century . . . not even then!

DE MAUSSION.

(*Continued on page 44*)

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

Quality–

determines the pride you take in your car

Touring	$525
Roadster	525
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Quality in its chassis construction gives you a brilliant performance of which you may well be proud.

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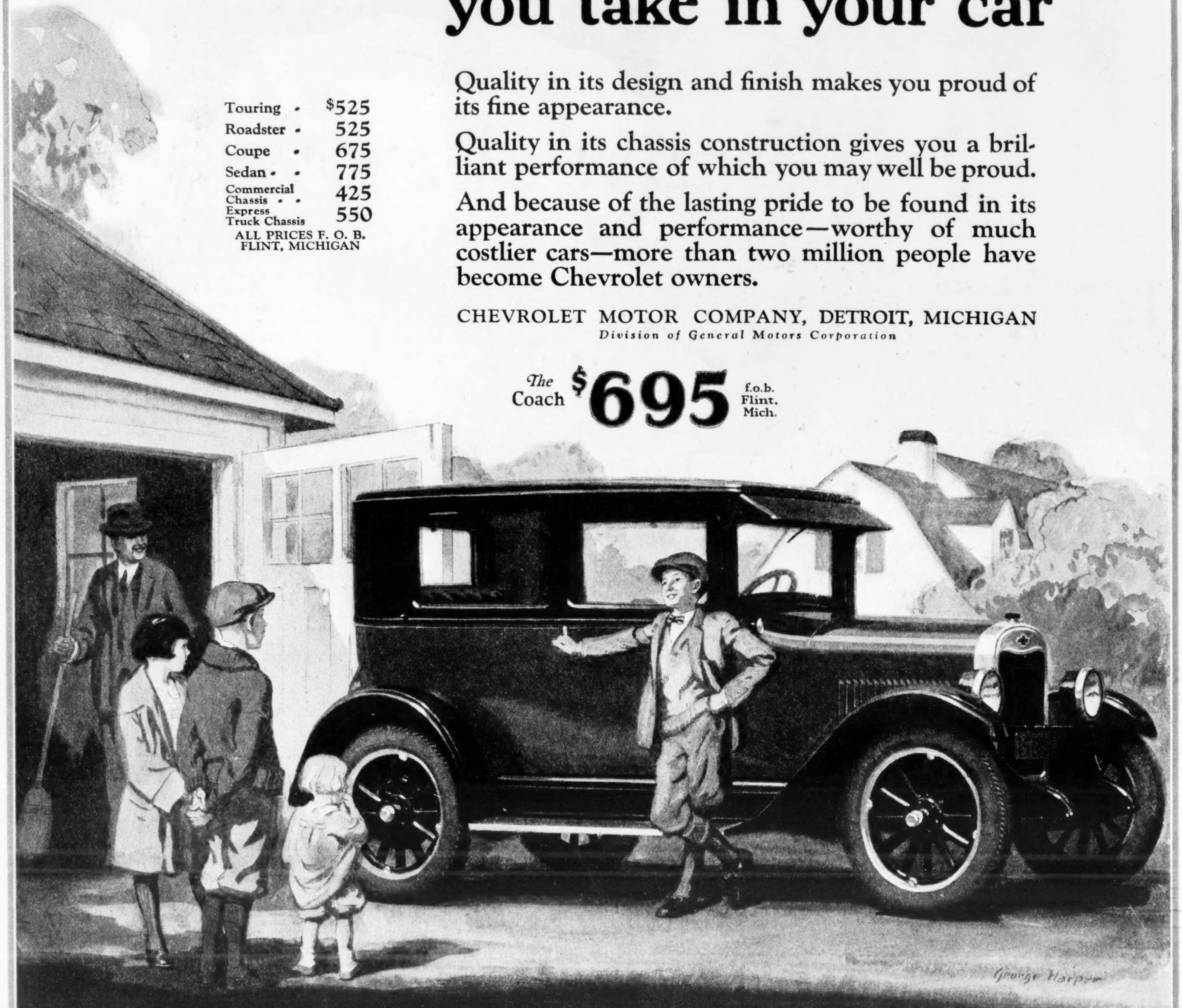
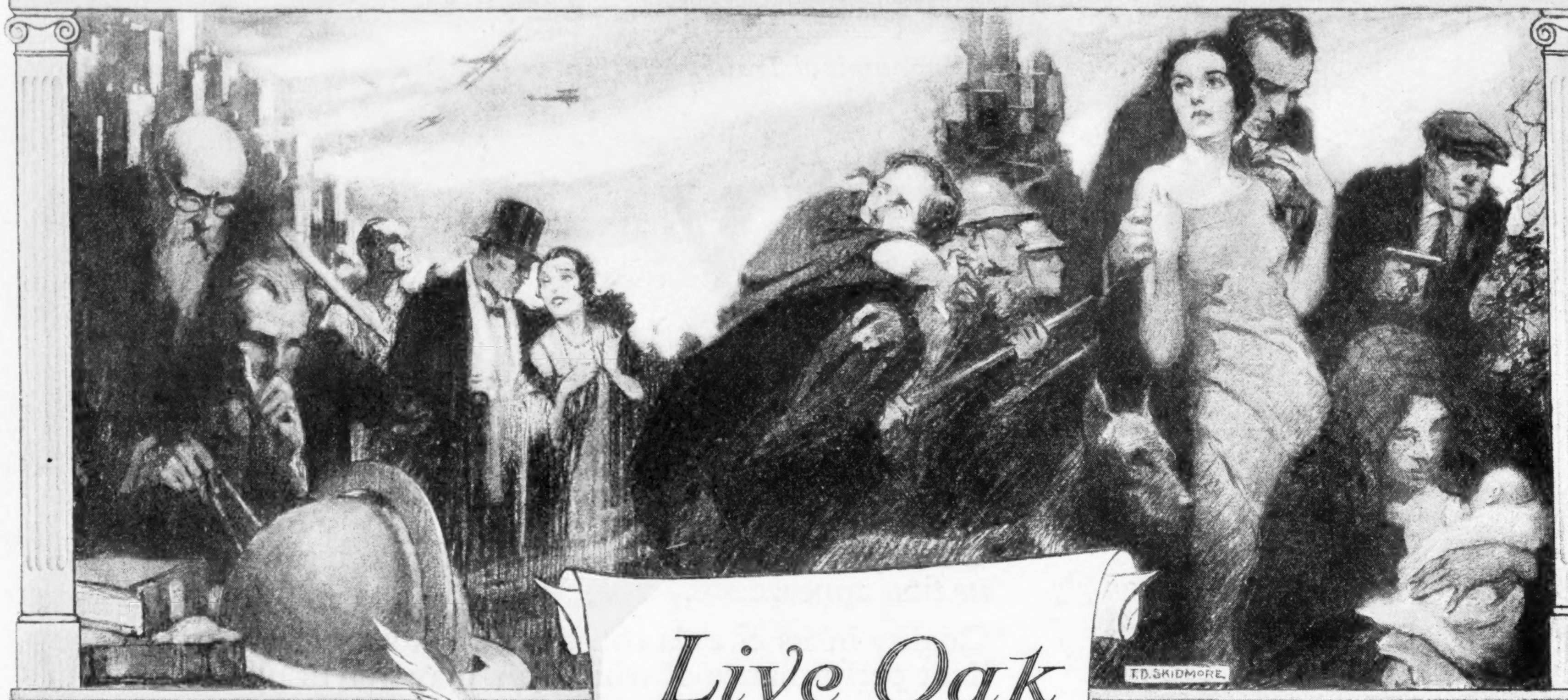


QUALITY AT LOW COST

THE SHORT SHORT STORY



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

Live Oak

By
OCTAVUS
ROY
COHEN

"It's better to have loved and lost"—but see what you think when you've read this story. Next week: Zona Gale

JIM CARNEY dozed luxuriously in the shade of a giant live oak. He gazed through half-closed eyes at the glorious tapestry effect made by the setting sun as it filtered through the great bunches of Spanish moss pendent from the gnarled branches.

It was a scene of superb tranquillity untinctured by thrum of motors or clangor of trains. To Jim's left, at the foot of the hill, spraddled the little South Carolina village, somnolent and contented. To the right the road wandered uncertainly into the piny woods. And immediately behind him was the sprawling Reiter farmhouse: whitewashed castle of a very considerable tract of fertile acreage.

It was a vista of rural serenity: of a quiet little town and of miles and miles of corn and cotton against a background of pine. Jim's eyes moved restlessly to the right, where the road disappeared into the Somewhere—and he fidgeted. Time to be going. He had remained in this place for more than a week now. The clarion call of the open road was again sounding imperiously. Queer that he had remained this long. Nice little place . . . but it was worked out. Jim Carney, itinerant sign painter, touched the pack which contained his scanty wardrobe and the tools of his trade: brushes and paint. A happy life his: a wandering from village to village, painting signs—fancy signs with queer figures and marvelous curlicues which delighted the rustic mind.

Suddenly the young man straightened his lithe, well-muscled figure. From the farmhouse behind him came the unmistakable sounds of quarreling, the quarreling of a man and a woman; then a shrill cry in the girl's voice, "Take your hands off me!"

Jim muttered to himself as he started without question toward the house: "That'll be Bud Reiter and his daughter. . . ."

He crossed the veranda. The French windows sprawled open, and the scene in the parlor was plainly visible: Bud Reiter, swarthy and grizzled, lashed to a fury by the slender, trim, tense little figure before him. The man held his daughter's wrist in a steely grip, and she sobbed with the futile effort to free herself. Carney's voice broke in placidly.

"Something wrong?"

Their eyes flashed to him. The man nodded; he knew Carney and rather liked the young stranger. "Plenty," he said gruffly.

"Yes, plenty," echoed the girl furiously. "He's trying to live my life for me. Says I must stay in the house—"

"You're an engaged woman. Suppose Walter heard about your carryings on?"

"Who says I've been carrying on?"

"I do. Folks have seen you walking at night with a man—when I thought you were sleeping. You're ruining me and yourself—"

"Telling me I'm not decent?" She swung toward Jim Carney. "You heard him say that, didn't you?"

"Well, no—not hardly that, miss." Jim's voice was a soothing drawl. "I just heard him say that you had been walking out nights with a man when he thought you was sleeping."

"Hasn't a girl got a right—"

"Sure. But he said you was engaged. Of course I'm a stranger here—but if I lived here regular and was engaged to a pretty girl like you—" He turned toward Bud Reiter. "Is she really engaged?"

"Yes, she's engaged. And to a durned fine fellow. But she's cutting up—"

"Prove it!" she challenged.

"All right, I will." Bud pulled his daughter closer and touched the white column of her neck. "Where's that locket I gave you—that amethyst locket?"

Her eyes narrowed, and she seemed to shrink away. "I—I guess I lost it," she evaded.

Bud was keen. "I guess you didn't. You gave it to that fellow you been meeting at night." His voice became threatening. "I'd like to get my hands on him just once; breaking up an engagement between two nice, clean young folks—"

"You never can be awfully positive about such things," suggested Carney.

"Huh! I reckon when a man has raised a girl he knows when she's telling the truth. And I guess I know too that this is all foolishness, because she's really crazy about Walter."

Carney questioned the girl direct: "Are you?"

For a moment she stared wordlessly. Then she nodded with a barely perceptible gesture.

Jim Carney shook his head as he turned back to the old man. "You see," he said quietly, "you can't always tell. You were dead wrong. She really did lose the locket."

"She did!"

"Sure." The stranger reached into the breast pocket of his olive drab shirt. Quite calmly he extended toward Bud Reiter the amethyst locket. "I found it the other day in the road between here and the village."

For a second the girl stared at the young man. Then she did a very queer thing. She tore from her father's grasp and flung herself across the old red sofa. Her sobs filled the room. Jim Carney grinned.

"If you know her real good," he said, "you'll get the same hunch I've got—and that is, she's kinder keen to straighten this out with Walter."

Bud Reiter nodded. "Durned if you ain't right, son. Wimminfolks is queer; even a man's own."

Jim moved slowly out of the house, and Bud Reiter followed him to the live oak. The sun was dropping below the horizon in a red-gold ball. The road beckoned. "I'm drifting along, Reiter. Next town only six miles away." He hoisted the pack across his shoulders and turned his face into the west.

Bud Reiter extended his hand. "Sorry to see you leave us, Jim. And I'm right glad you found the locket. Of course the thing ain't worth much—"

"Ain't it?" Jim Carney smiled into the older man's eyes. "I don't know a lot about such things. You see, when I first got hold of it I kind of hoped it might prove to be pretty valuable."

All Around You People Know This Secret–

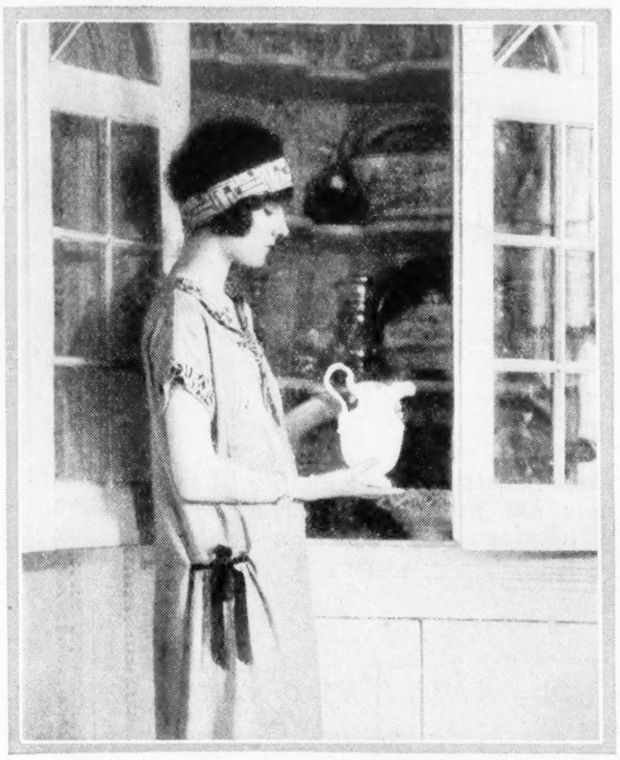
Clear eyes, strong bodies, a new zest in living—all through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-22, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"ABOUT 15 MONTHS AGO I was afflicted with sties. I had suffered from constipation for several years. One day I noticed dark spots appearing upon my hands. I consulted a physician. 'You have auto-intoxication,' he said, and explained that the waste matter was forcing itself into the blood. He handed me a pamphlet advertising Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking yeast that day. I took it for four months. I have never had another sty since I ate the first cake; and I am freed of constipation."

MRS. ANNA LENERT, San Antonio, Texas

"BEFORE I BEGAN TAKING Fleischmann's Yeast my face and chest were in a terrible condition with pimples. Finally one day a young woman asked me if I had ever tried Fleischmann's Yeast. After all my failures I thought I might just as well experiment some more . . . After taking Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four months my skin began to be softer and better to look at. Soon my friends began remarking about the change. Now I am in a perfectly healthy condition."

BEATRICE COHEN, Toronto, Ont.

BELOW

"I AM THE OWNER of a grocery store and recommend Fleischmann's Yeast especially to my customers who mention having indigestion or nervous trouble. Because it was when I had those troubles myself that I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. I had only a half-hearted hope that it might help me. But in two months I was eating and sleeping normally. Today I have better health than I ever had before. In fact, I believe I am in perfect physical condition, and that Fleischmann's Yeast has been a great factor in helping me gain that ideal condition."

MRS. ROBERT CARR, Toronto, Ont.

BELOW

"HAVING MARRIED somewhat late in life, I soon found myself doing daily the thousands of physical tasks it is necessary for a mother of four children to perform, at an age when most women are able to conserve their strength. I looked and felt at least ten years older than other women my age. I did not want to take medicine. To make a long story short, I began to take Fleischmann's Yeast. And when we found that it was toning up my system and re-building what I had unwittingly torn down, the cake of Yeast acted as leaven to the whole lump of happiness at our house."

MRS. GEORGE N. DAVIS, Macon, Mo.

"CONSTIPATION was my deadliest foe. I always had the tired, sluggish feeling characteristic of this ailment. Impaired appetite, a sallow complexion and a pimply skin also contributed to my misery. My mother was employed by a prominent Boston physician who recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I finally condescended to give it a trial. I continued for two months, when I noticed a slight change. At the end of the fifth month I had regained my lost vigor and my appetite had improved wonderfully. All signs of ache had vanished and the tired feeling was gone—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

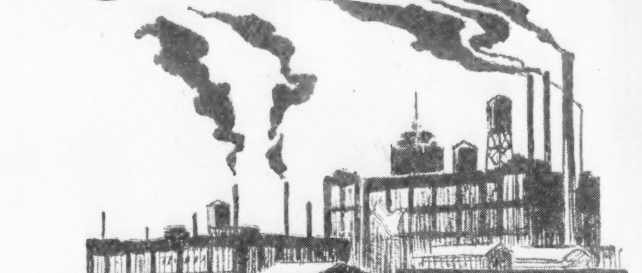
LAWRENCE A. PERRY, Medford, Mass.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

Where workmen are capitalists

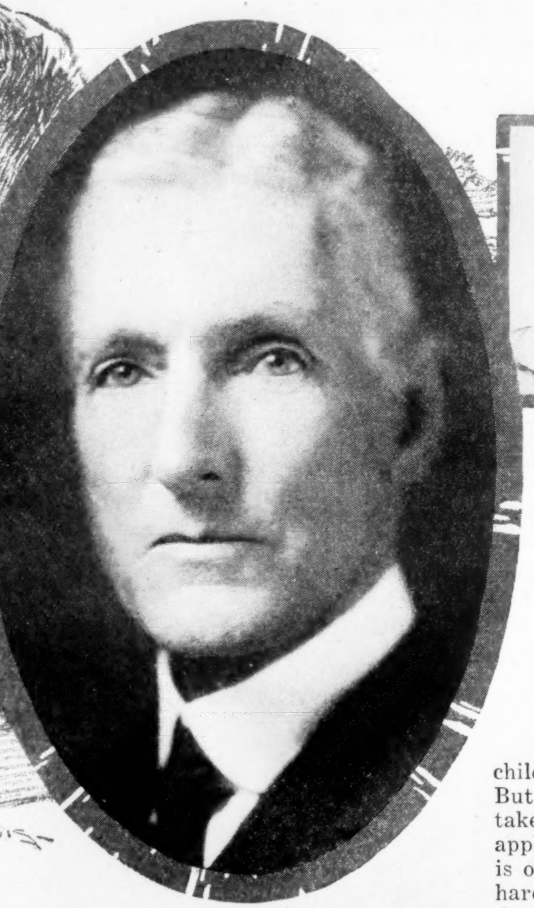
By W. O. SAUNDERS



Louis Schulte now has no worries

And neither has Charlie Bateman

Here is the fascinating story of how a young man fulfilled his dream, bringing security, wealth and contentment to thousands of workers



William Cooper Procter has solved the human problem of a big business

WHAT does the typical workingman want most? I asked this question of Louis Schulte, a blacksmith in the employ of The Procter & Gamble Company at Cincinnati. I also put it to Charlie Bateman, who has a job in the boiler-room of the same company at wages of $32 a week. As you will see in a minute, I had a particular object in talking to these two men. But first listen to their answers.

Said Schulte, "It's the uncertainty about a job that takes the heart out of a man."

Bateman agreed. Said he, "Knowing your job's safe is the first thing you want."

In other words, both men wanted security. They wanted what a million workingmen in the British Isles, now dependent on government doles, haven't got. They wanted what four million American workingmen didn't have during the depression five years ago—an assurance that the pay envelope would be forthcoming every Saturday as long as they were able and willing to work.

Now, Schulte and Bateman, and several thousand of their fellow employees, have this assurance and much more. Each one of them, after six months' employment with the company, is guaranteed forty-eight weeks' work a year for the remainder of his working life. At one stroke this promise wipes out for them the dread which hangs over the heads of millions of industrial workers in every civilized country. It gives them an assured future. They can buy homes, plan for the education of their children, and look forward cheerfully to old age. They may not be among those who contend that the world owes them a living, but they do know that as long as they are able and willing to work—and afterward—it will give them a living.

That's a part of the Procter plan, but it isn't all. It is merely the beginning of what I would call an industrial evolution. Let's see how it worked out in the cases of the two men just mentioned.

Louis Schulte works every day at his trade, like any other good blacksmith. He has always earned fair wages, though never as much as many a workingman in the skilled trades who finds himself penniless and dependent in old age. Out of his earnings he has saved enough to make the payments which have bought him 600 shares of company stock. From these he draws an income of $3,000 a year. That's Schulte's biography. He worries as little about the future as John D. Rockefeller himself.

Charlie Bateman started with the company as a common laborer, firing boilers at $15 a week. He now gets $32 a week—not much, perhaps, as wages go in some trades. But out of his wages, plus his dividends, he has saved enough to purchase 550 shares of company stock, besides a $15,000 house, fully paid for.

A Laborer Amasses a Fortune

SCHULTE and Bateman were perhaps exceptional men. So let us take an ordinary case—an instance of what any two-legged, ten-fingered man can do under the Procter & Gamble plan. James Cornell enters the employ of the company at a wage of $1,000 a year, which is the going rate for unskilled labor. Ordinarily he would spend it all and be poor all his life, leaving his children to start just where he started. But he is persuaded to let his employers take out five per cent of his wages to apply on the purchase of stock. That is only $50 a year. He gets along, by hard scraping, on the remaining $950. As the dividends become due on the stock he is paying for, they are credited to his account, so that his first thousand dollars' worth of stock costs him only $300 in cold cash.

What happens to every man who saves a thousand dollars happens to James Cornell. He is not satisfied to stop there. He wants to save another thousand and another and another. James Cornell keeps turning in five per cent of his salary and salting away his dividends. When he is forty-one years old he finds himself owning stock worth at least $20,000, upon which he is drawing dividends equaling his original wage—$1,000 a year. So he doesn't worry either. And his boy, with the start James can give him, is likely to be something more than an unskilled laborer—though he too may go to work for James' employers.

This is not an imaginary sketch. Already 1,446 employees of the Ivorydale works, near Cincinnati, own outright 12,401 shares of stock (it will be more before this is printed) with a market value of $1,388,912, on which they are drawing dividends of something like $172 per capita. They have 8,895 shares partly paid for. The total holding of stock by all employees in all plants of the company is 22,386 shares. Representatives of these employees sit on the board of directors and help determine the policies of the company.

The $172 per capita dividend doesn't tell the whole story. When James Cornell buys his stock the company charges him three per cent interest on the deferred payments and pays him a ten per cent dividend the first year. Next year the dividend is eleven per cent, and it goes on swelling until in the eleventh year it reaches twenty per cent. So James' share is much less than $172, as a rule, when he starts in, but grows to much more than that by the time his children are getting to school age and his expenses are mounting up.

No wonder James' company has had no strikes for many years. If James or Louis Schulte or Charlie Bateman should strike, they would cut off not only their wages but their dividends—in short, they would be striking against themselves. Every one of these working stockholders knows that the value of his holdings depends upon the orderly productivity of the plant in which he works. He wants the plant to pay. Naturally he doesn't loaf on his own job and he doesn't tolerate loafers in his gang. The men themselves make it pleasanter for would-be gentlemen of leisure to move on. Most of the new employees are men who have been recommended by the old-timers. Parents bring their children into the plant. It isn't uncommon to find three generations of the same family working at Ivorydale.

An Adventure With a Factory

THERE is always a man behind such a success as this. The man in this case is William Cooper Procter, son of the late William A. Procter, the former president. The younger Procter went into the soap factory as a laborer in 1883, with a Princeton degree, figuratively speaking, in his overalls pocket. He swept floors, wiped engines, fired boilers, nailed packing cases, did gymnastics with a truck, boiled soap—in short, did everything that has to be done around a soap factory. He learned soap making from the ground up. He also learned about soap makers. He learned more about soap makers than the older heads of the firm had ever known.

In college he had learned the value of play and had learned how to play. He wanted his soap makers to feel and love life too. They had never found much time to play, except on Sundays, and then they were too tired. So one of the first things he did, when he had worked up out (Continued on page 34)

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Burroughs Quality is Proved by 40 YEARS of-Undisputed Leadership.

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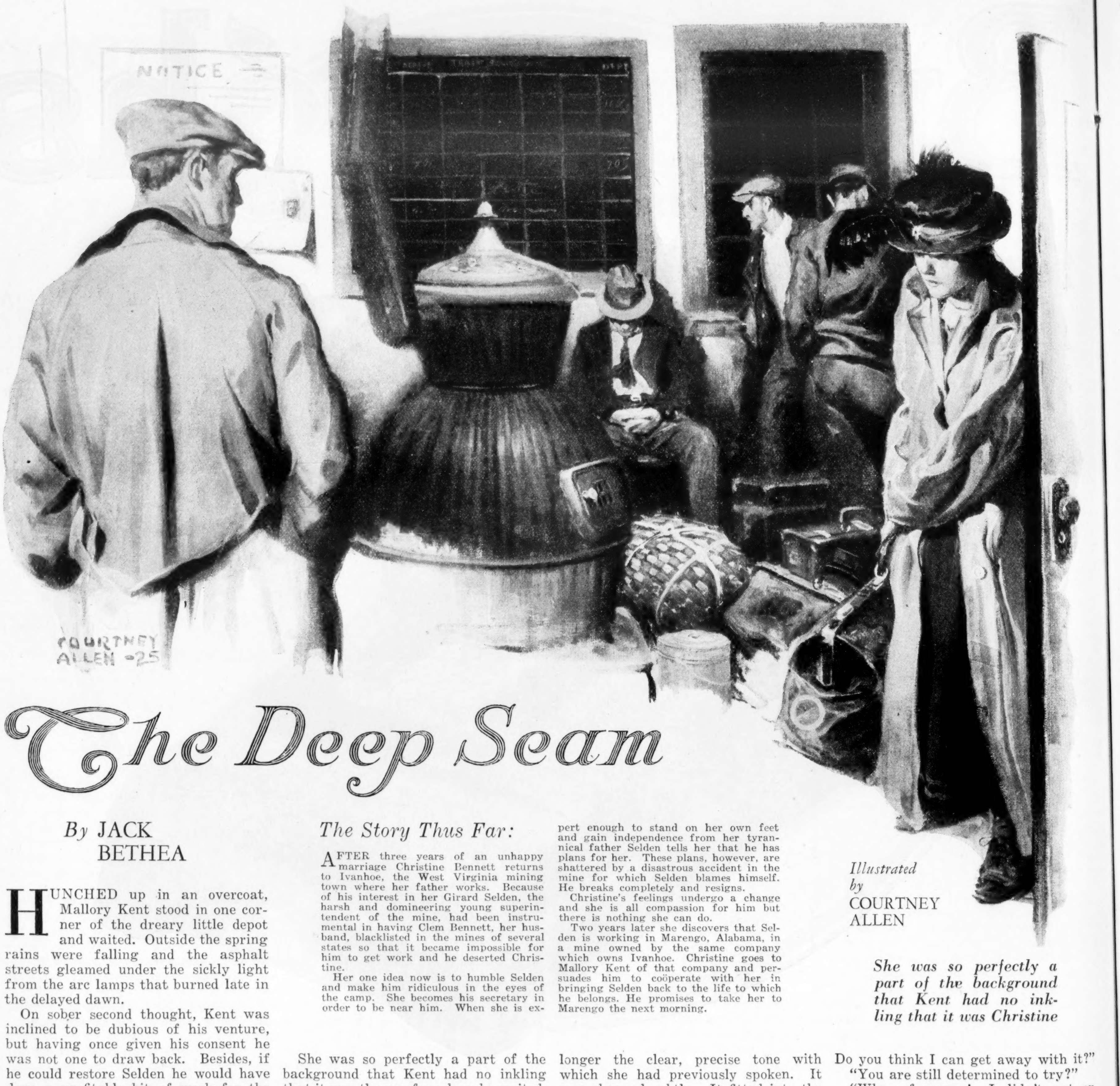


She was so perfectly a part of the background that Kent had no inkling that it was Christine

The Deep Seam

By JACK BETHEA

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

The Story Thus Far:

AFTER three years of an unhappy marriage Christine Bennett returns to Ivanhoe, the West Virginia mining town where her father works. Because of his interest in her Girard Selden, the harsh and domineering young superintendent of the mine, had been instrumental in having Clem Bennett, her husband, blacklisted in the mines of several states so that it became impossible for him to get work and he deserted Christine.

Her one idea now is to humble Selden and make him ridiculous in the eyes of the camp. She becomes his secretary in order to be near him. When she is expert enough to stand on her own feet and gain independence from her tyrannical father Selden tells her that he has plans for her. These plans, however, are shattered by a disastrous accident in the mine for which Selden blames himself. He breaks completely and resigns.

Christine's feelings undergo a change and she is all compassion for him but there is nothing she can do.

Two years later she discovers that Selden is working in Marengo, Alabama, in a mine owned by the same company which owns Ivanhoe. Christine goes to Mallory Kent of that company and persuades him to coöperate with her in bringing Selden back to the life to which he belongs. He promises to take her to Marengo the next morning.

HUNCHED up in an overcoat, Mallory Kent stood in one corner of the dreary little depot and waited. Outside the spring rains were falling and the asphalt streets gleamed under the sickly light from the arc lamps that burned late in the delayed dawn.

On sober second thought, Kent was inclined to be dubious of his venture, but having once given his consent he was not one to draw back. Besides, if he could restore Selden he would have done a profitable bit of work for the Continental. Kent admitted to himself that his interest in the venture was not wholly on Selden's account. There was the girl. He wondered how her trimness would fit into a mining camp. He was still perplexed because he had been won into countenancing it; more, even to whole-hearted participation.

As Kent watched the door opened and a figure stepped into the dim interior, dragging with her a heavy cowhide valise—a cheap thing exactly like others that were piled indiscriminately on the board benches of the waiting-room.

Kent looked on incuriously. The woman was enveloped in a yellow raincoat from which water dripped unnoticed to the floor. Kent could not see her face, which was shaded by a flat black hat with a drooping plume; it had been tilted forward in her struggle with the door and the wind and the heavy valise.

She was so perfectly a part of the background that Kent had no inkling that it was the one for whom he waited.

Christine stripped off the yellow raincoat, folded it neatly and laid it on her suitcase. She was dressed dowdily in a skirt of dark material that did not fit, a brown waist, with what appeared to be a pathetic attempt at adornment at sleeves and throat where lace appeared. Heavy shoes and cotton hose completed her costume.

She was perfectly self-possessed and glanced coolly about until she saw Kent's tall figure in one corner. Losing interest in the one added figure, he had long since looked away and was now staring again into the street where dawn was struggling with the sputtering arc lamps. Christine smiled when she saw him and divined that he had watched her entrance. She walked to him.

"Think I'll do, Mr. Kent?" she questioned.

Her voice was rather husky, her accent slurred. Her intonation was no longer the clear, precise tone with which she had previously spoken. It was changed subtly. It fitted into the murmurous background of the talk going on about them.

KENT looked at her blankly for a moment and then recognition dawned. He grunted in approval. Kent was not easily surprised.

"Very good, Mrs. Bennett. I did not recognize you." He looked at her curiously. "Quite a change."

"I meant it to be."

Kent bantered her. "How do you do, Mrs. Bennett? And just who are you?"

"I am the wife of an engineer who has been transferred to Marengo, but who has been detained at—at—say, Bluefields. I'm going to get our home ready."

Kent laughed a little at her instant comprehension of his question. "That should not be difficult. You don't look like a business woman."

"Certainly not," Christine answered. "I didn't propose to when I started. Do you think I can get away with it?"

"You are still determined to try?"

"Why, of course! I didn't put on these—these things as an experiment."

They stood in silence. There was no trace of self-consciousness in her manner, and she watched the shifting crowd about them as calmly as Kent himself. Presently a caller bawled unintelligibly into the open door, and Kent picked up his bag. "That's our train. We'd better get our seats."

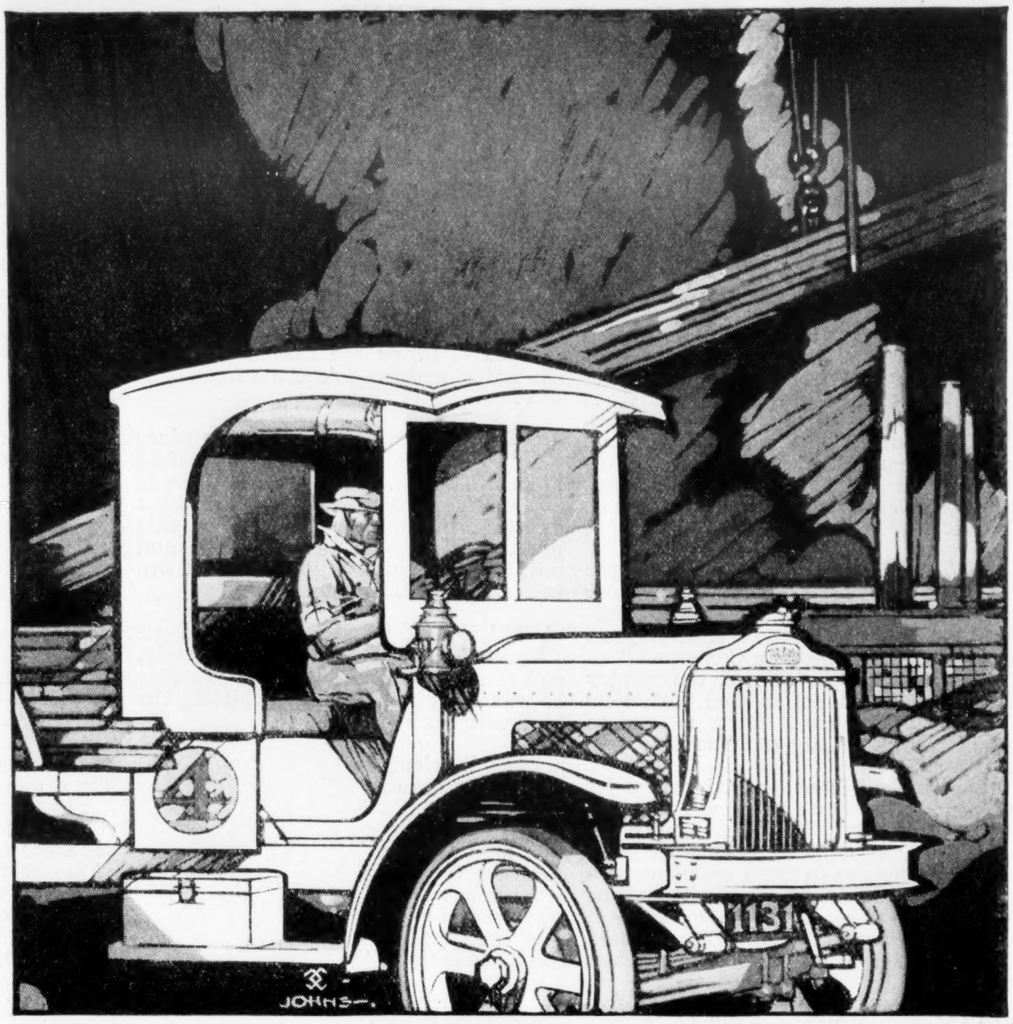
Kent followed her out to the dim train shed where three dilapidated coaches stood listlessly behind a shambling engine. He caught the change in her walk: the plodding step, the downbent head, the looseness of the figure and the dowdy clothes. Slowly conviction grew. When they were settled in the poorly lighted coach he put his conviction into words:

"You've done this before, haven't you?"

Christine glanced at him. "How did you know?" she countered.

Kent grunted. (*Continued on page 46*)

The World is forever at work ..White Trucks are with the workers



WHILE this side of the globe sleeps, laboring Chinese toil with cable, pole and conduit to modernize old Pekin with telephone and street car . . . . White Trucks are toiling with them.

Off towards the farther pole, on the South African Rand, miners wrest mineral wealth from earth; empire builders push their habitations farther and farther out over the veldt . . . . White Trucks are with them — working, building.

American enterprise decides to hew a modern city out of the forest on the Columbia River. By the magic only workers know, Longview, Washington, springs into being . . . . a White fleet labors with the magicians.

Charity stretches her long, benevolent arm over the steppes of the Caucasus . . . . White Trucks carry the succor for the starving Russians.

Above the clouds in New Mexico gold miners unload supplies and mine props from White Trucks at the shaft of Old Baldy Mine.

In India's "sunny clime," the White winch truck labors alongside its forerunner, the sinewy trunk of the elephant. Whites with mail are scaling the slopes of the Andes in Chile and Peru; Whites are flushing the streets of Rio de Janeiro, building roads in Labrador, laboring in the muck of Cuban sugar plantations, freighting through Norwegian winters, rebuilding the quake-wrecked cities of Japan.

And the millions of workers themselves must have transportation—swift, safe and comfortable. Hand in hand with the steam and electric railways White Busses carry their human loads. For White Busses are workers, too.

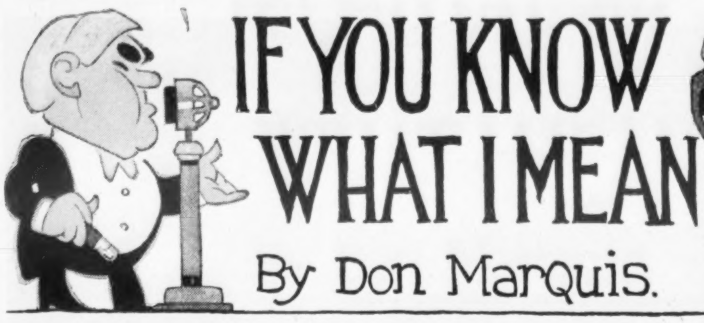
Not so spectacular, because you see them every day, workers are doing big things of the world right here at home—building cities, feeding them, fueling them, linking them together with wires and roads. Around the clock, from the poles to the tropics, throughout the seasons and the years, the world is forever working, toiling, building . . . . White Trucks, everywhere, are with the workers.

White Trucks and Busses *are* workers — demanding low pay, taking working conditions as they find them, seldom laying off, outlasting the job.

White Trucks and White Busses will work for you. They will make money for you. There is a White Bus or a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Terms may be arranged. Truck Chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Model 50A Bus Chassis, $4,950; f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS



IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

By Don Marquis.

RUSSIA has ended prohibition after trying it for eleven years. This will mean a great many different things to a great many different people. Wets will draw one lesson from it; drys another; neutrals still another. To millions of people in Russia I imagine it will mean simply a drop in the price of liquor.

ON THE same page of the same paper from which I glean this interesting news about Russia there is a story headlined: "Reformers Plan Trade Boycott of New York as Modern Gomorrah."

The "good people" all over the country are to be urged not to deal with New York City because it is "a menace to prohibition, morality and the Christian religion."

Personally I have noticed that a lot of people who come to New York take that idea away with them simply because they brought it here with them and were careful to avoid too many contacts that might have shown them how wrong they were. Might it not be more charitable to reform New York rather than to blot it out by boycotts and starvation?

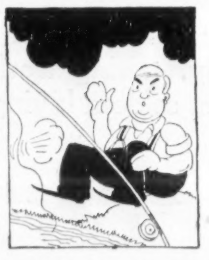
SAYS a newspaper headline, "Dead Man Wins Election." This happens so frequently that there really isn't any news in it. The only novelty in this case seems to be that the voters are aware, before the candidate's inauguration, that he *is* dead.

A RADIO fan wrote recently to Jack Binns' radio department that he had heard voices coming directly from the aërial when the machine itself was turned off. Jack seemed to think there was a mistake somewhere.

Another amateur reports to the daily press an equally remarkable phenomenon. He took the horn off his set. Music, which he had been getting from a distance, continued to come from the horn. He took the horn into another room. Music still continued to proceed from the detached horn. He called in the neighbors. They likewise heard the music.

ALL such stories, continually cropping up nowadays, give one an uneasy feeling.

Who dares to disbelieve anything about the radio these days? Not I! I am afraid my incredulity might be laughed at by demonstrable facts in a couple of years. But I am afraid that it is coming to the place where, with instruments or without instruments, no one in the world will be able to escape from the voices of the rest of the world.



I have a picture of myself sitting by a placid stream fishing in some wilderness, congratulating myself upon my escape and my freedom—when suddenly a voice begins to speak to me, coming apparently from the very fish line itself.

It is the voice of my secretary, 800 miles away.

"Mr. Marquis," he says, "you have got to come back from that fishing trip at once. There are twenty-seven letters you forgot to sign when you left, and you promised three articles to editors that you haven't even begun yet, and your bills are piling up," etc., etc.

I curse, throw the fishing tackle in the water, and run to catch a train back to town.

IT MAY come to that—to the place where anyone in the world may, if he is mean enough, get his voice across to anyone else in the world, no matter what efforts are made to hide. And this planet will become an intolerable and uninhabitable spot. I shall go and live in Mercury or Betelgeuse.

ARCHY THE COCKROACH has been greatly interested in aviation lately, and so have some of his insect friends; he writes, as he always does, hitting the keys with his head:

my simple friend
jerry the mosquito
tells me that
mosquitoes believe
that all airplanes
were evolved
from mosquitoes
why jerry i said
they are merely
machines there is
a man sitting in
the middle making them go
don t try to kid me
just because i am from
the rural districts
said jerry
just listen to them
and hear what they
sing as they fly
if that ain t
mosquito talk then
i am a daffodil
why it is common
knowledge amongst
all us mosquitoes
that those are
really the descendants of the great
mosquitoes of old
days
everylittlemosquito
is told in
sunday school that
if he is a good
mosquito and tends
to his job of
stinging humans faithfully
he may be
an airplane when he dies
and goes to heaven
it seems that
millions and millions
of mosquitoes fly around
in the dusk
worshiping airplanes
as if they were gods

archy

ARCHY'S peculiar position in the universe enables him to get into touch with many strange phenomena. He says, for instance, that such things as elves, fairies, and pixies really exist:

they are about the
size of shrimps
and you can see
through them like you
can a shrimp in the water
the birds eat
a good many of them
and tell me they
make excellent food
some day i will
get some bird
friends of mine to
gather you a mess
of them
they ought
to be good cooked
up with rice and
tomatoes

archy

Field 10

Continued from page 12

his mother and father and Judith. He hoped she was all right now. Somehow, that sudden brightness was unpleasant. Then it all became red, and then black, and that was all right. . . .

HIBBARD found himself lying on a matting of thick, broad-bladed grass between tall evergreen trees. A pale, wavering network of shadow fell about him, for the sun was low. He sat up and began to laugh. He couldn't stop laughing. He reached into his pocket for a cigarette.

Certainly a queer feeling, like the astonishment one might feel at being born—if one bothered with astonishment then. He knew enough about flying and crashes to realize how ridiculous it was for him to be sitting there rubbing his eyes. He ought to be pulp, and no amount of conjectured possibilities could get around that. Suppose he'd fallen free at the last instant and been let down through the trees. Rot! A lake of feathers wouldn't have saved him. What if the evergreens had been enough to make the tail hit first, then the wings, to take the shock in parts? Silly! That plane had hit all at once, and the engine had gone into the ground like a stone into water.

Yet there he was: To prove it, he stood up and walked the few steps beyond the evergreens where a thin film of smoke marked the wreck. Very little wreck remained; wires, bolts, metal parts lay about, and deeply buried was a twisted mass of steel that once had been a propeller hub and a Clerget motor. Of anything else there was no trace save the white ashes left by the ferocity of a gasoline fire. Had he been there, he would be ashes too.

Plainly it was a miracle. The sickening sensation which came upon him as he viewed the burned wreck passed away and he felt light-hearted again. It was a great joke to fall two thousand meters and come out of it without a scratch. Nobody would believe him. He didn't quite believe it himself. That made him laugh again.

Looking about, he saw that the open space was part of an aisle through the trees, on one side of it a narrow, white stone path. Through the far end, narrowed in perspective, he made out the white façade of a house, a château. Tom Hibbard slapped his thigh and roared with glee. It was—it must be—the Château de Valençay. Of course they wouldn't believe him.

"So I'm 'châteauing' after all, Mr. Sop Camel." He bowed mock thanks to the smoldering remains and struck out down the path. Never had his step been blither. Never had he felt better or happier.

NEAR the château the path widened into a smooth broad lawn. In its center a marble nymph leaned over the basin of a fountain. Stone benches sat solidly in charming corners. Across the far side the Château de Valençay stretched, white.

Nearer, Hibbard heard a piano tinkling and several perfectly American voices dashing violently into a chorus. He would have almost sworn they were old cadet voices, and by the time he reached the flagging before the rather small front entrance he knew that they were. The sight of Lonny Brooks leaning nonchalantly in the doorway was enough to establish that. Brooks—of all people!

Surprise past, it was grand to see old Lonny's freckled grin again. Hibbard had missed him, and now their rush at each other was something. "Why, you old sober-face!" shouted Brooks, pounding Hibbard's shoulder. "How in thunder did you get here? I wouldn't have thought it of you, you earnest old dog, leaving the A. E. F. flat like this—"

"What is it all about, Lonny?" Hibbard was bewildered.

"What's it about? Let me tell you this is the most splendiferous house party you ever fell into. What we haven't got here ain't. Wait till Ted gets his goggles on you—"

"Ted? Is Ted Parker here? This is the best luck in the world—"

"You said it. Ted! Look what blew in!" Brooks pushed him through a small entrance foyer into a very wide rooms—groups of Louis Quatorze furniture here and there; a long fireplace at one end; a broad center staircase at the back; doors leading to a sun porch and into other rooms; a piano in the far corner with a half dozen of the old cadets lounging all over it, as though by physical contact they could absorb a little more quality into their voices.

They disentangled themselves when they saw Hibbard. He recognized Ted and Craig Carberry before they all surrounded him with a rough-and-tumble welcome and began calling him a son of a gun, an old bum, a ham pilot, an old booze hound, or anything else sufficiently insulting to serve as a term of endearment.

Tom laughed until tears stood in his eyes. It was one of the happiest moments he'd ever known. Ted had an arm across his shoulders. "How'd you find out, Tom, old dear?" Ted was very tall and quite thin, but there was enough in his face for one to guess that he and Hibbard would be friends.

"How did I find out?" Tom began to tell about the Sop Camel and his fall, but everybody gathered around again and laughed.

"Lay off of it, Tom," said Carberry jovially. "It's old stuff. Give us a new one. You look as though you'd dropped two thousand meters, don't you? No."

Tom drew Ted Parker aside. He didn't feel too well just now. Perhaps he'd had more of a shock than he thought. "Listen, Ted," he said. "There's something funny about all this. I don't quite get it. I thought you and Lonny and—"

PARKER patted him on the back. "Forget it, Tom," he said. "Don't tell me that you of all people fell for that Field 10 bunk. Well, don't mention it around here or they'll kid you back to Issoudon."

"But, all kidding aside, Ted, the elevator wires broke. I did fall two—"

"Oh that's all right," interrupted Ted. "Suppose you did! What of it? Who cares how you got here now you're here! You'd better go upstairs and rest a while before dinner. There are ladies. *Ladies*—get me? The old grande dame who is our hostess belonged in the 1870 period, but she's a corker. Full of pep. The rest are peaches, girls from home."

"But aren't you all going back to camp, Ted?"

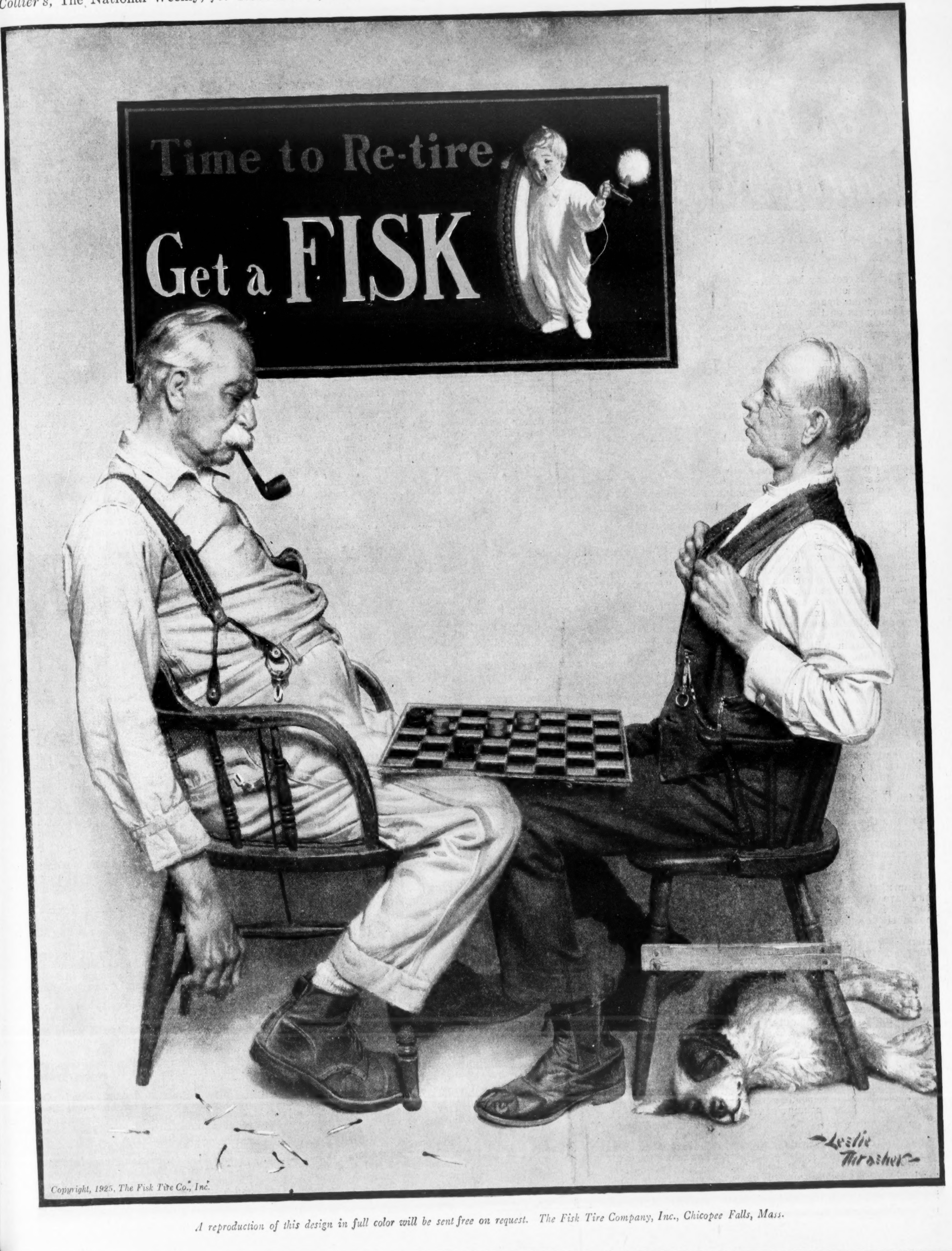
Parker laughed. "Not so's you could notice it. You can go back any time you want to. But come upstairs now. You've two hours till dinner and you need 'em."

It was a front bedroom, one of those large French ones, looking out through two full-length windows upon the darkening lawn. A massive canopy bed seemed small in it. Tom could hardly wait to get off his uniform. He was exhausted. The bed was deep. Sleep took him as his gaze was still riveted upon Ted Parker's face.

Hours later, it seemed, a servant brought a tray to his bedside. The man made no unnecessary movement and said nothing, but on the tray were two notes. One was from Ted: "You were down pretty deep, so didn't waken you for dinner. Better stay in bed until morning. Someone here awfully anxious to see you." The other note was in French, and he understood enough to gather that the Vicomtesse de Valençay hoped that Monsieur le Lieutenant had all that he desired and would join them at his pleasure.

Hibbard's first impulse was to leap up, dress, and dash downstairs. But he decided to think a little first. He must find the key to all this. What object could the people at Issoudun have had in making out that Ted and Lonny and Carberry and these others were—were in Field 10? Why, Charlie

(*Continued on page 32*)


Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
Leslie Thrasher

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Catching up with the World

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

THE street car has halted for some mysterious reason in front of a hideous heap of city refuse, on which carts on the banks are dumping their daily quota. They are filling up a draw, full thirty feet deep, eventually to be built over by skyscrapers.

How long will they stand? A hundred or five hundred years? Nobody knows, for the oldest skyscraper is only about forty years old. Some day doubtless the steel skeleton will succumb to the secret corrosion of the concrete or the oxygen that leaks through the cracks. Perhaps by that time the place will be deserted. But probably not. For cities stick to their sites with strange persistence. We may surmise that when these skyscrapers decay or are demolished they will be replaced by new structures, possibly of some synthetic substance that may stand for a thousand years or more.

By that time probably the site will be deserted. Petrie gives 1,400 years as the average length of a cycle of civilization before it loses its grip and is overwhelmed by barbarians from abroad or of its own breeding. The land then may lie fallow for four or five thousand years. The city may be forgotten or legendary, like Knossos or Chichen-Itza, Troy or Ur of the Chaldees.

But sometime will come the archæologist. What will he find when he digs down thirty feet below the level of our ancient cities? No iron or paper. A few coins and jewelry of gold and silver. Some bits of crockery and glassware, the latter made beautifully iridescent by soil corrosion, giving some Wendell Phillips of the future a chance to lecture on "The Lost Arts."

I lean out of the window to scrutinize the dump heap more closely to see what is imperishable, what remains the Schliemann of the future will have on which to appraise our civilization. "Select Pasteurized Milk." The name is blown in the bottle. So Pasteur is sure of post-mortem immortality if only by reason of his name becoming a verb. "Vanity Face Cream:" the vanities are everlasting. It is by their cosmetic caskets that we know ancient Egypt and Assyria. "Bloomfeld's Brick:" these are the most numerous relics of all. They will probably give the name to our times: "the Bloomfeld Period," "the Bloomfeldian culture," but whether Bloomfeld was a monarch or a divinity will be matter of hot dispute.

PASTEUR MILK

Well, let us hope that the savants of the seventieth century A. D. will remember how little they have to work upon and be charitable in their estimates of our achievements. And let us make the same allowance for the ancients and remember that we too are taking an ashman's view of earlier civilizations.

Stained Brains

NICOTINE apparently is more detrimental to brains than to brawn. Antioch College does not prohibit smoking as do some such institutions. Half the students smoke, and those who do are carefully studied and their progress in studies and athletics compared with that of nonsmokers.

At Antioch 62.3 per cent of the heavy smokers fail to maintain the required standard of scholarship, while 43 per cent of the light smokers and 31.8 of the nonsmokers failed. Of 23 men dismissed from the college for low scholarships, 20 were smokers. "Inhalers" have lower grades than other smokers. Smokers remaining in college fall steadily in scholarship year by year. On the other hand, physical efficiency was not found to be permanently impaired by years of moderate smoking, and some of the best athletic records were made by smokers.

The Powerful Mosquito

IF IT had not been for the mosquito the French would now own the Panama Canal, and if it had not been for Dr. Gorgas we would not now own it. Wars between men and men are but insignificant byplay compared with the increasing warfare between men and their minute enemies.

Alexander the Great is supposed to have been assassinated by a mosquito, and Carthage might have reduced Rome to ruins if the armies of Hannibal had not been decimated by the malaria of the Italian marshes. Rome was said to have been saved once by geese, but she was undoubtedly saved more than once by mosquitoes. Gauls and Germans melted away under the nightly attack of invisible foes. The magnificent army of Frederick Barbarossa was so exterminated in 1167. "The air was poisoned," as the writers of the time put it. The word we still use, "mal-aria," is a vestige of this "bad-air" theory.

Athens likewise was surrounded by swamps, and here too malarial fevers played the double rôle of killing off besieging troops and ultimately depopulating the country.

According to Genovesi, the Italian author who has most studied the effects of malaria on military history, the salvation of Jerusalem by the sudden destruction of the hosts of Sennacherib may be ascribed to the same mosquito-borne microbe.

For the Angel of Death spread his
wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as
he passed.

But Andrew Balfour, with true scientific conscientiousness, criticizes Byron for saying "his wings" when it should have been "her wings," since it is the female mosquito which produces her hundreds of wrigglers, which hang head downward from the surface of the water, in the breeding pools, since they breathe through their tails. A film of oil on the surface will therefore suffocate the poor little things.

Now that man has recognized his aërial enemies, he can guard against them after the manner of Herod.

CITRONELLA

Field 10

Continued from page 30

Berkeley had seen Carberry come down without a wing at Field 5. There couldn't be any mistake about that. Two of these other boys had collided in combat practice nearly three miles in the air. Survive that?

For a minute or two he lay there wondering if his mind had gone. Perhaps the shock, perhaps that calmness of his as he hurtled earthward had been insanity. But he knew better. He'd never been saner than he was now. Well, then, he'd simply walked into a company of spirits. Some haunting recollection of that room downstairs aligned itself with the idea. But how absurd such maundering was! A man could tell spirit from flesh and blood.

With feverish haste he jumped out of bed and started to dress, opening his door into the corridor slightly to catch any possible sound. And he heard the strains of dance music below and, when it stopped abruptly, the mingling and rise of gay talk. So whatever the situation was, it was a happy one. He was unaccountably happy. His wrist watch told him the hour was nine-thirty when he was ready to go down.

He closed the door behind him and went to the staircase. It was Y-shaped, the two arms meeting at a landing where there was a broad cushioned seat. The light was not too strong there, but he saw a girl in a white satin evening gown and with a filigree about her dark hair. Her hands rested upon the seat beside her, and the short oval of her face, which alone seemed bright, was turned toward him as though she had been waiting. It was Judith.

Hibbard stood motionless, taking deep breaths. Not until she smiled did he stir. Then he went down slowly and took her outstretched hand. "Now I know it is only a dream," he said. "Whenever I see in your eyes what is there now, it is a dream. And—if I open my eyes, really open them, I shall of course see Stannard and Razz Ryan in the opposite bunks. So I'll dream on—Judith."

Oh, that tone of sweet laughter which went with Judith's soft voice! "This isn't a dream, Tom. This is the true reality. I came here to wait for you."

"Don't—don't even talk to me," he said. "I want it to last—what you said then. Do you know, I would have given almost life for it. Judith is lovelier than my memory of her."

"Hush," she whispered. "And my precious, never understood Tom-boy doesn't even stammer as he says it. Perhaps his dancing has also improved. So come."

IT WAS true. He hadn't stammered. He didn't feel that he was going to stammer. They walked through the large room into a still larger ballroom. A low balcony surrounded it, and sitting there or dancing were several girls. They were American girls, nodding, laughing, gesturing in the way he knew.

Short steps led to the balcony, and Judith took his hand to lead him there. All but lost against a high-back chair, and dwarfed by the size of her own puffed-out sleeves, was a little old lady. But her manner and the flow of French with which Madame la Vicomtesse acknowledged him was grand. It appeared that he might have the entire château if he wanted it. Hibbard said "Merci" twice.

But he only wanted Judith to put her hand upon his arm. He'd never had the idea of dancing before. It was simple enough once you got the hang of it. It was so smooth and beautiful with Judith, almost floating.

After, they went out upon the lawn, which was flooded with misty, white light.

"I am puzzled, Judith," he said. "But I am afraid to question. It might end. I was so frightened to hear of your illness—"

She laughed. "It was nothing. One must, of course, go through that. You see, it has taught me so many things. Mostly about you, Tom. Did you know I was about to marry someone? An artillery officer who would have made me unhappy."

"How do you know?"

"Don't you know?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I think it would have been near to sacrilege. I—"

"Don't," she interrupted. "You are not to tell me those things to-night, Tom dear. To-morrow perhaps. But if I wish to talk sweetly to you, I may. It is chill out here."

THE cold breath of night had stolen into the house, and one of those noiseless servants was bent over the fireplace when they came in. Someone suggested bridge, and three card tables were set up. They played progressively, and it was not very serious bridge, though Tom did extraordinarily well for him. When Judith won at his table he gave her a white flower stolen from a vase on the mantel. Then they all threw down the cards to hear a blond girl play the piano. "She has never played like that before," whispered Judith. "Isn't it fine?"

Later they all went upstairs. A wine cup and cakes had been passed around, and they were sleepy. Tom was the last to go, and he stood lingering at the head of the stairs, wondering and watching as Judith disappeared down the shadows of the corridors.

Then she came skipping back. "Oh, Tom, I've lost my flower."

He caught her hand. "I'll get you a gardenful to-morrow," he said.

"To-morrow? It's after twelve, Tom. It's to-morrow now—and you may say whatever you like."

He couldn't say much. His gaze fell away from her for a moment. It was all too vague, too startlingly contradictory. But Judith was real. Her hand was warm in his. That burning depth in her gray eyes—that was real. All the intoxicating presence of her was in his arms. Her lips were warm too.

He remained there after she had gone. A heavy tread, like someone walking with leaden soles, drew his attention to the room below. But he saw no one. And then for an instant he saw Charlie Berkeley standing at the foot of the stairs. "Charlie!" he called.

But he couldn't see Berkeley now. He went down a few steps. No sign of him. The card tables were still there, with the cards spread out on the green covers. Someone had put a half-empty wineglass on the mantel and that blond girl had left a white glove on the piano bench. On the bottom step he saw Judith's flower. But he didn't see Berkeley. Must have imagined that. . . .

It was a golden morning, just enough haze in the air for the sun to catch upon. Judith had breakfasted in bed evidently, and everyone was out on the lawn or in the gardens when she came tripping down the stairs in a gay blue dress. "Tom!" she called out.

"Here." He answered her from the terrace. "Come out here and look at it, Judith. There's never been a day like this."

She joined him in front of the open windows flung wide to welcome the bright warmth which flooded in. She linked her arm in his. "Are you going to be happy, Tom?"

He smiled down at her. "It makes me think of a dream I used to have back at camp. You and I could fly, without wings or planes, I mean. We simply took hands, spread out our arms, and sailed slowly away together, right over trees like those evergreens out there—"

"Was it only a dream, Tom? Oh, don't you understand yet? Come then. Give me your hand. Now stand in the window and spread out your arms. Wide, Tom. Ready!" . . .

A LITTLE procession straggled indifferently back along the road toward the main camp of Issoudun. The truck had gone on ahead. The rifles were carried at ease, and the band instruments were tucked under their bearer's arms. The drum was still.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

In the summer home of BOOTH TARKINGTON *is the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact. This Receiving Set is priced at eighty dollars.*

This is a new influence in Radio

In many ways the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact is a new influence in the progress of radio.

It is unobtrusive. It takes its place gracefully on a small table, a book rack or any other small piece of furniture, for it is a fine, simple electrical instrument only 6½ inches high and 19¾ inches long—no larger than a row of a dozen books.

So now Radio needn't disturb any room. You can fit it agreeably into your present arrangement of furniture and decorations, without buying anything new.

Already the Model 20 Compact has won its place in the fine homes of many famous people. It is the radio of today—and of tomorrow.

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio.

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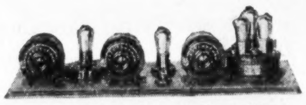
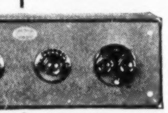


MODEL 10 (without tubes), $80

RADIO SPEAKERS priced from $12 to $28

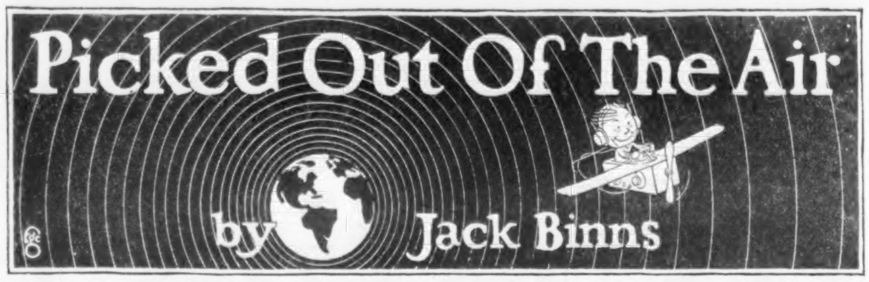


MODEL 20, $80

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Sunday evening at 9:15 o'clock (eastern standard time) through stations—

WEAF	*New York*
WJAR	*Providence*
WEEI	*Boston*
WFI WOO	*Philadelphia* *alternating*
WCCO	*Minneapolis-St. Paul*
WCAE	*Pittsburgh*
WGR	*Buffalo*
WWJ	*Detroit*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*
WOC	*Davenport*
WCAP	*Washington*
WTAG	*Worcester*
KSD	*St. Louis*



Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Our Portrait Gallery

OVER on the upper East Side of New York City there is a broadcaster who is familiarly known as "WEBJ, the Trolley Station."

It was constructed by employees of the street car company which operates it. As befits a station so unique, its announcers are colorful young men with a world of adventurous experience behind them.

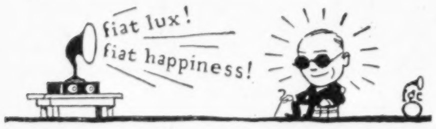
The one whose picture we present at the right is Harry Bruno, who in a brief but vigorous career has been radio amateur, newspaperman, aviator and business executive.

He has had many thrilling flying experiences, and among them one in which I had the great pleasure to take part—an aërial circumnavigation of the Great Lakes.

HARRY BRUNO,
of "WEBJ, the Trolley Station"

Say It With Brevity

THERE is a tendency on part of some announcers to lose their sense of proportion. One or two even mistake their voices for entertainment. Others are rapidly losing the power to differentiate between freshness and wit. Then there are some, it pains me to say, who appear to be suffering from an enlarged ego. The announcer really is an important unit in our body politic. If he employs brevity of style coupled with careful diction he can aid materially in improving our language as it is spoken by the average ordinary citizen.


fiat lux!
fiat happiness!

Lighting the Darkness

WHAT a splendid job J. B. Daniel of WJZ is performing. Three times each week, at stated periods, he reads from well-chosen classics especially for the blind. Radio can perform no greater humanitarian service than lightening the load of our most seriously afflicted brethren. Other stations might well adopt this feature.

The Finished Voice

"THIS little incident cost me a friend and a patient," writes Dr. Balmy of New Bedford, Mass. "I have been the family physician to this party for some years, and the other day on one of my calls I saw the young son fiddling with the radio. Shortly I heard a squeaky soprano soloist singing, and I requested that the 'infernal screeching' be stopped. The mother politely informed me that the radio was out of order, but that she would ask her daughter, who was in the adjoining room, to cease singing, as I preferred 'silence' to a voice cultivated for the past four years by the great masters in Europe."

DX Defined

FAIRFAX DOWNEY, a newspaperman who should know better, sends me this little epic:

"Father made a radio receiving set out of an oyster container, some old wire that had been used for hanging pictures, a box of paper clips and the kitchen doorbell that was out of commission. By a triumph of tuning he got Des Moines.

"Uncle Joe constructed a set from a second-hand self-starter, a tomato can, a cane seat from a broken-down chair and the temperamental shower bath in the guest-room. He got Havana.

"Sister with ingenuity quite remarkable for her sex put together a set from material comprising a burnt-out cake pan, a prune box, short lengths of clothesline wire and a package of hairpins for which she had no earthly use since bobbing her hair. Would you believe it?—she got London.

"Little brother, not to be outdone, manufactured all by himself a most remarkable radio from mother's curling iron, father's toothbrush, Uncle Joe's umbrella, sister's full perfume bottle and the cook's favorite meat knife. He got Hell."

Profitable Reception

NORMALLY I get so many letters on telephone conversations heard on the radio that it is impossible to use them. Here, however, is one from Kenneth Fogg of Bangor, Me., that is out of the ordinary. He says:

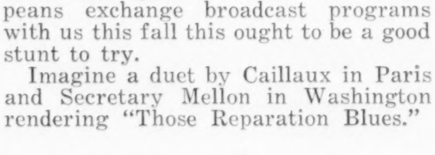
"Picking up the phones and clamping them on my ears, expecting to hear someone lecturing as usual, imagine what my surprise was to hear a gruff voice say, 'One o'clock First National,' and then in French, 'Don't forget the kit and gun.'

"My curiosity was aroused, so I called up my friend and, arming ourselves, we succeeded in apprehending two dangerous bank crooks, and getting a reward of five hundred dollars for our trouble."

The Concert of Nations

AN INTERESTING experiment has just been tried at station KYW in Chicago. A singer in one locality rendered an air to the accompaniment of a violin played in another place. Each artist heard the other by means of a loud speaker. When the Europeans exchange broadcast programs with us this fall this ought to be a good stunt to try.

Imagine a duet by Caillaux in Paris and Secretary Mellon in Washington rendering "Those Reparation Blues."



This *Is* Sweet Sixteen

IN THE depths of my heart there is a warm spot for Dr. Iago Galdston, who in a recent radio lecture is reported to have recommended sixteen hours' sleep each day as being necessary.

If he will show us how we can get four hours' pleasure out of the remainder, and still earn enough to cope with old man H. C. of L., we'll nominate him for President by acclaim.

When Workmen are Capitalists

Continued from page 26

of the factory into a minor executive position in the company's office, was to persuade his elders to give the employees a Saturday half holiday. That was in 1885, and his company was one of the first industrial corporations in the Middle West to take that step.

But he didn't stop there. He worked out a profit-sharing plan. It failed. The men would get a bonus in their pay envelopes once every six months and blow it in with a whoop. It meant nothing in their lives but an all-too-brief good time, sometimes with a headache the next morning.

This scheme was abolished about 1903 and a new plan perfected, by which the employees were enabled to buy stock and become actual partners and shareholders in the company. There have been many revisions and improvements of this arrangement. It wasn't thought out in a day. But the head of the company himself is convinced that its guaranty of employment to its workers is its most important contribution to industrial relations.

Steady Work is Best

"WE HAVE demonstrated to our own satisfaction that guaranteed employment is the biggest thing we can do," says Colonel Procter. "We feel that this is the last step in meeting the needs of industrial organization. We have believed, and we think have demonstrated, that it is possible, under present economic and industrial conditions, so to organize a business as to satisfy all proper wants and aspirations of its workers."

This wasn't a simple thing to do. Most industries are seasonal to some extent, with busy periods when they want all the workers they can hire and slack periods when they turn out large numbers of employees to shift for themselves. Colonel Procter decided that the soap business need not be like that.

There are 25,000,000 families in the United States, and these families use at least two billion pounds of soap, or eighty pounds apiece, every year, and the amount is increasing as cleanliness becomes increasingly popular. Colonel Procter found that it was possible to estimate in advance, with reasonable accuracy, how much of these two billion pounds of soap his company could make and sell in a year. Then he spread production as evenly as possible through the year, instead of working day and night to meet the inflated and fictitious demands of a peak-sales period and shutting down for an indefinite period when sales slumped.

He thinks that proper organization could do the same thing for the nation's supply of food, clothing, fuel and building materials and for the industries that make them.

Does the plan pay? Colonel Procter says:

"I believe that all these conditions of employment have been maintained without cost to the company, although it may not be possible to show on paper the exact financial return. The regularity of operation with contented and loyal employees has an economic value that it is hard to estimate.

"While the value to the company of conducting its operations in this manner is beyond question, I think none of them, separately, or all of them combined, would pay if inaugurated by a corporation for the sole purpose of making profit out of them rather than from the high motive of right dealing with its workers.

"Business men know that wages are higher and working conditions better in a large manufacturing plant than in a small one. Yet the men in the smaller plant—working longer hours, paid less and not so well looked after—are usually more contented. The reason lies largely in the fact that men feel a more intimate personal interest in the smaller organization and, therefore, a greater loyalty to it.

"The chief problem of big business to-day is to shape its policies so that each worker, whether in office or factory, will feel that he is a vital part of his company, with a personal responsibility for its success and a chance to share in that success."

Open Doors to the Ambitious

I HAVE already mentioned the two most important features of the Procter plan. In addition every worker has been insured against illness, disability and death, and upon retirement at sixty-five, or in the case of a woman worker at sixty, has been given a pension for the remainder of his life.

One other fact ought to be emphasized. The Procter plan doesn't mean that a worker must remain in the ranks all his life. It is not a bribe to keep men contented when they should be ambitious. On the contrary, every inducement is held out to workers to try for better jobs. The company recruits its executives from its own forces. With one lone exception, every man holding an official position in the organization to-day came up from the ranks.

Another point worth remembering: there is no prying into the workingman's dinner pail, no arbitrary Daily Dozens of behavior, no meddling with home or private life. The company doesn't take liberties with its employees that one self-respecting man doesn't take with another. The employee is given an opportunity to be an upstanding, forward-looking, thrifty, fearless and personally responsible individual with a consciousness of his individual worth and power, and capable of so ordering his own life as to get the fullest meed of satisfaction and enjoyment out of it.

I talked to a number of these capitalists in overalls at Ivorydale. I found only one discontented man. He was a truck driver of a socialistic bent. He hasn't any grievance any more, and so he takes it out in complaining over the fact that he has nothing to complain about.

"It's this guaranteed employment business," he said. "You see, if you last six months with these folks to start with, they contract to give you forty-eight weeks of work a year, with full pay, the rest of your life so long as you do your work. Now, that is what paralyzes a fellow.

"You know, the worst thing in life is fear, and the worst thing in the life of a workingman is the fear of losing his job.

"He can't always step right out of one job into another, and there are weeks and weeks when he goes without work and doesn't know how he's going to pay the house rent or buy bread and butter for the kids. Only this morning I picked up a paper and saw where a woman found her poor devil of a husband sitting in the bathtub with his throat cut. He had tramped the streets for weeks looking for a job, and nobody wanted him, and he gave up and killed himself. You read about cases like that in the papers every day.

"But you'll never read about anything like that around here. You never saw such a contented lot in your life; take all the worry out of their lives, and they settle down to their jobs and work just as if there wasn't anything else in life but their jobs.

"Now, I guess that's all right for most folks. Trouble with us is we don't know how to look out for ourselves, and I guess it's a good thing to have somebody look out for us. But it sure makes a fellow too well satisfied."

I don't think that man will start a revolution. I don't think the labor problem or the capital problem, whichever you want to call it, will ever come to a head in this country if enough employers do what Colonel Procter and a few others have already done.

How is a worker going to hate the boss, or how is the boss going to distrust the worker if each knows, as he does in these plants, that the other is playing fair and square with him and that their interests are identical?

The Pacific Northwest { OREGON WASHINGTON MONTANA WYOMING IDAHO }

Great hydro-electric plants are developing power from half the nation's water power resources

Imagine living near such beauty as this—Lake Josephine and Grinnell Glacier in Glacier National Park

Montana conditions make superior beef animals
© By Schlechten

The clean, modern cities typify the best in municipal planning (Portland)
Photo by Prentiss

One of the pretty beach towns on the Oregon and Washington coasts

To show an average type of farm home we picked this one

A larger chance to get ahead

—*a finer place to live*

Are you willing to work for success? Then you can succeed in the Pacific Northwest!

This great, rich, growing country offers you a chance to *grow with it*.

A vast development is under way today. The Pacific Northwest invites you to share its fruits. The price of success here, as elsewhere, is hard work. But you will find that here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting.

People who prosper

Thousands of families like yours have already found greater opportunity and happiness in the Pacific Northwest. They are better off—more prosperous.

This is shown by the following facts: Their earning power is greater than the average. In the past 10 years bank savings have trebled. They have resources that provide 50 per cent more than the national average for the education of their children. A higher percentage of them own homes and automobiles.

And these people are rich in still other ways.

A wonderful place to live

They live in a natural wonderland. The most beautiful outdoors in the world is in their front yards. They are outdoor people, enjoying the mountains, woods, ocean beaches, lakes, streams and all the wonderful natural beauty that surrounds them.

They have a delightful and invigorating climate. And, the records show, they are the healthiest people in America.

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The Pacific Northwest's great cities are models for cleanliness, healthfulness and beauty. Its smaller towns are up-to-date, progressive, and attractive.

There is every social, educational and recreational advantage for your family. Schools and colleges rank among the best in America.

The people of the Pacific Northwest lack none of the things that make life finer, richer and better.

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The Pacific Northwest is ready to welcome you—make room for you—help you along to success.

The free illustrated book, "The Land of Opportunity Now," describes in detail the things you want to know about the Pacific Northwest—Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. Sign and mail the coupon for it now.

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Descriptive Booklet and Photo-Travelog

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Booklet contains 32 pages of interesting, authoritative information—fully illustrated. Photo-Travelog consists of scores of beautiful photographs—an absorbing pictorial tour of the Pacific Northwest. Mail the coupon to

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TOM MASSON SAYS —

IT IS now fairly safe to make friends with anybody, there are so many interruptions.

* * *

"Don't get discouraged," said the corkscrew to the corkscrew curl; "I came back."

* * *

Charlie Chaplin said the other day that we are only at the beginning of the development of the movies. The question is, what can be done about it?

* * *

Hope springs in the human breast: It also summers, falls and winters there.

* * *

Speaking of more vision, what we want is something which will tell us how to recognize a modern girl we have been introduced to after we have seen her only once.

* * *

It is a great comfort for some of us advanced thinkers to know that we don't know what we think we know.

* * *

Chicago is getting touchy about the number of murders committed there. Oh, well, you can't expect to kill off everybody at once.

* * *

Love and free trade are much the same. In both cases it is merely a question of the removal of duty.

* * *

The ancient city of Athens, Greece, is to be excavated by American diggers. It is an even bet that they won't put anything back in place.

* * *

A new thermometer recently invented registers a temperature as low as 380 degrees below zero. It will be popular with the janitors of all apartment houses.

* * *

Arthur Brisbane has been praising up Bernard Shaw. He must have been reading what Bernard Shaw says about himself.

* * *

It's time to shorten sales when the lookout on the Ship of State reports "brokers ahead."

* * *

Speaking of the Eighteenth Amendment, everybody's undoing it.

* * *

The success of any one thing depends upon the completeness and number of the failures that go to make it.

* * *

Is there any truth in the statement that the inventor of the phrase "A Dirty Dig" was a lip-stick manufacturer?

* * *

"What do golf players do for exercise in winter?" asks a contemporary. They lie about: Namely, what they do in summer.

The Minister's Bad Boy

Continued from page 13

out of gear, and the free and unlimited practice of lawlessness had become seriously hampered by the activities of the law-abiding element, which had organized itself into vigilance committees whose business it was to "string 'em up" with as little fuss and ceremony as possible.

The work of these committees was severely handicapped, however, by the fact that to carry out their work properly it would be necessary to lynch about fifty per cent of the grown males in both counties. In other words, the lawless element was just as strong as its opposition, and as its members were more closely banded together and much more determined in their course the forces of righteousness found it expedient, from time to time, to try to make overtures. In the course of these diplomatic exchanges Hardin, whose record was far more brilliant than that of any other lawbreaker in Texas, was several times approached and offered immunity and protection if he and some of his friends would "throw in" with the vigilantes and help to calm down the countryside.

A Gun Battle With Vigilantes

THESE offers—which were made, according to Hardin, at prearranged meetings—were invariably turned down by him and his followers on the ground that "mob rule" was the basis of the action of the committees and that he and his friends were opposed to any such "lawless" methods of procedure. What the lawless ones wanted—and they so stated—if they had to be hanged at all, was to be hanged legally and by due process of law. If it couldn't be done in that way, then they wouldn't have it at any price. And they didn't.

Digressing only once from his duty—the extermination of officers of the law, which digression was in the nature of the murder of a man named Morgan—John Wesley Hardin went steadily forward.

About the middle of May, 1873, at the head of a party which comprised among its members Jim, Tom and Scrap Taylor, Gyp and Manning Clements and George Tennille, Hardin met a band of the vigilantes, and in the battle that ensued two of the leaders of the latter group, Jim Cox and Jake Christian, were killed.

A week later, in protecting his friend Jim Taylor from arrest, Hardin killed Jack Helms, sheriff of Wilson County. Here's his version of that murder:

"I looked around and saw Jack Helms advancing on Jim Taylor with a large knife in his hand. Someone hollered, 'Shoot the d—n scoundrel!' It seemed to me that Helms was the scoundrel, and so I grabbed my shotgun and fired at him as he was closing with Jim Taylor.

"All of this happened in the midst of Helms' own friends and advisers, who stood by utterly amazed. The news soon spread that I had killed Jack Helms, and I received many letters of thanks from the widows of the men whom he had cruelly put to death. Many of the best citizens of Gonzales and De Witt counties patted me on the back and told me that was the best act of my life."

Following this murder, except for engaging in three or four trivial, nonfatal gun battles and participating in a plot, along with the Taylor brothers, which culminated in the assassination of Bill Sutton and Babe Slaughter, rival cowmen, Hardin remained practically inactive for some time. He traded in cattle, went with his wife on a visit to his "folks," and finally, on May 26, 1874, showed up at Comanche to attend a widely advertised race meeting.

There was a big crowd present at the races, and Hardin, as usual, seems to have played in great luck. He won about $3,000 in cash, fifty head of cattle and fifteen saddle horses, and, in celebration of his good fortune, he and his friends started out to take in the saloons. They went from one drinking place to another, whooping it up and carousing on the way. When Hardin was warned, in one of the resorts, that Charlie Webb, a deputy from De Witt County, was in town with fifteen men for the purpose of arresting him, he laughed it off as a joke.

But is was no joke. Webb *was* in town for that purpose and, just a few minutes after he had received the warning, Hardin met the deputy at the doorway of a saloon. When the shock of the collision was over Webb was dead, and Hardin had an ugly wound in his side which impeded his movements considerably, but did not prevent him from moving rapidly enough to make his escape from the hands of a mob hurriedly organized to lynch him.

From that time on Hardin, who had made the fatal mistake of killing a man who was actually popular, became a real fugitive from justice. He could no longer find protection. And so, after dodging strenuously back and forth over a large part of the immense domain of the state of Texas, he gave it up and, sending for his wife to join him, migrated to Gainesville, La., where he went into the saloon business under the name of Swain.

For two years, by carefully restricting his correspondence to people whom he could depend upon, Hardin was able to conceal his whereabouts from the Texas authorities, who were vigorously on the lookout for any trace of him. But finally, in 1877, after having worked on the case for a year and a half, a detective named Jack Duncan learned of Hardin's alias and abiding place through the interception of a letter addressed to his father-in-law. When the necessary extradition papers had been secured the detective and Ranger Captain Armstrong set out to capture the notorious bandit. On August 23, 1877, this pair arrested Hardin on a train at Pensacola, Fla., and, although he put up a desperate fight, they finally overcame him, put him in irons, and rushed him back to Texas.

Hardin's passage across Texas was something in the nature of a triumph. At every town through which his train passed mobs of howling well-wishers and sympathizers greeted him.

Hardin was tried in the town of Comanche (where he had committed the crime) for the killing of Deputy Sheriff Charlie Webb, was found guilty and sentenced to twenty-five years' confinement in the penitentiary. All of his other murders—and at that time he had twenty-seven notches on the butt of his revolver—except one, the killing of Morgan in De Witt County, were overlooked. So he was let off with punishment which called upon him to serve less than a year apiece for each of his victims. For the killing of Morgan, to which he pleaded guilty, he was given two years which ran concurrently with the longer sentence.

When he went into the penitentiary Hardin was a bad prisoner. The words "at hard labor" meant nothing to him. He refused to work, and on several occasions was a ringleader in attempted escapes.

On February 17, 1894, Hardin was released from prison, and on March 16th of the same year, through an act of clemency of the governor of Texas, he was restored to full citizenship.

During Hardin's fifteen years in prison his home community had changed greatly. His wife had died; his old-time friends and cronies had all either been killed or had moved away for their health, and a law-abiding spirit prevailed that made it impossible for the reformed convict to build up a law practice rapidly in Gonzales County. He tried it, failed utterly, married another wife, whom he very promptly seems to have deserted, and then suddenly determined to move to El Paso, where he was led to believe he would find an atmosphere that was in many respects similar to the one he had breathed during the days of his youthful freedom.

Into this community Hardin injected his notorious personality, and no sooner had he arrived than he was accorded the respect and homage which was due him as a super-gunman of recognized excellence. Before the ink on the hotel register where he had signed his name had had time to dry, a one-eyed man had stepped up to him, introduced himself as the mayor of El Paso and bluntly informed him that if he "started anything" he would be killed first and arrested afterward. And then, on top of this cordial welcome from the chief executive of the worst town on the border, came the cheerful news, carefully conveyed to Mr. Hardin by some of his admirers, that the two most celebrated pistol experts in the Southwest, George Scarborough and John Selman, were quarreling with each other as to which one of them would have the honor of "bumping off" the great John Wesley.

Under the circumstances Hardin seems to have made up his mind to go slowly, and he did so for a short time. But conditions were against him. Not only was El Paso a town which was wide open with gaudy opportunities for all those who were sportily inclined, but Juarez also—the Mexican town across the Rio Grande—was the abiding and hiding place of many men and women of a kind that Hardin was naturally in sympathy with. Included in this foreign colony, which was living in Juarez for the reason that it was much healthier south of the line than north of it, was a man named McRose, upon whose head rested an adequate price. And living with McRose was a beautiful blonde.

In his capacity as a lawyer—a lawyer, however, who always carried two guns with which to bolster up his arguments—Hardin visited McRose on several occasions and, as luck would have it, he met and fell for the "wife."

Hardin, as a lawyer, claimed that he was interested in getting McRose to come back to the United States and stand trial for his crimes. But other men, notably John D. Milton and George Scarborough, wanted to get the fugitive back for the sake of the reward. Just what *did* take place is rather obscure, but it is certain that one night at about eleven o'clock McRose, having been influenced by some representations that somebody had made to him, crossed the international bridge alone, and was literally cut to pieces by charges of buckshot which were fired from the brush at the side of the road.

Forced to Retract

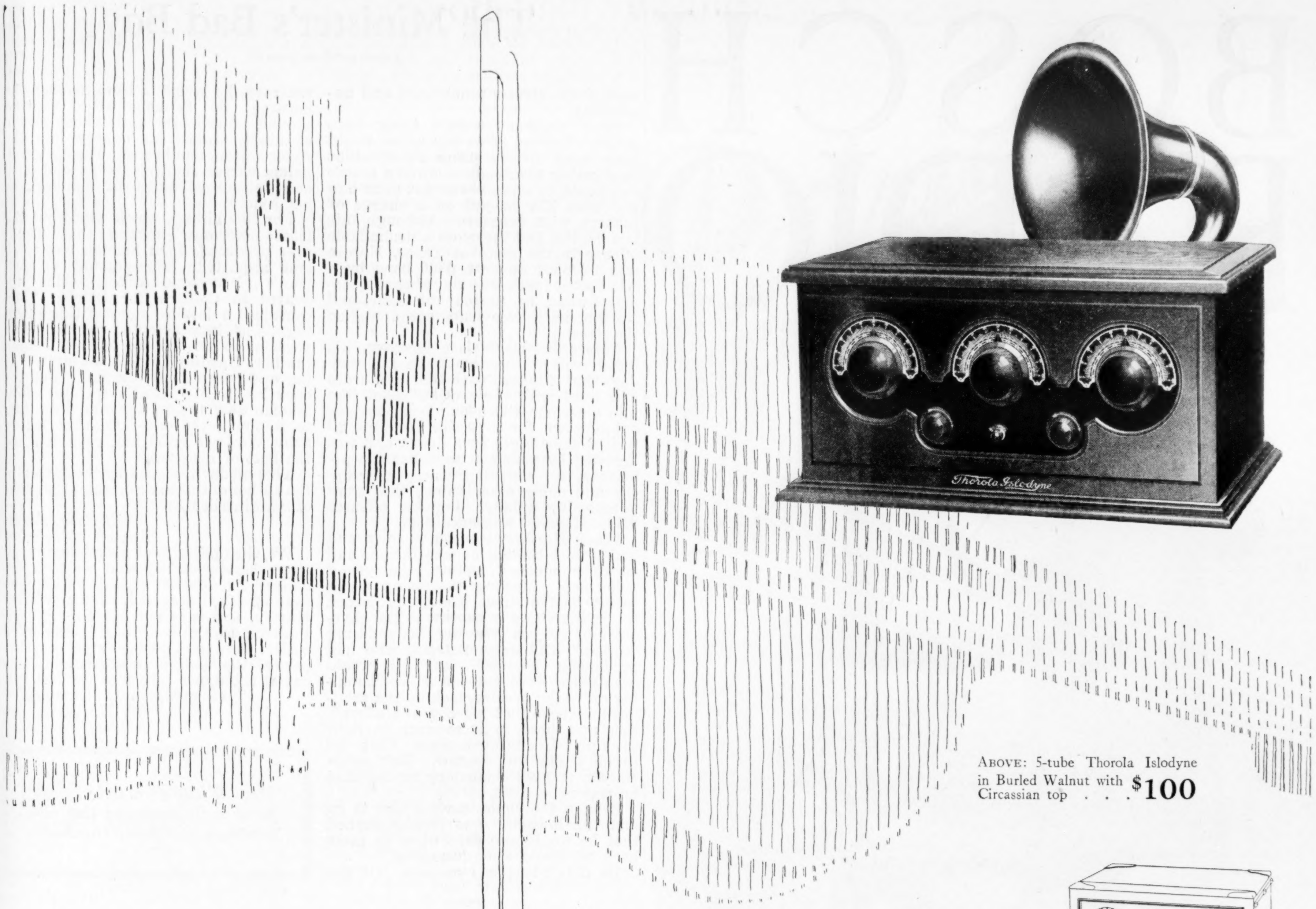
WHO was guilty of this assassination no one except Hardin seemed to know. But on the day that it occurred he got very drunk and openly boasted in the saloons in El Paso that he had paid Milton and Scarborough to kill McRose in order that he (Hardin) might obtain the blonde.

When Hardin made these assertions, which were absolutely untrue, he forgot two things: he forgot that he was not in Gonzales County, where his word had previously "gone" for anything, and he entirely overlooked the fact that he was talking about a couple of high-class gunmen who would enjoy nothing in the world more than the privilege of taking a crack at him. As soon as these men heard of the statements Hardin had made they came around and offered to fight, but Hardin rejected the invitations. He went further than that. When J. D. Milton met the great Texas killer on the street with a group of his friends he made him openly admit that he was a "—— —— liar," and later in the same day George Scarborough forced him to sign a written statement to a similar effect.

The fact that he had allowed these two men, who forced open retractions from him, to go unslaughtered had a very damaging effect upon Hardin's reputation. His following fell off. His prestige waned. And so, in order to reestablish himself in the esteem of the public, he walked into the Gem gambling hall one night and, before the eyes of a large number of neutral onlookers, pulled out a couple of pistols and held up a crap game.

For several days after this Hardin

(*Continued on page 38*)



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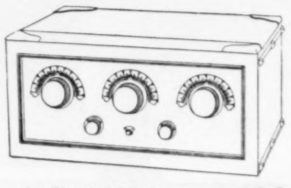

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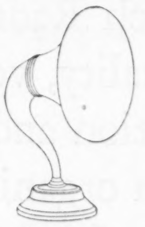

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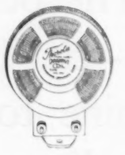

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Set of 3 Coils . $12 Per Coil $4

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$5.50 and $6

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The Name of Music

Because it so clearly meant *Music* and natural speech, Thorola from the very first was a great name in radio. The loud speakers which established Thorola now lead by an increased margin, with their new technical refinements such as the self-harmonizer; with their new burnished Bakelite horns, the largest forms of this material ever produced; and with still finer beauty, exemplified by the identifying golden throat-band.

Only when it became possible to produce a complete radio receiver of similar artistic perfection, was the 5-tube Thorola Islodyne sponsored. It is the only radio set with Thorola Low-Loss Doughnut Coils. They *isolate* power, concentrating upon one chosen set of signals only—the crux of selectivity. Full power applied without interference yields the strength that alone pierces distance and rolls up volume. Gone are "pick-up," intercoupling, excess "feed-back" – but Thorola Islodyne owners do not even know the unstable, temperamental old elements of radio.

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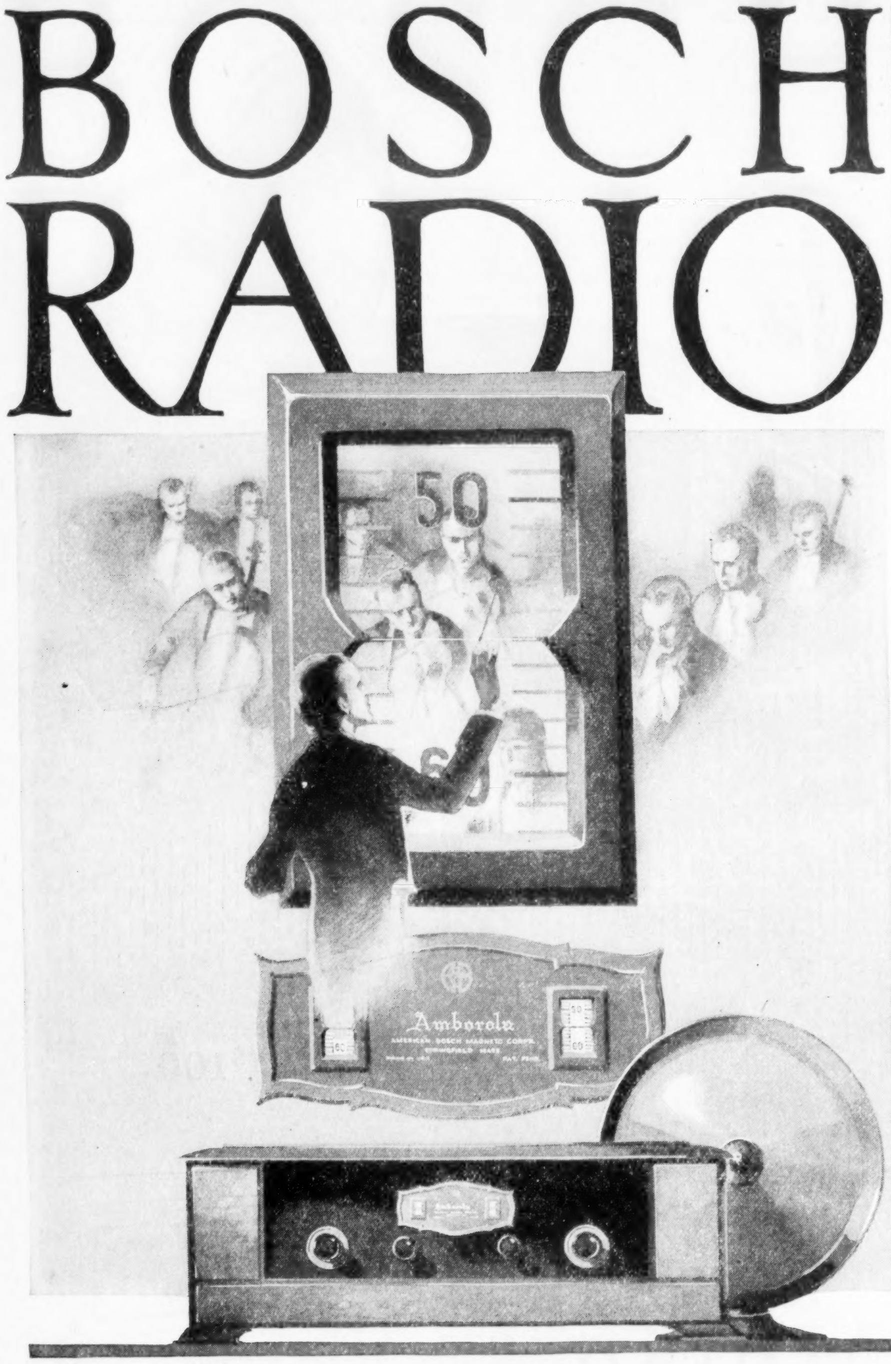

The Bosch Radio Receiver, unapproached in tonal quality, volume, selectivity, simplicity of operation and beauty of design, is a product of an organization excelling in the manufacture of precision electrical equipment. The Bosch radio receiver and the Ambotone—the Bosch wood conoid reproducer—combine to give a new standard of quality in radio reproduction. The Bosch radio dealer near you will demonstrate the Bosch radio triumph. The Bosch Receiver $145.00 . . . The Ambotone Reproducer $27.50 . . . The Junior Ambotone $14.50.

AMERICAN BOSCH
MAGNETO CORPN.
SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

The Minister's Bad Boy

Continued from page 36

walked the streets unmolested and unarrested.

Then another strange thing happened. Instead of acting as he would have acted fifteen years before—that is, shooting to kill—he allowed a beardless youth to serve a warrant upon him and take him to jail on a charge of robbery with firearms. Although this is a capital and therefore a nonbailable offense in the state of Texas, Hardin was released under a $500 bond by a cold-footed judge who was almost apologetic when he named the sum—and Hardin, as a free man, again walked the streets.

Before he was tried, however, his blond woman—because from the very day that McRose was killed Hardin had lived with the "widow"—got him into a serious difficulty. While he was out of town for a day or two this hilarious female got on a drunk and was arrested by young John Selman, a policeman, for carrying concealed weapons and doing other things that were unbecoming a lady. For her offenses "Mrs. Hardin" was fined $50.

When Hardin returned to town and had to foot the bill he was furious and swore vengeance against the young policeman. Meeting the young man's father on the street, Hardin proceeded to air his views in regard to the character of the son when he was suddenly "called." Old John Selman, who had previously asserted that he would eventually have the honor of "bumping off" John Wesley, took up the argument in behalf of his boy and offered, then and there, to let so much daylight through Hardin's carcass that he couldn't cast a shadow. But again Hardin refused combat by saying that he was not armed.

Selman thereupon invited him to go and "fix himself," and Hardin replied that he would and that when he came back he would come "smoking."

He didn't keep his promise. On the contrary, he seems to have avoided the meeting. So Selman, after waiting around impatiently until about eleven at night, trailed his quarry into the Acme saloon, and brought Hardin's turbulent career suddenly to an end with one well-placed bullet in the back of his head.

For this killing, which wiped out the most notorious gunman that Texas ever produced, John Selman was tried and acquitted. My account of Selman's picturesque career, which appeared in Collier's for October 24th, contained a detailed story of this shooting. The jury accepted the following version of it: In the mirror behind the bar, Hardin saw Selman approaching and reached for his gun. But for once in his life Hardin was too slow. Selman saw the motion and beat him to it, firing the one fatal shot before John Wesley's hand had even touched the butt of his gun.

This affidavit, signed by the father of the author of this article, states the cause of Hardin's death:

El Paso, Texas,
August 20th, 1895.

We, the undersigned practicing physicians, hereby certify that we have examined the gunshot wounds on the person of the deceased, John Wesley Hardin, and it is our opinion that the wound causing death was made by a bullet; that the bullet entered near the base of the skull, posteriorly, and came out at the upper corner of the left eye.

(Signed) S. G. SHERARD.
W. N. VILAS.
ALWARD WHITE.

Mr. White's article next week will describe the adventures of "Billie the Kid"

The Opal String

Continued from page 19

the wall, to which his back seemed grown, Roland Aguirre's gaze followed her with a perpetual smolder of humorless passion.

"The hotel is going to attach Miss Bel-Sidis' trunks in the morning," Caspar whispered to Dominick.

That was a hint, one which Dominick had been anticipating. He would probably heed it later on, for after all what was he himself but one of these same children of chance?

"You should go to California," he announced. "All the world is going there for gold."

California! Instantly they were intrigued. Their voices rose in bubbles of hope, glittering with all the colors of distance and romance. California—where one picked up gold in the streets—the first theatrical company in that land of sudden wealth. Nonor's shrillness rose above the rest.

"O-oh—gold! Those dear miners, all in their red shirts, just flinging it to me on the stage in handfuls!"

She stooped, scooping up imaginary treasure with hands scarcely large enough to hold a double eagle. The contralto trumpeted a note of scorn.

"I, Strobelli, go west to sing to painted Indians!"

NONOR turned on her with a shrug that held almost pathos under its derision.

"Poof, Strobby; what are we but a pack of painted Indians ourselves, whooping about the world? Ah, that lovely California—when shall we go?"

"There's a ship sailing in three days," Caspar put in.

"Three days!" Nonor shrieked. "I can never be ready! I must have oceans of new dresses."

Then Roland Aguirre struck a different note.

"But Mademoiselle Bel-Sidis forget—"

Instantly Nonor was before him, rubbing the powder from her cheek against his sleeves.

"Why, bless his heart, it's Rollo. Are you still there, dumpkins? But you must come to California with us. We couldn't go without you, Rolly-boy. You'll have to pay our passages, of course. But you shall be the manager and make heaps and heaps of money and growl like managers always do—Old Caspar there will show you how. He knows, bless him."

"An Aguirre never leave' La Luziane," Roland haughtily returned.

"I had begun to suspect that," said Dominick.

The Creole's eyes flashed a tremendous ignoring of this person from without the pale of his sacred New Orleans. The atmosphere thickened, and Strobelli hastened to intervene, with a simpering flutter of her towering feathers.

"Do they not leave it even for dear Paris?"

"We are not interest' in those remote place'."

"Isn't he the dear old prize packet?" chirped Nonor, but Aguirre was not to be lightly appeased.

"It is impossib' that any country should be mo' rich than La Luziane."

The fellow was getting on Dominick's nerves, glooming there like the Great Khan himself. He could feel his temper ruffling inside him like some young gamecock. With deliberate impudence he drew from his pocket the monk's string of opals. "And can one pick up jewels like these from the mud of Louisiana?" he asked.

He dangled them until they glittered in the lamplight like pendent fires. A rosary, it might once have been, one from which the cross had been torn. It was almost threatening with its veiled flashes, as if Mars and Sirius shone through the Milky Way. Yet there was a fascination about it too; balefully irresistible.

Like some kitten after a swinging ball, Nonor sprung on tiptoe, reaching little hands in frank greed.

"Cupid—I knew I loved you! Oh, lud, let me wear it—just a minute—but you'll never, never get it back."

A strange contrast, those jewels shining crude wealth in that hopeless room, and the half child, half woman, who, for all her grace, more matched the room than the gems for which she reached!

There was a moment of silence, then two men speaking at once.

"Mademoiselle—"

"Nonor—"

The first was Aguirre, actually detaching himself from the wall. The other was Caspar, in cracking warning; and it was that second one whom Nonor heeded.

"Ods duds—if you are going to growl! He doesn't think any the worse of me for it; do you, Cupid?"

"Mademoiselle forget that—" began Aguirre, but instantly she had danced up to him.

"Bless it—I'll never forget *you*, Rollo-boy, not so long as I live."

She smiled, with a gay pirouette, another pat of her tiny hands upon Aguirre's wrist. Strange hands, every motion betraying experience, yet as unfeeling as those of a doll! Something of her spirit had gone at that crack of Caspar's voice. She was more like some trained thing performing its tricks at a master's bidding. A long glance passed between her and the manager as if she sought orders. He was pouring more champagne, achieving quite a manner behind his gaudy, spotted waistcoat.

"Wonderful opals, sir, but unlucky for a prima donna. I could not permit Miss Bel-Sidis to touch them—some wine, ladies?"

"Now, if Mr. Aguirre will grant me a few moments," he went on ingratiatingly, "and if the ladies will excuse us—business, ladies, business," he bowed in explanation, with a gallant flash of glass studs, "too dull for pretty ears. And you, sir," he bowed to Dominick, "I can safely leave you in the hands of the ladies until our return."

HE HAD the stage art of effecting a clearance; his suave way prevailed and Aguirre was swept before him through the door. It had hardly closed behind them when Strobelli lifted herself from her trunk throne. There came a clutch of drama at her opulent bosom.

"Nonor, my pet—I fear it is a touch of the vapors."

Instantly Nonor was at her side, and the two clung with operatic sweetness.

"Oh, lud, Strobby dear," Nonor cried, fanning the other violently. "My smelling salts—or some vinegar on a handkerchief—but we haven't any—"

"No, no, I will repose a while," the contralto panted. "My poor heart—alas, to be so sensitive!"

She turned to Dominick, her chest note in evidence, her crinoline swaying with emotion.

"I ask your pardon, sir; I fear I must retire."

She swept a curtsy, then moved to the door, so like a whole procession in herself that Dominick almost timed her as she passed him. A final flutter of purple flounces, then the door closed.

It was strange how the mere showing of these opals had changed things. He had waved them in the air, and before their magic three people had promptly disappeared.

"Oh, la—I am alone with you! How shocking!" giggled Nonor, covering her face with her hands.

"Perhaps it would be better for me to retire?" Dominick suggested.

There came a rippling chuckle, a blue gaze from between spreading fingers.

"You won't think any the worse of me for this?"

Dominick glanced about the room, noting the faded lambrequins, the heaps of soiled finery, the odor of sickly sweet champagne—not the first such room that he had seen. An old, old game was being played there, and he smiled as he waited the next move.

Nonor caught the edge in that smile, and her hands fell from her face.

"Yes—please go," she said.

With the dropping of those hands her gayety had fallen too. She looked haunted under her powder, like some over-wise child frightened at realities breaking in upon its play. Dismissal was the last thing that Dominick had expected, and it brought an instant determination to remain.

"It's not really wanting me to go that you are," he declared.

His smile had taken an upward slant, a hint of whimsy like a sun ray dancing across one of his own Irish hillsides. Even as mercury, her spirits wavered up to its warmth.

"I—I don't know what I want, except that—that—"

"You want to be gay," he finished for her.

She came nearer, holding out hands that were an appeal in themselves.

"Oh, Cupid, how did you know that?"

"Because I know you. Where you were born, I can't say, nor what kind of a mother it was who brought you into the world. But wherever it may have been I'll swear it was the Little People who whispered over your cradle. And something of themselves they left in you. To be gay, always, that is what you want?" he laughed. "And so—"

HIS arm went about her. Humming a tune, he swept her across the floor in that just invented daring dance, the polka. At the window he thrust aside the green-slatted sun shutters, and it was only the balcony rail that stopped their progress.

"Oh, Cupid, you *are* nice," Nonor sighed.

Out there on the balcony it was all different again, with the moonlight lying bluely on yellow walls: flitting fireflies down below; the scent of orange bloom stealing up on the reek from green-slimed gutters; Negro voices lifted in plaintive song.

"Is this what you want?" Dominick asked.

Nonor leaned over the rail, spreading tiny fingers to the night.

"Yes, this, all of it, but with—oh, with something left out. Something out there—always just outside there—which frightens me, and I can never, never laugh it quite away."

She turned to him, rubbing her cheek against his arm.

"You understand me, don't you, Cupid, dear?"

"You want to be kept always safe."

"That's it," she sighed in content. "Of course I must have my dear theatre—always packed, with the people throwing roses at me. And I want to love; just a little, not so much that it hurts—just the way I love you now. I could love everybody like that, if they would only let me. But they always seem to want something more. I even love old Caspar, except when he makes me do horrid things to people—things that frighten me—"

"Such as trying to get my opals," Dominick laughed, and she clapped her hands in relief.

"I knew that you knew. But, oh, you won't be horrid, will you? Sometimes they fight, and that frightens me, and once a man cursed me." She hid her face against his sleeve. "Why can't I have what I want, Cupid? It is so little I ask."

The trouble was that the world would not be content with what she had, but demanded of her that which she could never give. There came an impulse to take her up and away, off to some place where that demand could be shut out.

He found himself speaking it.

"—all roses and sunshine, and great lilies on deep blue ponds—"

Instantly she caught his fancy, drifting with him on its tide, their voices like a duet.

"And a swan, a big white swan, among the lilies."

"A swan," he agreed, "and to love—a little—not too much—and be always safe—"

"And always, always gay?"

(*Continued on page 40*)

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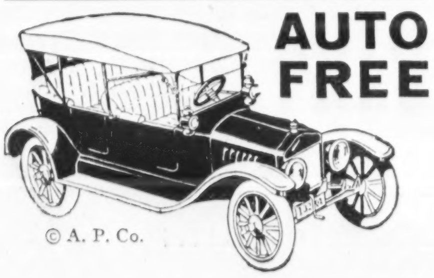

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The Opal String

Continued from page 39

"Always; just to sing and dance and tease Cupid."

"Should I grow old there, old and wrinkled and ugly?"

"Never; nobody grows old there."

Almost he believed it. They could play at it, at least; and she would ask so little, even less than she gave.

"And dresses?" she sighed. "And something bright and sparkling to wear?"

"How would these do?" he asked.

Drawing the opals from his pocket, he flung them about her neck. It was only a play; in half an hour she would be enamored of something else. And if not, why, the opals had come easily enough. Part of that half-told tale of Dominick and women was that he could refuse them nothing.

"I must have a kiss for them," he bargained, and she gurgled delight.

"A kiss—a million, Cupid dear; they cost nothing."

He knew that as he felt them, passionless, light as thistledown, brushing his lips like painted laughter. Her arms were about his neck as she reached on tiptoe for his lips. Then they tore apart at a voice from the window.

"Nonor!"

Caspar, of course, Dominick thought; probably he had been watching and waiting for just this moment. Well, he would settle him. But as he turned he saw it was Aguirre standing there, looking out at them in a black flame, and comedy became drama with his presence.

"Why, bless its heart, it's Rollo-boy," Nonor shrilled.

Aguirre brushed that aside, and Dominick caught a hint of danger as the other advanced a step.

"M'sieur, I find your presence mos' offensive."

"And is it for M'sieur Aguirre to say who shall visit Miss Bel-Sidis?" Dominick flared.

Back in the room Caspar had suddenly arrived, breathless, green with chagrin, and the surprise in his face was proof that this scene with Aguirre was none of his planning. He would have spoken, but the Creole was before him.

"It is for me to say who shall give Mademoiselle Bel-Sidis the jewel', for this aft'noon she has promise' to be my wife."

A GASP from the room. That was Caspar, on his face the look of one who sees a whale escape while he has been angling for a mackerel. Still radiant with the opals, Nonor tinkled mirth.

"Ods duds, so I did. I had forgotten it. But of course I'll marry you, Rolly dear—some day. And we'll all go to California and pick up gold—but Cupid here must come too, and then—then—"

Her voice died slowly out under Aguirre's brooding stare. A butterfly overtaken by a storm she looked at that instant.

It was tragedy now, the sordid little tragedy of a comedienne flinging her smiles to a gloomy audience. Her laughter rang bravely, for it was all she had to give. In a last effort she pirouetted between them, dropping a kiss on the chin of each young man, never dreaming the gash she was cutting in the Creole.

Pallid with anger, Aguirre stepped to Dominick.

"M'sieur, this is of your work. What I have to say mus' not be said befo' ladies; but firs'—"

Stripping the opals from Nonor's neck, he held them out to Dominick.

"Now, m'sieur; if you will meet me downstair' and bring witness—"

"I am at your service,' Dominick bowed.

That jump to Nonor's balcony had truly been a leap in the dark, he thought—another turn in the game of chance, and the bony hands of the monk still dealing the cards. Caspar came violently forward.

"Boys, for God's sake, not a duel."

"A duel—!"

That was Nonor, whiter than her powder with the coming of this seriousness which she so dreaded. That lurking thing which she had felt out in the pulsing night was upon her now, spiking her batteries of unavailing mirth.

"A duel—oh, God—no—no—no—"

She rushed from them, tearing herself from Caspar's attempted grasp, through the room and out into the corridor, filling it with shrill shrieks.

"The fat's in the fire now," Caspar said.

Dominick nodded silently. The whole hotel would be aware of the challenge in that room, and there was now no way for either of them to draw back.

THE dawn broke grayly over New Orleans, chill with swamp mists dripping from the live oaks on the savanna back of the slaughterhouses.

All night Dominick had written, disposing of affairs. That same Texan of the steamboat was to be his second. He waited now, rocklike, thin-lipped, under a jutting nose, as once more the morning paled the lamp.

"Time we went, lad; the hack is waiting," said the Texan.

Dominick dashed his signature across the last document; then rose, pulling on his gloves, muffling himself in a silver-buttoned cape of blue broadcloth.

"You filed the pins?" he asked, nodding toward the pistol case.

"I did. They were hair-trigger before, but they are breath-trigger now."

"It's thought-trigger that I'm wanting," Dominick said, and the other's hand came down upon his shoulder.

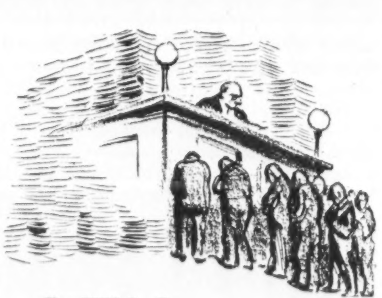
"They are near that. Lad, what are you aiming at?"

"It is Aguirre who'll be aiming at me," Dominick responded, and there came the flash of a grin across his face.

"A proud piece that, and pride is always quick on the trigger."

That savanna was a dreary place, its wilderness spotted with the dubious débris of an advancing city: great oaks veiled in moss that dropped like funeral hangings; saw palmettoes along a ditch on which floated the swollen carcass of a dog. Something of that gray mist had crept inside Dominick—two young fools, he thought, facing death at each other's hands for the sake of some face powder and yellow ringlets.

There was Aguirre, in dark trousers and ruffled shirt, his hair more lank than ever in the dampness, his eyes like those of some angry bear cub. Nothing short of a bucket of blood could appease that raw romanticism. Back of



By WM. G.
SHEPHERD

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is what one of the most brilliant reporters in America calls the justice we're getting to-day. You'll learn why when you read his remarkable interview with Emory R. Buckner, the man from Iowa who is United States District Attorney in New York City, in next week's

Collier's

him were his seconds, half a dozen of the most important men in the city, tremendous in shaped overcoats and great bell-crowned hats—cold eyes, glacial courtesy, all the pompous fuss of such an occasion; and Aguirre standing like a ramrod, with a twitching muscle on his lean jaw. The eyes of all New Orleans were in that group behind him. In two hours Sazerax's, the St. Louis Hotel, the corridors of the Custom House, and the Esplanade drawing-room alike would be buzzing with the details of this meeting. That muscle on his jaw was twitching, not with fear, but with the fear that some involuntary gesture might be construed as fear.

There was the rattle of a carriage hidden by the mist, horses' hoofs sucking at the muddy road. The Texan approached Dominick, thrusting a pistol into his hand.

"Your terms are accepted, lad. Back to back, then each walk fifteen paces to our count, then turn and fire—one shot each."

Dominick threw off his hat and cape. There was a last flash of scorn from Aguirre, one lock of his lank hair standing up like a parrot's crest. He was quite magnificent, and quite conscious of it. Dominick was holding himself slackly, his mind a deliberate blank. Then came the drag, drag of those counted paces, with that sound of wheels drawing ever nearer.

"—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—*Turn* —Good God—"

Aguirre had fired even while Dominick was still sideways in his turning. That thought-trigger and twitching muscle had betrayed the Creole's fingers. Dominick felt a sting in his hip and knew himself hit. A sickening thought, and the pit of his stomach seemed to flop over! But he must not fall nor crumple. There was no pain as yet, and Aguirre had spent his one shot. He stood there now, the smoke clearing from before him, his face yellowing as he saw himself helpless before his adversary's weapon.

The important group was frozen to silence; the Texan might have been hacked from granite as Dominick aimed. His face was marble white, the lips curved into a faint smile as he began at the Creole's feet, then swept slowly upward, the muzzle halting at the level of the other's breast—of his throat—

WET grass, a dead dog floating paws upward among the palmetto stalks! Arrogant personages making faint noises; a hack looming through the mist behind galloping horses! And that wicked black muzzle now pointing straight to the spot between Aguirre's eyes! The slightest tremor of that trigger finger would send the shot crashing through the Creole's brain.

Perhaps that would scare out those rats of pride.

Then a swift lift, a flash, and that upstanding tuft on Aguirre's head sprang from its roots, showering dark hairs upon his cravat.

"The neatest trim I ever saw," the Texan roared. "And I thought it was death I saw in your eyes. Are you hit, lad?"

Dominick felt under his waistband; his hip was stinging now, and he felt limp and sick. But there was no warm wetness there, no stain upon his hand, and yet the torn cloth of his pocket showed the bullet's passage. Something hard, like a heap of round pebbles—he understood it now. He had dropped the monk's rosary in his pocket, and they had turned Aguirre's shot aside from his flesh. That oddly mixed luck of the opals still held.

He glanced at Aguirre, wondering if the fellow would make a sign. Like ice at the first breath of spring, the Creole's face almost broke. Then it hardened in a renewed frost of pride as that hack stopped with steaming horses and two sable-clad figures came across the grass: Caspar, all in dramatic black, even to gloves and cane; Nonor, her crinoline billowing about her like a cloud of night, her face just a haunted shadow under her bonnet.

"Cupid—Rollo—no, no, no—don't fight."

Then Caspar, flourishing a stage bow to the important ones, wiping his forehead with a black-bordered handkerchief:

"Thank God, we are in time. Gentlemen, I have something to say—the duel must not proceed."

It was a cold audience to which he played. The eyes of that group were as those of dead fish at this intrusion of the footlights in the day realities of important persons. But Caspar had a part to perform, and he spared no whit of its drama.

"Last night, in the agitation of the moment—two hot-headed young men who would not listen—and Miss Bel-Sidis in collapse. I had thought that Mr. Aguirre understood it was all a little joke—

"Gentlemen—Miss Bel-Sidis has been my wife for five years."

SILENCE, thick with things that could not be spoken! Dominick found himself strangling a laughter which would have jangled horridly on that stillness. Poor Caspar, so agitated that he had forgotten to mention the trivial fact which would have stopped this tragic farce of a duel! He saw it now, for the manager's air was one of triumph: Nonor Ben-Sidis fought over almost to the death of Roland Aguirre! That meant a theatre packed for a week as all New Orleans flocked to see the siren.

The Texan slapped a lean leg as he chuckled: "And he got his hair cut for a married woman!"

Like Lucifer in all his pride, Aguirre stalked away. Very like Nonor, that Creole, only totally reversed. But even as she, he dwelt in a world of his own, the perpetual center of its stage, stalked by the fear of pain to his self-esteem. That pain was now upon him, but its lesson was still unlearned. One glimpse of his face was warrant that Dominick would never be forgiven. The doors of New Orleans were closed against him.

Two tiny hands were pressed on Dominick's chest; Nonor's voice came up at him from under a veil of crêpe.

"Oh, Cupid, you're not dead? I cried all night—I wanted to tell you—but Caspar—"

"I understand," Dominick soothed. "You did your best."

"Oh—I did—I did."

"And now you will have your theatre and your roses and your applause."

"You dear thing," she almost smiled. "But—I don't know, it doesn't seem so much after all— Oh, Cupid, what have you done to me?"

"Done to you?"

"Yes—I—I can't understand it."

There was humanity in the gaze she lifted to him. Where before there had been but fear of pain, now there was the actual shadow of it, keen, but endured and softening.

"I could have been—different—with you, Cupid," she choked.

Mists parting to let in the southern sun; a black-clad Columbine touched by the radiance of the transformation scene: she could have been "different" with him; but he saw that that difference was already upon her.

"It means that you will sing as never before," he said; "that you will have a new hold upon the hearts of men. We have all suffered, all of us—and now you will understand."

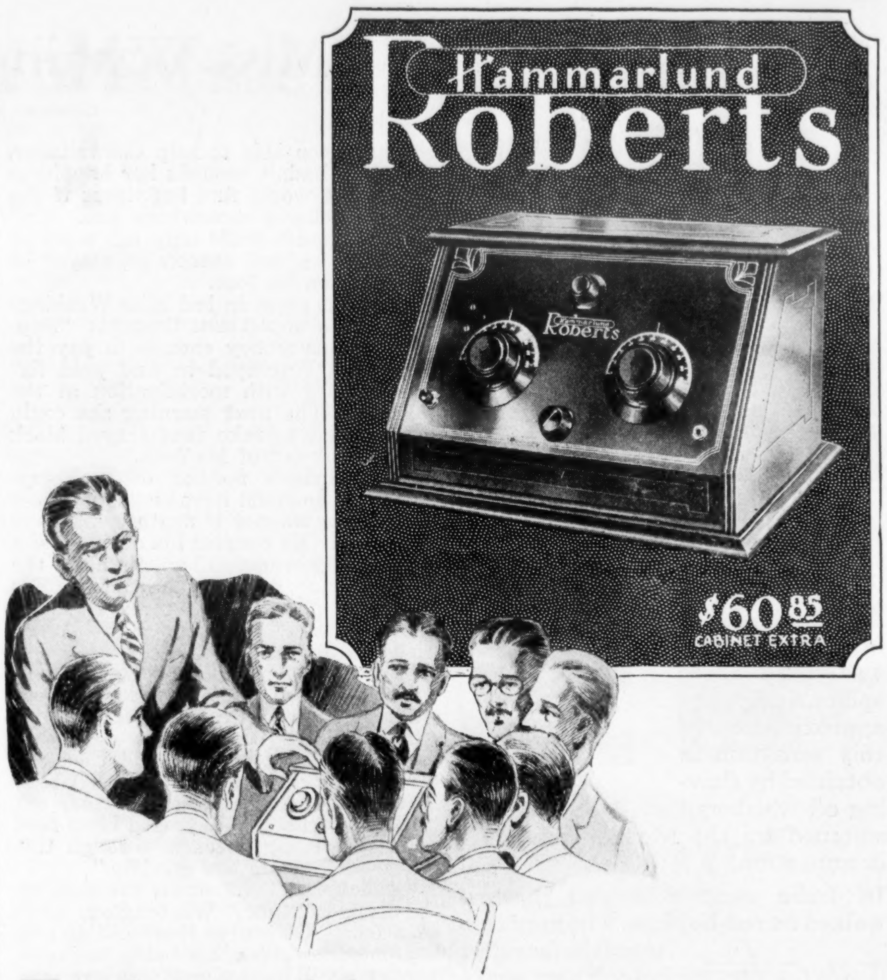
He drew the opal string from his pocket. Three of the jewels had been severed from the others, the silver link broken by the bullet. He laid them in her hand; they seemed to belong to her.

"And you will take these—in remembrance."

"In remembrance, Cupid—always."

He looked at the others, gleaming palely in the gathering sunlight. "A rosary of souls" the monk had called them. Three were gone now. He wondered what would be the tale of those still left.

The second adventure of Dominick O'Mara will be narrated in "The House on the Bayou" in next week's Collier's



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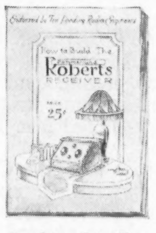

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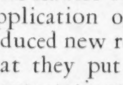

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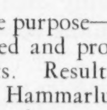
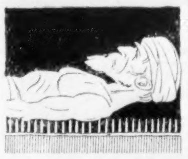


CARTER
Rheostats

Are you a martyr?

Some men are so virile that they want to prove their heroism every day. They do it in the bathroom. They are modern martyrs.

Certain martyrs used to wear hair shirts next to their skin. This was to demonstrate their ability to stand irritation. Nowadays some men scorn the comfort of Mennen Shaving Cream, preferring to finger-rub the lather in before shaving.



A favorite pastime of Hindoo martyrs was lying on sharp spikes. A very close approximation of this sensation is obtained by shaving off whiskers that have not been softened by the Mennen process—dermutation.

In India some advanced martyrs walked on red-hot iron. The fiery feeling of the face after an ordinary shave gives an excellent idea of the thrills involved. Mennen users miss the treat.

I frankly admit that Mennen Shaving Cream will not appeal to martyrs. There is no painful preparation of the beard, no excruciating razor-work, no after-agony at all. There is only uneventful ease, unsportsmanlike speed.

* * * *

Our newest product—Mennen Skin Balm—won't set well with martyrs, either. It is an after-shaving treatment so luxurious, so delightful, that only comfort-loving men will care for it.

Rub a little Skin Balm into your face. First a lively tingle, then a refreshing coolness that's unbeatable. Do you get that fresh, pleasant odor? You'll want Skin Balm for its real antiseptic value, too. 50c—Same as Mennen Shaving Cream.

That prize contest for a name. I've boiled the 140,000 names entered down to 161 corkers. If I can keep sane, I'll pick the winner soon. Suppose 139,999 men will disagree, but I *must* decide.

Jim Henry
(*Mennen Salesman*)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Regular type tube with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top

Miss Washington's Elbows

Continued from page 8

she had been able to help Codwallader. And if it hadn't brought her happiness maybe she would find happiness if she took her elbows somewhere else. And if Codwallader could only sell a set of wheels or so, and economize, maybe he could get on his feet.

But that night in bed Miss Washington had an unpleasant thought: "Suppose he has money enough to pay the note—and I jumped in and paid it." She blushed with mortification at the thought. The next morning she could hardly wait to take that frayed black record book out of his desk.

Codwallader's method of bookkeeping would no doubt have made an expert accountant wonder if death could have any sting. He coupled his debit entries with extemporaneous laments as to the fleeting nature of currency. Miss Washington, of the Success Business School, just had to laugh. But then she read the final page:

"*Drew out two dollars to-day. Well, a fellow's got to eat.*" She recalled Codwallader's thin, drawn face. "*Drew out a dollar. Two meals a day is enough for any man.*" And then she read something that made Miss Washington sit up in her chair. "Made out her salary check to-day, God bless her! Unless Pittsburgh comes through this time, will have to say good-by."

"Ridiculous!" she threw the book on the desk. "Nancy Washington, don't be a fool! Of course there couldn't be any mistake about his being engaged. Any man will bless a good stenographer. Romantic little dumb bunny!"

But Miss Washington knew that sometimes, even when there is no hope, people will keep on hoping. Perhaps it's human nature. At any rate, she began to think thoughts. If Codwallader could only sell a set of wheels he could keep on going for a while. Mr. Linter used to know her father!

Miss Washington jumped up and put on her hat. Maybe if she talked to Mr. Linter herself— She looked for the key so as to lock the office while she was gone. From the edge of a little pocket in her purse showed a piece of forget-me-not, a spray she had kept for—

"Let me see," said Miss Washington. She was twelve then and twenty-six now.

SHE was counting on her fingers when the door opened and a young woman came in. Even though she had seen her only casually and at long intervals Miss Washington recognized Mr. Hamilton's daughter.

"Mr. Jimps is not in?" Mrs. Carew was of medium height, with clear white skin and fine black eyes. Her bony nose was slightly down-curved and birdlike, her head reached forward with native eagerness upon her rather heavy shoulders, and her husky voice, although pleasing, had the crispness and directness of one used to crushing down obstacles.

"He's in Pittsburgh," replied Miss Washington in what she hoped was an impersonal tone. Mrs. Carew must be at least thirty-two. It didn't seem fair that ease and money should have kept her looking so many years younger.

"Do you mind if I look around? I've been promising him I'd come over for ages." Mrs. Carew wore a beautifully tailored brown broadcloth suit, a small brown hat, and her shapely feet were attractive in tan oxfords and sheer silk hose. Instead of looking around, she strolled up to Nancy Washington. "I am going to ask you to do something for me," she said in her steam-roller way. "I am going to ask if you won't keep me informed as to how things are coming on here. Say, a letter every week or so. I'll make it worth your while.

"Now, please don't be offended!" Mrs. Carew lifted a well-manicured hand. Miss Washington observed on Mrs. Carew's rounded wrist a platinum wrist watch of a bizarre, unmistakable design. Miss Washington felt herself grow numb. She scarcely heard Mrs. Carew saying, "You know, of course, how interested I am. Won't you help me?" She accepted in a daze Mrs. Carew's extended hand.

"Thanks awfully!" Mrs. Carew's smile lengthened her bony nose. "I see you were putting on your hat to go out. Can't I give you a lift in my motor?"

"No, thanks." Nancy smiled with lips that felt somewhat stiff. "I—I've decided it's a little too late to do what I had planned."

The lady went out and climbed into a cream-colored motor. A uniformed chauffeur closed the door behind her.

Miss Washington found that her knees were trembling, and sank into a chair. "I guess I was hoping," she murmured, "and I didn't know I was hoping!" Her hands trembled a bit as she powdered her nose. "But I'm not going to cry!" she said. And she didn't.

SHE sat for a long time with her hands clasped tightly in her lap. Then she rolled a yellow sheet into the typewriter and pecked out a wire to Codwallader Jimps.

Sorry have accepted better position out of town. Leaving to-day.

She sent this at the telegraph office on her way home. After dinner she telephoned her brother-in-law's cousin in Philadelphia and found that the job was still open. So that night she packed her trunk and alligator-skin black bag. And the next morning she telephoned the express man. This was cheaper than a taxi and she could walk to the station.

Maybe she walked because it was cheaper, and maybe she walked so that she could have a last look into the showroom of the Jimps Auto Wheel Company. Anyway, seeing the disarray of the place, she unlocked the door and went in; took off her coat and hat and rolled up her sleeves. Then she straightened her papers, found a rag and rubbed the desk tops till they shone. Then she went into the washroom at the rear of the shop to wash her grimy hands. When she got back Codwallader Jimps sat with his back toward her in the chair by his desk.

His tweed suit was baggy and the hole in his elbow was twice as large as when he had left. His usually neat brassy hair was all askew, as if a cow had licked it all over.

She was more than ever glad for what she had done. "Mr. Jimps," she said, "I am sorry I have to leave."

He started and whirled around as if he had heard a ghost. Before he could speak a clerk breezed in from Mr. Hamilton's bank. It was Miss Washington's turn to start.

"Hi, Mr. Jimps!" said the clerk. "Mr. Hamilton says sign this new note in place of the old one." He laid a file of papers on Codwallader's desk.

Codwallader looked at the papers. Then he jumped up. "Why, he told me—" He strode for the door, then stopped. "Would you mind waiting till I get back?" he asked of Miss Washington.

"If you are not too long," she evaded. Evidently he didn't know yet that she had paid his note. While he was at the bank she could run.

She fell into something of a panic of haste as she saw him and the clerk hopping through the mid-street traffic. Her fingers were all thumbs as she tried to roll down her sleeves; she knocked over an immense stack of envelopes when she rushed for her coat; and by the time she had picked them up and jammed on her hat the door flew open and Codwallader Jimps rushed in.

"Miss Washington," he cried. "You don't realize what you have done!"

"You were out of the city, and I simply— I mean, it wasn't anything. I simply—"

"It was everything!" He came nearer. "I told 'em in Pittsburgh about Hamilton's game. They saw it right away. Bought my patents for cash plus an annual royalty." It hurt Nancy to see how sweet his eyes were. He suddenly put his hands on her shoulders. His grip hurt too. "If you hadn't paid that note, it would all go to him. Why did you do this for me?"

Miss Washington felt her strength becoming water at his touch. But he was only being grateful. It made her furious. She threw his hands from her shoulders. "Be careful, Mr. Jimps. Mrs. Carew might drive by."

"Mrs. Carew? What if she does?"

"Don't pretend you're not engaged to her."

"But I'm not."

"Mr. Jimps, I *saw* you give Mr. Linter that check. I saw the wrist watch on Mrs. Carew's wrist. Why do you deny it?"

Codwallader Jimps stepped back. He dived into his inside pocket and came out with a pigskin wallet, tapped something out of it into his palm.

"There, Nancy! You think I would have kept this all these years . . . ?" Flat, dry and brittle with age, there lay on his palm a pressed red rose.

"You mean you aren't engaged to— You mean you don't lo—" Miss Washington swallowed. "But, Codwall—Mr. Jimps, I *saw* you. . . ."

"LISTEN." He came nearer. "I didn't mean to tell you about that. You remember, you told me you wanted to buy a business when you had enough money? I bought that woman's work exchange from Mr. Linter. It was my last five hundred." He ran his fingers through his hair, causing a regular convention of cowlicks. "I figured that if the Pittsburgh people turned me down, five hundred dollars wouldn't do me much good, and I might as well let old Hamilton have my patents. I was going to write you to run this woman's work thing for me, and pay yourself the profits. Then, you see, I would disappear."

"You—disappear?"

"Well, yes. Of course, it was sort of foolish. But, you see, I would know then that you weren't stranded. And, of course, if I happened to strike it rich I could come back and ask you to marry me."

"Ask me to—to—"

She couldn't say the words. But for some strange reason the need for words had passed. She found herself tight in Codwallader's arms, crying against his shoulder, while he pieced broken words together against her hair.

"A failure," he was murmuring. "Couldn't tell you I loved you. Happiness seemed out of reach—forever."

"And all the time, Codwallader," Nancy explained, a note of awe in her voice, "it was really right under our elbows!"

A WAY WOMEN HAVE

By LUCIAN CARY

Not that women haven't a number of ways! Arthur Williams was warned of this one when a youngster, but he had to succeed in his profession to understand about Gertrude.

In Next Week's Collier's

The
Book-Cadillac
Detroit's Finest Hotel

Moderately Priced Rooms

It costs no more to enjoy the exceptional comfort and luxury of Book-Cadillac rooms, restaurants and social facilities.

Five hundred and sixty of the twelve hundred rooms with bath are priced at four and five dollars.

All are full outside rooms with circulating ice water, individual bed lights and lighted mirrors.

The hotel's central location in the heart of the city's business, theatrical and shopping districts makes it the logical choice for your stay in Detroit.

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Outside Rooms with Bath
Rates $4 and up

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Special $1.25 Luncheon and $2.00 Dinner served in English Grill and Blue Room. Sunday Dinner in Venetian Room, $2. Club Breakfast, 85c. and $1. Cafeteria Service in Coffee Shop. Eighteen shops and broker's office in building; Barber Shop and Beauty Parlor operated by Terminal Barber Shop; Private Conference Rooms.

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The Story of Mrs. Fiske

Continued from page 6

the faintest notion what the lines she was saying were all about. That obliviousness proved disastrous on one famous occasion when the great Irish actor Barry Sullivan came to New Orleans in Shakespearean repertoire.

For Sullivan's performance as Macbeth at the St. Charles Theatre many supernumeraries would be needed, and it was decided in family conclave that Minnie Maddern could be trusted with the rôle of the crowned child, the small prophet that must emerge from the caldron in the witches' cavern and declaim as follows:

Be lion-mettled, proud and take no care
Who chafes, who frets or where conspirers are!

In this matter the Davey-Maddern household was in error. For when the time came, after passing magnificently all the dangers of the first line, Little Minnie said "perspirers" instead of "conspirers," an unpremeditated tampering with the classic text which so upset the Macbeth of the evening that the curtain had to be rung down then and there. For, whereas one can have many kinds of Macbeths (as playgoers in this country have learned to their cost within recent seasons), a tragic, blood-stained Thane who gets the giggles beyond all control is simply out of the question.

I am sure that Mrs. Fiske herself does not remember all the rôles she played in the seasons which lay between that rather trying afternoon of "Macbeth" in old New Orleans and her jaunty appearance as a firm soubrette in "Fogg's Ferry," when a prescient but somewhat forehanded management presented her as a star in New York in the spring of 1882. If lists were not dreary reading I could rattle off thirty of the rôles right here. But you can guess them for yourself—the child in "Across the Continent," the child in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," the child in "The Streets of New York."

And of course she was the little Prince Arthur in "King John;" this, mind you, at Booth's own theatre in New York, where Agnes Booth herself used to tell how she would stand in the wings and listen to the grief-charged voice of that extraordinary child to get the key and the tone for her own scenes of anguish to follow. You do not have to be told that she ventured forth as the small Negro boy in "The Octoroon," at whose death a thousand bad actors in a thousand stock companies have lifted the Indian's lament to the Great White Spirit.

It may surprise you to know that she once had the hardihood to sing Ralph Rackstraw for a hundred performances in a children's company of "H. M. S. Pinafore." But surely you need not be told that she played, at one time or another, both Hendrick and Meenie in "Rip Van Winkle."

It was when Minnie Maddern was playing with the Haviland company, and that company had descended upon the gratified town of Chillicothe, Ohio, for a month of repertory, that she first swam into the ken (and, for all I know, into the plans) of George C. Tyler, then the small son of the proprietor of the local paper. It was young Tyler's custom on such occasions to use his high journalistic connections to install him in the post of program boy, and the legend runs that the play bills scattered like stage snow to the floor when first his enraptured eyes fell upon the small, talented and gyrating person of Minnie Maddern.

Tour a Triumphant Festival

IT IS George Tyler who is presenting Mrs. Fiske in the amazing tour of "The Rivals," an all-star company which has observed the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Sheridan's immortal comedy by taking it to every town in the land and, in the process, playing to such receipts as Mrs. Fiske had never known before in all her eventful days in the theatre. The whole tour has been a kind of triumphant festival, and I think that even a detached and uncommercial outsider may be permitted to guess that Mrs. Fiske, at the age of sixty, finds herself experiencing the most profitable season she has known in more than half a century of trouping.

It really is part of the story to tell what rôle was engaging the talents of Minnie Maddern that afternoon back in Chillicothe when Master Tyler first fell captive and the present partnership had its inception. It was a fairly celebrated rôle, though, unlike the rôles of Becky Sharp, Tess, Nora and such more recent heroines, it is not one generally associated with memories of Mrs. Fiske. For the play in the Haviland repertory that afternoon was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the rôle that Minnie Maddern played was Little Eva.

Mr. Woollcott's second article in "The Story of Mrs. Fiske" will appear in next week's Collier's

Mr. Potiphar's Party

Continued from page 14

stroll in?' She said Potty wouldn't get home till all hours; and, anyway, we'd been holding in a long while and another little cuddle wouldn't do us any harm. All of which, I subconsciously knew, merely meant she was experimenting to see how far I'd go with a little encouragement and meaning to bring me up with a round turn well short of it.

"That young experiment went blah the next minute, however. Potty came home. I'll never know how he managed to get in the house so quietly. I thought it was the footfall of some servant I heard in the hall. With great presence of mind, I rose up with Mrs. Potty in my arms and, all in one movement, hurled the little jade bodily into a chair six feet away. Then I caught up 'The Constant Nymph' and when Potty lumbered in I was saying, 'Thanks, heaps, I'll take good care of this and return it—'

"Right there Potty put in his oar. He stopped dead when he'd shut the door behind him and fixed me with a glare it isn't too much to call baleful. Potty's a hulking brute with a tolerably lowering look, anyway. 'You're not going home,' he growled. I felt my marrow curdle, and stammered: 'Why, yes, old boy—I must. I only dropped in for a minute to borrow this book you were gassing about—' But Potty wouldn't let me finish. 'You,' he said in a snarl more blood-chilling than the first—'are—*not*—going—home!' My mouth went dry and tasted of copper. I managed just one more feeble squeak.

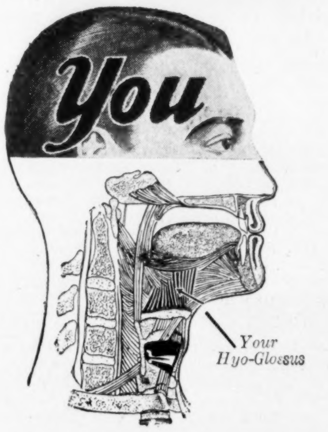
" 'You are not going home,' he cut me short the third time, 'till you have eaten one of my Welsh rabbits.' "

Philander seemed saddened by our mirth. "Maybe you fellows think that's funny. Well, it wasn't. And the sequel was downright tragic. I meekly stopped and ate one of Potty's rabbits alive, all but the palms of its hands, just to prove I hadn't done anything to be scared about.

It, or something, gave me the worst spell of indigestion I've had since I cut out synthetic gin. I didn't get a wink of sleep all night for wondering if a perverted sense of humor was, after all, the whole excuse for Potty's comedy. . . . And anybody who's honing for an argument—well, all he's got to do is pull some of 'The-woman-pays-and-pays-and-pays!' bunk where I can hear him."

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice

The Hyo-Glossus
(Singing) Muscle



Why is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed, too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

Your voice can be improved 100%

A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even Caruso had to develop his Hyo-Glossus muscle before his voice was perfect. You can develop a beautiful singing or speaking voice if *your* Hyo-Glossus muscle is strengthened by correct training. Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—famous in the music centers of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home. The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

Grand Opera Stars His Students

Hundreds of famous singers have studied with Professor Feuchtinger. Over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of his wonderful training. You do not know the possibilities of your voice. If you want to sing—but lack the proper training because you have not the time nor means to study—here is your chance. You can now train your voice at a very small cost in the privacy of your own home.

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You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book "Physical Voice Culture." It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me FREE, Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

.....Singing.....Speaking.....Stammering.....Weak Voice

Name..

Address..

....*Age*........

An old-timer sets a quantity pace for pipe-smokers

A pound a week has been his quota for years. What is your record?

Every so often we get a "rise" out of a veteran dyed-in-the-wool pipe smoker.

Here is a remarkable letter from an old-time traveling man in Seattle who says he has smoked five-eighths of a ton of Edgeworth during the past twenty-four years.

He tried to keep his identity a secret. But one of our scouts tracked him down, induced him to sign the letter and permit its publication, on condition that his name would not be mentioned.

Larus & Bro. Co. Seattle, Wash.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I have smoked a pipe for about forty-four years. In 1900 I read a report issued by some Federal Bureau in which it gave a rating of pureness of nearly all the then best-known smoking tobaccos. If my memory has not played me a trick Edgeworth stood at the head of the list. I was sufficiently interested to try a can of Edgeworth. Since that time I have smoked nothing but Edgeworth, and when I tell you that I buy a one pound can every week, or fifty-two pounds a year, sometimes more, you will surmise that I am *some pipe fiend.*

A pound of tobacco per week for twenty-four years makes *twelve hundred and forty-eight pounds of Edgeworth*, five-eighths of a ton.

The reasons for my loyalty to Edgeworth are these:

It is always the same. I have bought Edgeworth in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Nogales, Arizona, Texas, Kansas, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, California, New Mexico, Washington and Iowa—Sioux City, Ia., being where I first tried it in 1900.

Another reason for my strong preference is that Edgeworth is sold everywhere, and that feature appeals strongly to a veteran smoker who dislikes to content himself with the "just as good" tobaccos. This letter is not for publication, but just intended as a notification that you have a few inveterate smokers scattered over the country who smoke and recommend Edgeworth because they believe it to be the best tobacco on the market.

I have purposely cut off the business heading of this paper and will just sign myself

Yours very truly,
"A qualified judge of smoking tobacco."

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
PLUG SLICE
EDGEWORTH

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5K South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

She Knew Martha Washington

Continued from page 22

How Washington's enemies raged when the terms of the treaty with Great Britain were made public! Madame remains loyal and blames all the troubles on a "stupid creature, Mason, who is a senator for Virginia."

PHILADELPHIA
1 July, 1796

MY DEAR MOTHER:

YOU can form no idea of the opposition President Washington had to undergo in regard to the treaty which has just been concluded with Great Britain and which gave rise to shouts of fury such as you never heard in your life.

And now the whole country is ablaze, since a stupid creature, Mason, who is a senator for Virginia, divulged the treaty's contents to the public—out of pure spite against General Washington, for there could have been no other motive. Now that France is getting over its troubles I seriously contemplate returning. There will be no peace here after General Washington relinquishes the Presidency; and this he has declared he will do when his second term is over.

Perhaps it will be safer in France, if there is one corner of the earth where safety exists now.

It seems that humanity is everywhere the same, ungrateful and base. I have lived to see the great man without whom America would not be a free country outlive the day when the voice in his favor was unanimous—live to the day when he has to listen to fault-finding devoid of sense but still capable of wounding deeply.

DE MAUSSION.

A tragic little chapter—of no importance to the historians. The De Maussions have lost their plantation, and Gaston is thinking of quitting and returning to France.

10 September, 1796

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

OUR affairs have been going from bad to worse until at last we have lost the plantation. Ever since I have been living with Mistress Nance, who has been an angel to us and a second mother to our children.

Gaston has been going about from one place to another. He still has an interest in another plantation, but wants to sell it and return to France, which is perhaps a wise thing, although it will give me a pang to bid good-by to these shores where I have had some happy days.

I believe you will see him arrive in Paris toward the end of this year, but I shall wait here with the children until he writes that it is safe to join him. Mistress Nance has kindly said that we may live with her as long as we like, and to the end of our days even if we cannot get back to France. But all the same it is rather a bitter thing to have failed in what we wanted to do after nearly twelve years of hard work.

My dear mother-in-law, please be kind to Gaston and do not reproach him. It was not entirely his fault that he has failed; circumstances have all the time been against him. He worked hard and feels much his misfortune in not having achieved anything. But I say that after all we have much to be thankful to God for; if Gaston had remained in France, he would probably have been guillotined, and it is better to be ruined than to be killed.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

Gaston is in France. Madame expresses interest in a certain "young General Bonaparte," of whom she has heard favorable reports. She tells of her plan to go to New Orleans—leaving her children behind her—to earn a little money.

5 December, 1798

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

FORGIVE me for not having thanked you before for your two long and interesting letters, with the news which they give me of Gaston and of you. I am glad to hear that things are getting quieter with you and that you have hopes for the future of our poor France.

All you say about young General Bonaparte is exciting. I don't wonder at Gaston being enthusiastic about him, but to see in him another Washington is, I think, carrying enthusiasm too far. General Washington is so unique a personality that it will be centuries before another is born to resemble him, and when he is born it will most likely be in this country and not in France, where political factions are too powerful for one man to be able to save the nation.

But I pray God to bless General Bonaparte if he is to reëstablish order.

I am so thankful to you for writing to our children, and especially to Adélaïde-Rosalie. I am glad you asked her to tell you about General Washington. You see, Mistress Nance has just bought the plantation where she is settled now and which is close to Mount Vernon, so the children, who up to the present have never had an opportunity to see the great hero, will be able to do so—at least I hope so.

I myself should like to pay my respects to him and to Mrs. Washington and will do so as soon as I return from New Orleans, whither I am going in a day or two to be companion to an old French lady who wants someone to look after her accounts and be with her.

It is dreadful to leave the children, but I know they will be well cared for, as Mistress Nance loves them as if they were her own.

But she is not rich, and I don't wish to be a burden upon her. So I made up my mind to accept this chance of earning a little money until Gaston sends me enough to return to him and to you.

He promised to do so as soon as he reached Paris, but it is already two years, or very nearly, since he left us, and so far he has sent me nothing.

I know, of course, how everything is difficult for him as well as for you, so I will wait patiently until I can join you both, and in the meantime I hope you will not be angry with me for trying to earn something, even in a menial manner, to help the children, who are so dear to you as well as to me. Send me a word of comfort, and I will be so grateful to you for it.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

The end of the story. The great Washington dies, and Madame de Maussion at last prepares to leave her beloved America.

10 January, 1800

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

ADÉLAÏDE-ROSALIE has written you of the misfortune which has befallen this country in the loss of General Washington. His end was peaceful, but we all feel as if we had lost a father, and personally I have been crying ever since I heard.

Mrs. Washington bears up wonderfully well, but what her life will be without him is dreadful to contemplate.

My lasting regret will be that I did not see again this great man, but I have been for more than a year in New Orleans with the old lady who hired me as her companion, and she took a liking for me and would not let me go. So I remained, unwillingly, but it enabled me to send something to Mistress Nance for the maintenance of the children.

But in the beginning of last month Mme. de Thémières fell ill and died, and it turned out that she had left me ten thousand francs (or about that; of course it was in American money), and I have made up my mind to use it in returning to France, as otherwise I fear I would never be able to do so.

I will now liquidate what is left of Gaston's business here and start as soon as possible, hoping nothing will occur to prevent us from landing in Bordeaux.

The children are quite impatient to be gone, especially Pierre, who is now twenty-four years old and eager to fight the enemies of France. He has been working on a farm here and has done very well indeed and has been a great help to me. All his earnings he has handed to Mistress Nance, and she loves him so much and says she won't know what to do without him, or without us, who have lived with her for so many years. But I feel it is best for us to go home.

At times I have felt afraid Pierre would like to settle here permanently, as he is more like an American than a Frenchman. But he says that with General Washington gone he also thinks our place is in France.

It will be wonderful for you to find a big and handsome man rushing to embrace you in place of the little boy from whom you parted fifteen years ago.

And Marie is also pretty, and you will be looking for a husband for her, next.

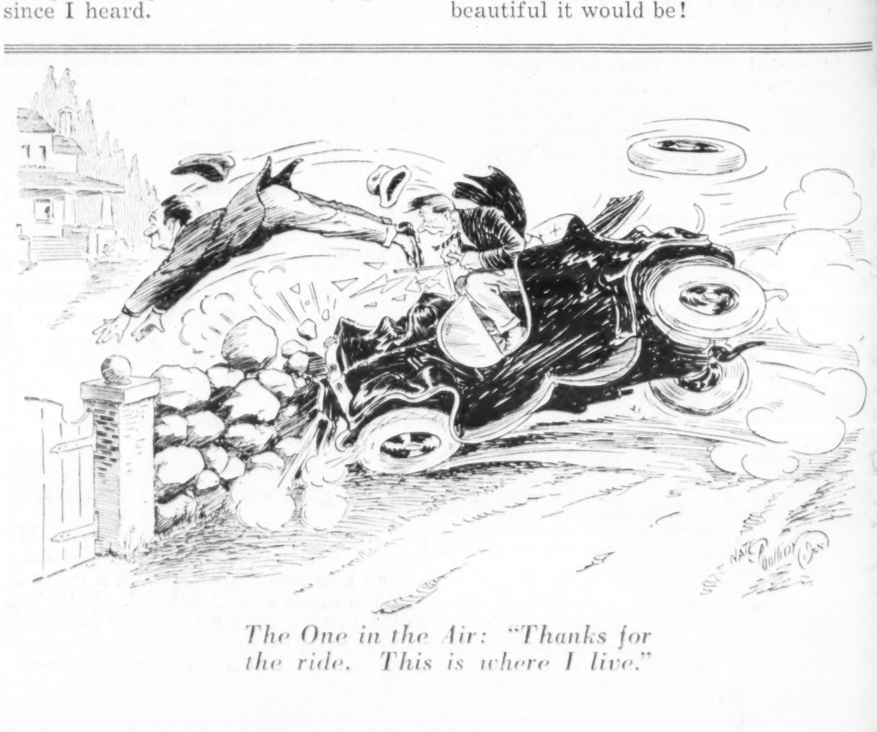
Adélaïde-Rosalie you have never seen, but I am so glad to hear you liked her letters, which she was so happy to be allowed to write to you.

(I must here tell you that I have never told my children that their father had not sent me any money since he left us, because I did not wish them to have evil thoughts of him or believe him neglectful. So what I have earned I have allowed them to think was sent to us by Gaston, and please don't ever let them think anything else.)

Please remember us in your prayers, especially when we shall be on the sea. Your very dutiful and affectionate daughter-in-law,

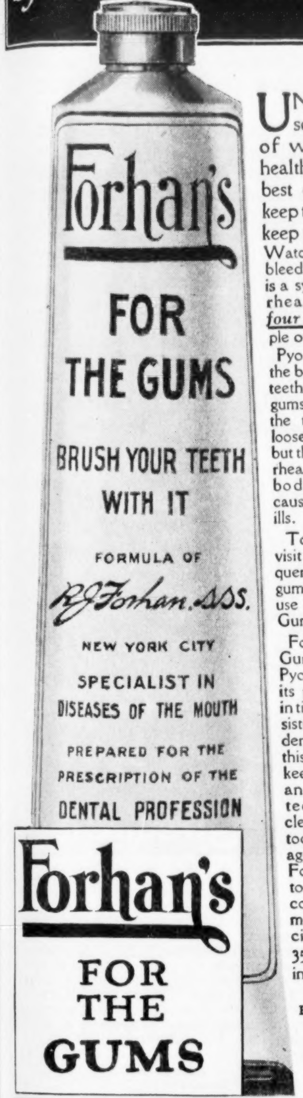
CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

P. S.—On my way back to New Orleans I stopped in Philadelphia to take leave of our friends there, but alas, how many are dead since the first time I was there! It was a sad good-by, because I knew very well, and they knew too, we would never see each other again in this world. Ah, if only I could take a part of America with me to France how beautiful it would be!



The One in the Air: "Thanks for the ride. This is where I live."

Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding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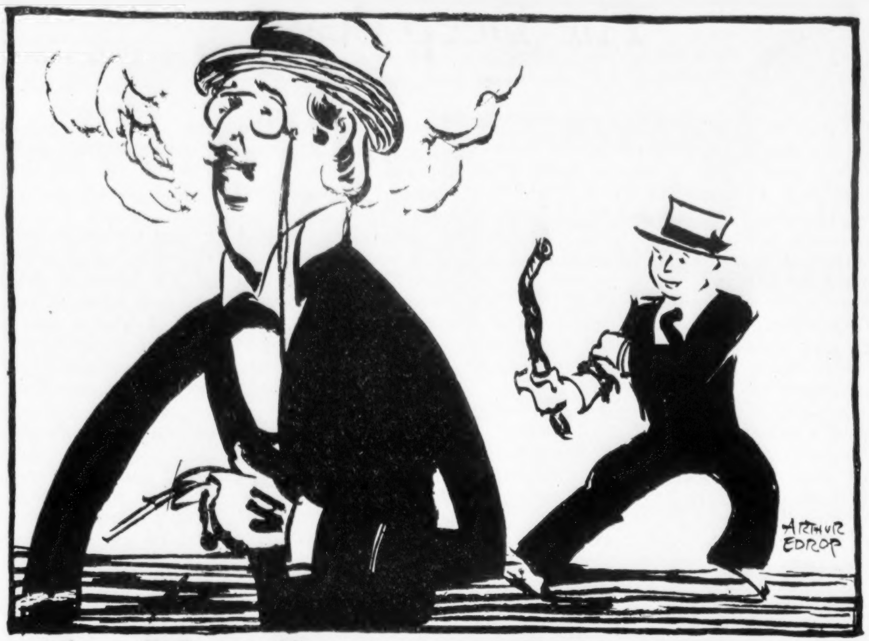

the Tall Bean *by* Berton Braley

TO HIM who really knows a lot
Regarding things that I do not

I lift my hat. Nor do I spurn
The chance to go to him and learn.

But such a one, I always find,
Will have a simple, open mind

Which understands my point of view
And credits me with knowledge too.

I can respect that man, I vow,
However lofty be his brow.

But there's another high-brow type
I want to bean with leaden pipe—

The kind that sneers with lordly air
At things for which he doesn't care,

Who thinks that what is not his style
Is not worth anybody's while,

That games he doesn't know or play
Are not worth playing, anyway,

That books which do not hit his taste
Are practically utter waste,

That all who do not think as he
Are morons of a low degree;

The kind, self-satisfied and bland,
That can't, or will not, understand

That much which interests "the crowd"
May be with truth and grace endowed;

The kind who thinks the world's horizon
Is just the one he has *his* eyes on,

Who makes, with self-congratulations,
A virtue of his limitations

And thinks that things not on *his* list
Should not, indeed *do* not, exist!

That kind of high-brow which I limn—
The ash can is the place for him!

WILLIAM
HAZLETT
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has written a story about two fellows who just had to demonstrate and sell the Earthworm Tractor up in a lumber camp in the Adirondacks when the snowing was good. And they had to do it against a smart competitor. Look for

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The Deep Seam

Continued from page 28

"By the way you wear your clothes. You are accustomed to them."

"Did you think I would have tried something I didn't know I could do? Yes, I've found it necessary to keep in character before. I like it. And remember, I was raised like this. I acquired the other."

Christine was more at ease than the safety chief. She had turned back a seat and now faced Kent, who looked at her, bewilderment struggling with amusement in his smile.

"Go on and ask it; I don't mind," suggested Christine amiably.

"I *was* rather wondering, but when I went into this thing I committed myself without the right to ask personal questions," Kent replied quizzically. "I'm very curious about your change. Yesterday you were—were—well, I don't think I ever saw a person more businesslike. Your poise was perfect. You were one thing. This morning I find you another. If you'd like to explain, I'd be very glad to listen."

Christine's answer was prompt. "I suppose I should feel very much in awe of you, but I don't. And I don't exactly know why either. I don't mind explaining in the least, because I feel you'll understand and get my viewpoint."

The train began to move and Christine broke off for a moment to stare out the windows at the squalid dwellings that began to move past the window. Finally Kent roused her.

"You were going to explain. I am still listening."

Christine settled comfortably in her seat and stretched out her feet. "It is rather a long story, and I guess I'll have to tell you something of my life to make you appreciate my motives."

"I hoped that you would," said Kent, who was finding the journey much more enjoyable than he had anticipated in spite of the neck-breaking jerks of the laboring engine.

Christine looked at him speculatively. "I'll chance your understanding. You see I—I was repressed until I was pretty well along in years. My father does not believe in independence for women. I—I had the fact of my dependence ground into me so strongly that I revolted. And I didn't get away with it—then. I had to come home and admit that I was beaten. That was when my marriage failed. Then Mr. Selden showed me a way out. After he left Ivanhoe things at home became unpleasant again. . . . I stood it for a time and then I realized that I was free—independent—and that I had the thing I wanted in my hands."

KENT nodded sympathetically. "And you wanted to have your fling."

"Yes, but not the kind of fling you mean. I wanted to do things; I wanted more knowledge; wider experience. The outside called and I answered. I've crammed the last two years pretty full. I thought I was free, but still I was mistaken. I wasn't free. At least not so much as I wanted. I had my sex to contend with. That hampered me, so I resolved to put it off. Oh, I don't mean wearing men's clothes or anything like that. But I intended to become a man in my dealings with men. I could do a man's work. I demanded the recognition accorded a man and I refused to be restrained by my sex. It wasn't easy at first. Men insisted that I be a woman and didn't understand when I refused to capitalize my sex. Sometimes my insistence made it so unpleasant that I was forced to leave, but I always found another place. Mr. Selden taught me that." She paused. "Mr. Selden taught me a lot." Her voice softened at Selden's name, and Kent looked at her keenly, but said nothing. "He taught me something else," the girl resumed. "It was the most valuable lesson of all—patience. When I decided to put off the dependence of my sex, I knew that it was not to be done lightly and I went about it patiently. This time I got away with it."

Kent was looking at her as if he were seeing her for the first time. "I suppose you know you are rather unusual," he said. "And what did you do when you—as you say—put off your sex?"

Christine smiled in appreciation of his bewilderment. "Worked," she said briefly. "And learned. I know a lot about mining and mines and men. I've learned it at first hand. I had a passion for seeing things, for moving about, for finding out what made the wheels go around, and I kept on the move."

"You still find it convenient to be a woman occasionally?"

Christine gestured. "Of course. Yesterday for instance. I have my softer moments. After all, I *am* a woman, you know. I don't want to be coarsened, and I've tried to hold to my individual viewpoint. It's good to allow yourself to be feminine occasionally and enjoy the dainty things. I've been able to do that. I've Mr. Selden to thank for it."

Kent hesitated. "I wonder if I might ask a question."

"Certainly. I've promised to be perfectly frank with you, and I intend to keep my promise. Ask what you like."

"If you were so interested in Selden why did you wait two years before you thought of him?"

CHRISTINE paused. "That's a little more than I bargained for, but I'll try to answer. It's rather intangible. It was that long before I realized just how deep an obligation I owed him. At first I thought only of myself. Then, too, it took me that long to learn human nature well enough to realize that some preconceived notions I had of Mr. Selden were entirely wrong. When these things were all borne in on me I decided I—I—well, here I am."

"I see." Kent's tone was curious. The woman seemed to have no conception of how unusual she was. He recalled in growing wonder the dainty person who had appeared in his office to beg him to embark on this errand. It had seemed folly then, but as he watched the assured figure before him, marked the confident poise of the head, the easy pose of the body, it did not seem so ridiculous. Kent resolved to probe more deeply.

"Didn't you ever have any disagreeable experiences?"

"Yes. Sometimes, before I learned what to expect and how to avoid them." Christine spoke in patient explanation and Kent grinned quietly at her tone.

"Never had any difficulty in taking care of yourself?"

Christine turned her head and looked at him. He caught a flash in her eyes before she answered. "I never have yet, and I never expect to."

Kent paid tribute to her self-confidence. "It takes courage to say that."

"It doesn't require much courage to do what you want to do," Christine answered absently.

Kent watched her covertly, still puzzled by her lack of self-consciousness and unable to reconcile the woman before him with the trim figure of feminine charm that he had seen in his office. At last he gave it up with a shake of his head and turned to gaze with Christine.

Kent, familiar with many such scenes, never tired of watching this landscape, and Christine was seeing it for the first time. The trees were leafing out and the pines were already wearing a mantle of fresh green. Through the low hills other mountains appeared, their crests in purple mists.

It was afternoon when the Hoodlum—the shuttle train on the branch line—brought them to Marengo. The camp, Christine discovered, was true to type. The railroad ran through a gap and stopped under the tipple, where the mine track disappeared into the flank of a mountain. The town was grouped along a single street. It was a drab enough place, but Christine did not mind. Beyond the thin row of office and company buildings a knoll rose up against the sky. Up the sides ran

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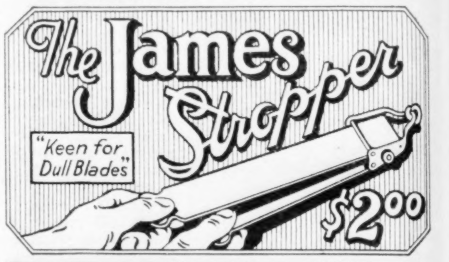

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a wide road, and on the crest Christine saw houses; ugly little frame buildings, garish in bright yellow paint, as alike as peas and as bare.

On the train Christine had been the dominant one. Now Kent took command and Christine followed him obediently toward the offices.

As she gazed about her, long familiarity with mining camps enabled her to identify the various buildings. A glance at the tipple told her that this was a slope mine and not a shaft. The tall stacks of the power house and the network of wires leading from it showed that it was electrified. Christine's eyes took in these things expertly. Marengo differed surprisingly little from Ivanhoe. The streets were a little more precipitous perhaps; the mountains loomed a little closer; the woods were a little greener, but in all other things it was the same. Already she began to feel at home. And Selden was here.

KENT went directly to the company offices in a tiny building set apart from the others. It too was uniform with the other houses in yellow paint. Christine shuddered at the blue trimmings. Inside a man bent over a file of papers at a desk in a corner. At the other end were two doors. One was marked "Superintendent," the other "Chief Engineer." The youth looked up, and Kent spoke briskly:

"Is the superintendent here?"

"Yes, sir."

Kent turned to Christine. "Better wait out here until I see him," he suggested.

Behind the office door Kent greeted Superintendent Yearwood: "Hello, Yearwood! I haven't seen you in a long time."

The grizzled man behind the desk grunted rather noncommittally: "Howdy, Kent? No, you haven't been here in quite a time. I haven't missed you a bit."

Yearwood reached up a hand and pushed out his short iron-gray beard belligerently. He looked at Kent from shrewd eyes that were deep set in his leathery cheeks. Kent only laughed at the apparently ungracious speech.

"I know you fellows back here in the hills think I have hoofs and horns," he said. "But really, Cap, I'm a pretty decent fellow."

Cap Yearwood was too old in the mining game to be deceived. He knew safety department chiefs do not travel for pleasure.

"What in hell's the matter here now?" he said apprehensively. "I ain't heard of a thing going on."

"Nothing's wrong," Kent reassured. "That is, it isn't anything that need concern you. You know we fellows in the safety department sometimes do peculiar things. I've one of my staff outside now. I want you to give her the run of the camp and don't interfere with her. She's on a little job for me."

"Her! Do you have women on your staff?"

"When necessary. And boys too."

Relief struggled with apprehension in Yearwood's face. "Then if it's a woman it ain't nothing about the mine. What in hell do you want with a woman here?"

Kent was evasive. "I'll tell you later when I know something more definite. Right now I'd hate to put a name to it. It's important, so don't gum it up. Give her the run of the camp, and if any questions are asked she's the wife of an engineer who has been transferred here and has been delayed in West Virginia—Bluefields, I think."

Yearwood sniffed indignantly. He was not an old man, in spite of his grizzled whiskers and hair that was almost white. His eyes were not quite steady and he sometimes covered confusion with choler, as he did now.

"Yes, I'll give her the run of the camp! I don't want to have to bother with it. The less I have to do with you boys in the safety department, Kent, the better I like it. What's her name, and where's she going to stay?"

Kent rose. "I think we had better ask her that. She's outside now." He went to the door. "Will you come in now, Mrs. Bennett?" And when Christine appeared composedly in the door: "This is Mr. Yearwood, the superintendent here. You will deal with him in all matters affecting your work."

Yearwood was inclined to be ungracious. "Howdy do?" he said. His eyes shifted a little when Christine met his gaze squarely. Yearwood did not care for Kent's operatives, but he could not question Kent's orders.

"Mr. Yearwood will look out for you," Kent continued. His voice grew significant. "When you wish information come to him. Where did you plan to stay?"

Christine spoke decidedly. "Not at the boarding house." She grimaced in disgust. "If I could get into a home—"

Yearwood broke in. "You're both forgetting something. If she's waiting for her husband, she wants a cottage. It will make it look good."

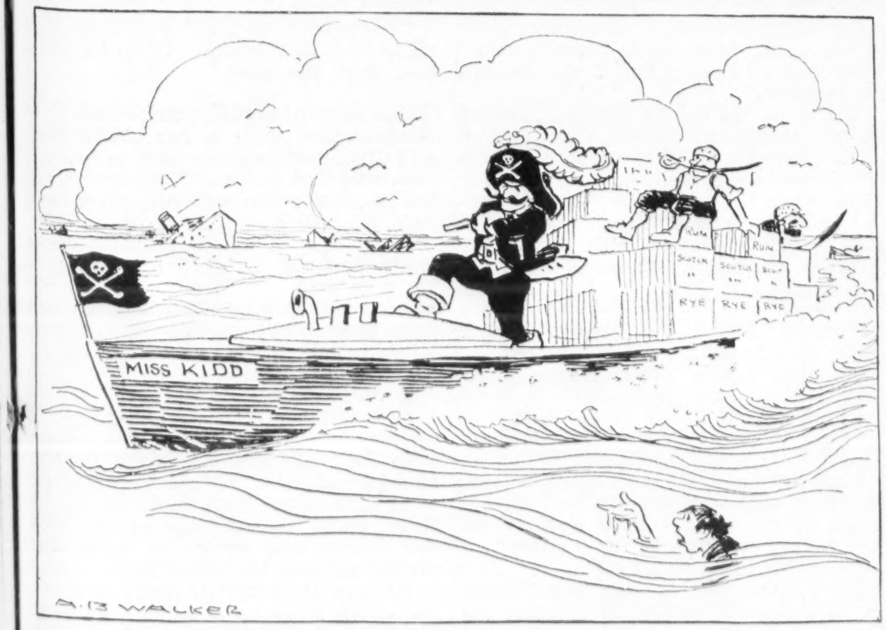
"I would like that!" Christine cried. "Could you arrange it?"

YEARWOOD rose. "I think we got one that is vacant. Come out here and let's see."

He went into the outer office, and Kent followed him. The instant they were gone Christine stepped to Yearwood's desk. She stirred the papers that littered it and gave a little gasp of delight as she found what she sought. It was a pad of blank forms with the signature of Yearwood stamped on each. She tore one off quickly. Christine was preparing for the future. This smoothed her last difficulty. She was again seated quietly in her chair when Kent and Yearwood entered.

"We got one cottage up over the

(*Continued on page 48*)



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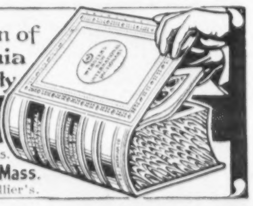

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The Deep Seam

Continued from page 47

knoll," said Yearwood, "but it's kind of lonesome."

"I won't mind," said Christine quickly. "I—I would rather like that."

Kent spoke authoritatively. "Then let her have that. It is already furnished, I believe. Send her groceries from the commissary and let the requisitions come to my office. I'll attend to those."

Christine rose. "I—I think I'll go up there immediately."

"It's the last cottage over the knoll on the right-hand side," Yearwood directed. "You can't miss it."

"I'll see you installed," Kent volunteered. "I've plenty of time before the Hoodlum goes out this afternoon." He spoke crisply to Yearwood: "You will take care of her?"

"Sure," said the superintendent, still a little sulky, but his initial hostility disarmed by Christine's manner and appearance.

CLEM BENNETT was a camp follower of the coal fields who lived by his wits—such as they were. Men of his type are not uncommon in the coal-mining industry. Mostly they are creatures of the company—spies on their fellows—"snitches" the men call them. But occasionally their shrewdness raises them to a high level, and they become predatory in their own behalf.

Bennett's reputation—and he was not without note in Alabama, though better known in Kentucky and West Virginia—was unsavory. He gambled a little, he sold a little whisky, and he was concerned in certain involved convolutions of company policy that eventually led him to West Virginia.

Bennett left West Virginia for his own good—and that of the state. It was a voluntary departure in answer to a summons from Ben Kriel, a man who had gone before. The message had come to him cautiously, by word of mouth, broadcast among his kind, and eventually it reached him far back in the West Virginia mountains, where he was stagnating as a company guard.

The message had been purposely vague, but Bennett had answered readily. He had not been in Alabama since 1907—the year of the great strike. Then he had been concerned in the raid on the tent colony at Red Bluff and had found it necessary to leave precipitately to escape the enraged strikers.

Standing at the corner of First Avenue in Birmingham, he watched the crowds stream along Twentieth Street, bound southward for home and supper. He saw no familiar faces, and he was pleased. He did not court recognition: 1907 was a long time ago, but miners have long memories.

Bennett was on the corner waiting some further word from Kriel. It would come, for Kriel would know where to seek him. His message had given no particulars. "Something good in Alabama. Meet me in Birmingham." That was all it said but it was enough for Bennett.

While he waited he amused himself by watching the crowd that poured past. Bennett liked crowds: They offered such possibilities. One never knew when a face would appear, opening sudden avenues of profit or adventure or even—sometimes—love, for Bennett was not above the softer emotions. Bennett grew so absorbed that he did not see the figure that ranged alongside. It was not until the other spoke that he turned to look at him.

"You've taken your time gettin' here," the man said, and Bennett grinned in surprised recognition.

"Pusher Riley! What are you doin' here?"

"Lookin' for you," said Riley, a long, thin man with wolfish teeth that showed when he talked. "I been standin' on this corner ev'ry night for a week."

"Are you in on this too?"

Riley shrugged thin shoulders. "Guess so. Us three have trailed together before."

Bennett eyed him. "What is it, anyway? I hope it's somethin' good."

Riley shook his head. "He ain't opened up yet. Been waitin' for you, I guess. I was in Ludlow when I gits a message to meet him here. When I come he set me to watchin' for you. I knowed your system, an' I figgered I'd find you here soon's you got in."

The crowd lost interest for Bennett. He caught Riley's arm. "Lead me to him," he invited.

Riley turned toward Second Avenue and led him downtown, where presently they entered an inconspicuous hotel.

"Why all the mystery?" demanded Bennett. "How come he's way down here and at this time of day?"

"Ask him," Riley answered ungraciously. "I'm only obeyin' orders. He said bring you here when you come an' that's what I'm doin'."

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in next week's

COLLIER'S

Pushing past the clerk without ceremony, Riley ascended the stairs to the third floor and walked back into a dark corridor, where he paused before a door and knocked. Both entered in response to a call, and Bennett found himself confronted by a small man who was pacing the floor impatiently.

"Hello, Bennett," he said. "Glad to see you."

"Howdy, Ben?" answered Bennett. "How's tricks?"

"Ain't been so good but they show signs of gettin' better. Come in, Riley, and shut the door."

THE three were oddly contrasted. Kriel was short with a barrel-like chest and disproportionately long arms. His face was flat but not unpleasant, and his head was covered with curly black hair, shot with streaks of gray.

Riley draped his long form over a chair and sat in accustomed silence. He was over six feet, and his height was accentuated by his thinness. Slate eyes peered out over a beaked nose. Riley looked what he was—a killer—and he talked little.

Bennett was incongruous in the group, but perfectly at his ease. His hair was red and his face was red and even the backs of his hands where they showed under his coat sleeves. His eyes were china-blue, with flecks of gold in them, made sinister only by the peculiar brows and eyelashes that stood vividly against his ruddy skin.

He was not badly dressed; in a mining camp he wore a miner's garb, although he had not loaded a ton of coal in years, but in the city he preferred to be more fastidious.

Kriel looked at Bennett. "I've got somethin' good," he announced, "but it'll take three to pull it."

Bennett looked pained. "Rough stuff, eh! Doggone, Ben, the last time—"

"Keep your shirt on," interrupted Kriel. "I know you'd rather talk than fight—"

Bennett interrupted in his turn. "Sure I had. Who wouldn't? Talkin's a lot easier than fightin', anyway."

"I ain't got no objection to your talkin'. You talk dam' well."

Bennett's eyelids drooped for an instant. It was a mannerism that had been costly, but he could not shake it off. Kriel voiced a half apology.

"Didn't mean to rub you the wrong way, Clem. I want you in this or I wouldn't of sent for you. I didn't mean there'd be any rough stuff, only you never can tell. It just takes three of us to kind of grease the skids. Get me?"

Riley nodded, and Bennett said, "Sure. Go ahead."

KRIEL chuckled. "I been sellin' soap." He chuckled again at their blank stares. "Yes, sir. I been filled with honin' to help 'em wash in Alabama." His tone was one of reluctant self-praise. "An' I done right well too. I guess I sold soap in nearly ev'ry camp in the state."

"What the—" began Bennett, but Kriel dropped his banter.

"Don't be a mule," he advised crisply. "You know how things has been since 1907. It's hell to get into these camps less'n they know why you come. I had to have a reason for goin', so I sold 'em soap at the commissary." He paused and added impressively, "I've found a place where the dollars are just itchin' to be picked right off the trees."

Bennett failed to enthuse. "Tell me the rest of it. There's always a string to easy money."

Kriel snorted. "Yes, indeed, you gotta do *somethin'*. I found a place where they never sold no commissary checks."

Bennett looked disappointed. "What about it! Buying commissary checks ain't no quick money. You got to lay with that, and it's a question of months."

Kriel blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "I know, and check buyin' ain't overly pop'lar with the company. Fact is, the Continental has stopped it, but there ain't been nothin' said at the place I'm talkin' 'bout 'cause it ain't never been tried. The commissary supplies 'em with all they want. They're way back in the hills, and they don't have no way to spend money anywhere 'cept at the commissary. 'Spose I went in there and made 'em want money? They'd sell checks fast enough then."

"All right, what then?"

"That's where you come in. I make 'em want money to spend with me. They sell their checks to you to get money to spend with me. Riley looks after us both. It takes three to run it."

"That's a great scheme," Bennett's voice was filled with false enthusiasm. "Ain't got but one flaw that I can see."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"Buyin' commissary checks runs into jack. I ain't got no money."

Kriel smiled in relief. "Hell, I thought you meant somethin'. I'll put up the money. It's a self-actin' proposition with a 20 per cent profit on both ends that you can't miss."

Bennett still questioned: "I ain't objectin', you understand. I'm just tryin' to get things straight. How you goin' to make 'em want that money?"

"Easy. All you have to do—"

"Wait a minute, Ben." Bennett raised up to shake his finger. "I pointedly ain't interested in sellin' whisky. These fool—"

Kriel waved an impatient hand. "Wait a minute, can't you? This is better than likker or straight gamblin'. You get a cut out of ev'ry pot, comin' and goin'."

Bennett closed his eyes in impatience. "Tell it to me."

"A jack-pot!"

Kriel looked at him triumphantly, but the red-headed man still questioned: "A lottery, eh? And what'll the company be doin' while I'm goin' round buyin' these checks and passin' out the jack-pot tickets?"

Kriel snorted. "Gosh, ain't you willin' to take a chance? This money ain't gonna come and sit in your lap. You go down and look it over. I ain't told you about the camp yet. It's just like these other Alabama camps, way back in the hills all by itself. Ain't got no roads, only a jerkwater line that hooks it up with the Western. Nobody ever goes there, and they don't go nowhere. It'd be a cinch for a man like you."

"You want me to go see the place? How'll I get in?"

"You don't need nothin'. You just walk in and make yourself to home."

BENNETT was thoughtful. "How do they work their checks down there?"

"They git 'em ev'ry evenin' at the paymaster's window. It ain't much of a system. They git paid to-day for what they sent up yesterday. All checks is issued by the company, an' they can trade 'em in at the commissary or they kin keep 'em till the first of the month when the pay car comes and get the money on them. It's just made for us. They've got them checks all the month, and don't you think they wouldn't sell 'em."

"The company special would have to be fixed," Bennett said slowly.

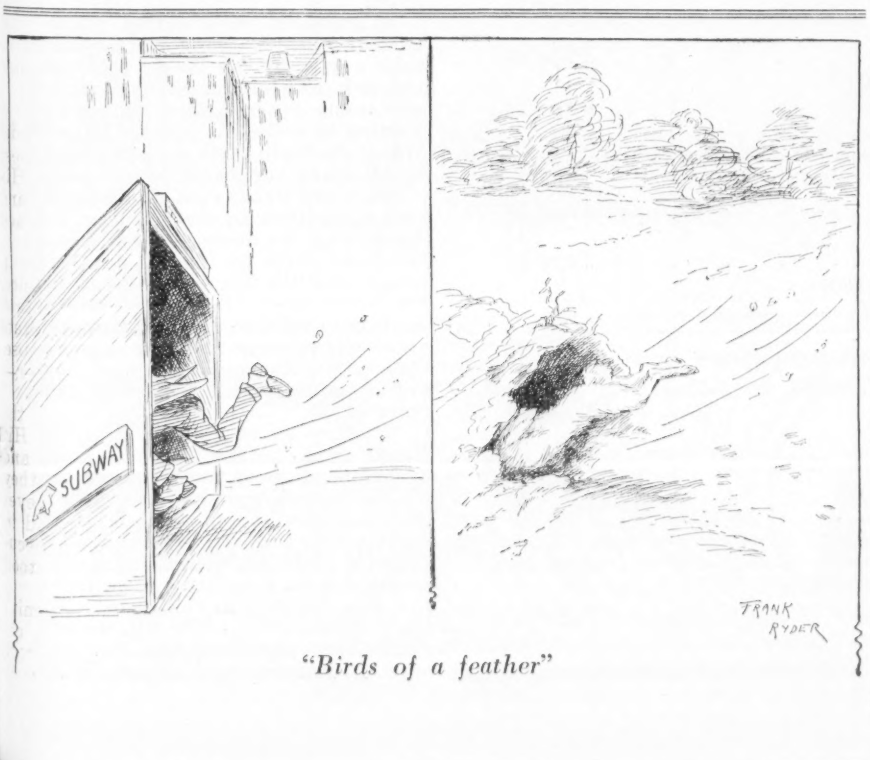
Kriel laughed. "You been one of those babies. You ought to know how to keep him blind."

Bennett grinned faintly. "Maybe I do. All right. I'll go look it over. What's the camp?"

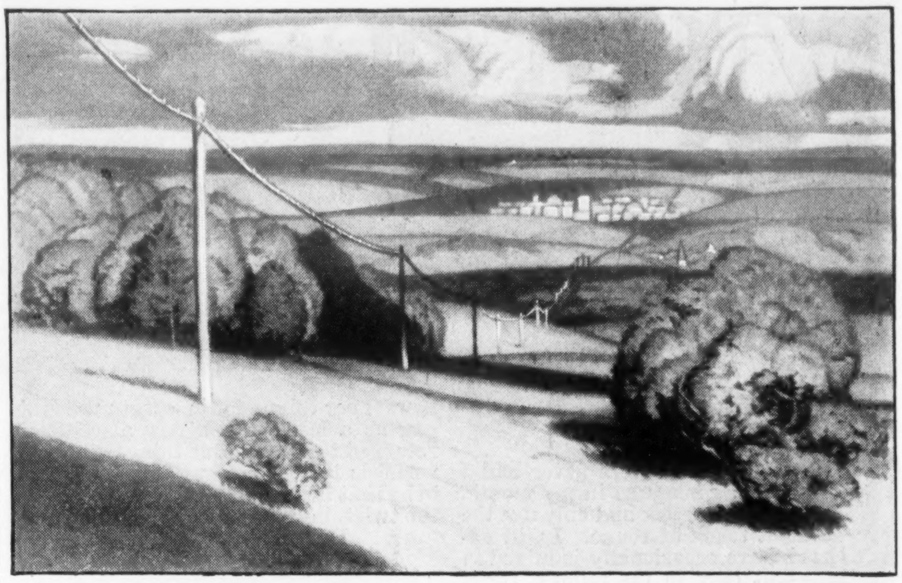
Kriel rose and brushed the cigar ashes from his vest.

"I ain't advertisin' bein' in town," he said. "They know me pretty well in certain places down here. We'll meet here a week from to-day and fix the real dope. The camp is Marengo."

(*To be continued next week*)



"*Birds of a feather*"



Safeguarding the lanes of speech

The New York-Chicago telephone cable has been completed and is now in service. A triumph of American telephone engineering, the new cable is the result of years of research and cost $25,000,000 to construct. Its first reach extended along the Atlantic seaboard, then steadily westward until this last long section to Chicago was put into service.

To the public, this cable means dependable service irrespective of weather conditions. It is now not likely that sleet storms, which at times interfere with the open wire type of construction with 40 to 50 wires on a pole, will again cut off the rest of the nation from New York or from the nation's capital as did the heavy sleet storm on the day of President Taft's inauguration.

The new cable means speedier service, as it provides numerous additional telephone circuits and will carry a multitude of telephone and telegraph messages. It would take ten lines of poles, each heavily loaded with wires, to carry the circuits contained in this most modern artery of speech.

This cable, important as it is, is only one of the Bell System projects that make up its national program for better telephone service to the subscriber. It is another illustration of the System's intention to provide the public with speedier and even more dependable service.

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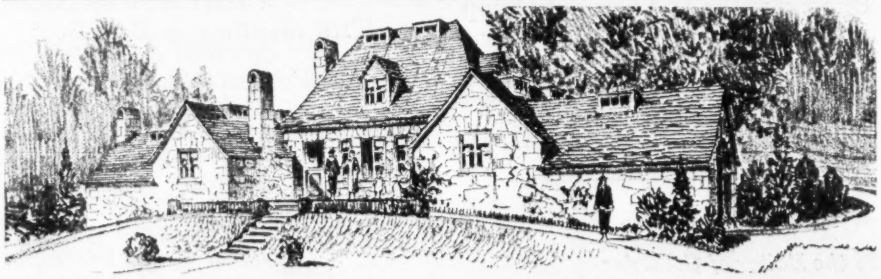

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

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Poor Unpublished Lucy

To the Editor of Collier's:

I DO not drink. I have never had a cigarette as much as in my mouth. I don't use lipstick and only use the faintest touch of rouge. I will admit that I have occasionally indulged in petting—but only in the mildest form.

I don't sound very promising as the heroine of a nowadays story, do I? If this were fiction the readers would have already rejected me as a "dumb-bell," a "flat tire" or as "all wet."

And yet I have managed for the last six years to have a very good time out of life. I've had plenty of dates, been to plenty of dances, had the usual huge rush that comes in the early years of college, finished college last year with several "best beaus" and a glorious time.

No, I'm not an exception to the rule. In fact, I am just one of the many girls of to-day. All of which is hard to believe if one takes the modern girl of fiction as an example.

Read a book or story wherein there are characters under twenty years old. What do you find? "Betty was a typical modern girl. Slim and flat as a boy, with soft cropped hair, a cigarette held carelessly between her lips. She swore freely as she drank from Bobby's flask, then daubed more color on her too-red lips."

Why don't the writers write of the real modern girls? Why do they pick the extreme cases—the foolish, weaker girls? Would not the real be as interesting? At least, it would be a change from the general run of stories. And perhaps the authors could help the young children just going into high school instead of giving them a distorted view of youth. Perhaps they could create a desire in these younger girls to be new Bettys—Bettys who scorn the cheapness of petting, drinking, smoking, painting, swearing—instead of the old-style Betty of the jazz-mad generation.

DOROTHY BELLE F.
Kansas City, Mo.

One From the Old Curiosity Shop

To the Editor of Collier's:

What kind of tool did Dr. Ritter use to cut the "square disks" of sweet potato he fed to the monkeys?

J. B. FURBER, Rahway, N. J.

Witwer Also Ran

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am "intrigued" by the McGuff-Witwer argument over the ownership of the phrase "A fool and his honey are soon parted." I used a similar dislocation in a story of mine—"Stepsons of Light," Satevepost, 1919. "A fool and his honey are soon sterted," observed Adam.

There is no intention to charge Mr. Witwer with conveyance or to claim invention for myself. Precisely the contrary. I did not see his story, so why should he have seen mine? Moreover, this is the sort of thing which says itself, wherever two or three are gathered together. Such obvious and inevitable variants are, as Mr. Dooley says, "part of our common hurtage."

It was long thought that this particular distortion originated with Anne Boleyn, but modern scholarship has disproved the claim. Fulvia employed the phrase of Antony in Egypt, but she used quotes. There is a tradition that a newspaper colyumist in Sparta used this gag as a last line, shortly after Paris returned to Troy. But this story is not verified; the consensus of opinion seems to be that it was Absalom who first made the twist, in a moment of peevishness.

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES,
Apalachin, N. Y.

But Who Can Define Old?

To the Editor of Collier's:

I would like to voice my opinion that all professional men who have grown old in that profession they represent should be retired promptly and younger men of ability supersede them.

Old professional men become ossified in their beliefs and opinions and cease to be progressive and constructive, clinging to precedent and preconceived notions that are antiquated and useless.

Witness the old heads of departments of the Army and Navy in opposition to aviation, which is bound to supersede warships and big artillery. Younger men see and accept the facts and it should be left to the able to carry them out.

F. W. SOUTHWORTH, M. D.,
Tacoma, Wash.

Better Friends Than Ever

To the Editor of Collier's:

The great fleet has come and gone and we are now again reminded that the Americans are a fine race of real he-men. Until a few weeks ago Australia's idea of the Americans was founded on the stage Yankee—a horrible parody that will be laughed out of court should it appear before us again. Our feeling now is that our new-found Big Brother has come and gone, to our very great regret.

S. V. STEAD,
Melbourne, Australia.

One Order of Wings

To the Editor of Collier's:

Although I do not entirely disagree with Mr. Johnston in his view on lawyers, I think he is perhaps a little prejudiced. All lawyers are not by any means either crooked or stony-hearted, as Mr. Johnston seems to imply. Let me tell you my experience:

My mother and I had had great trouble getting support and proper treatment from my father and inevitably had to go to law. In the five years in which my mother was trying to get a separation, she employed four different lawyers at intervals (the case was rather drawn out from lack of evidence), and out of those four only one was at all double-dealing. The other three, when they saw how hard up we were, canceled our bills.

Another case was when we had a little trouble over a will and two lawyers took a great deal of trouble hunting up dry-as-dust evidence . . . for nothing.

JOYCE H. CLEARY,
Montreal, Can.

Nobody Loves a Tattler

To the Editor of Collier's:

The enforcement of prohibition looks more like a psychological problem than it does a physical one. Remember how "us kids" used to hate a snitch. Remember how we hated the dog catcher. Well, lots of "us men" never will grow up.

We don't see how the government is going to get the evidence without snitches and snoops, but do you think we would, as old as we are, tell the dog catcher where "the kid living back of us keeps his mongrel pup"?

Not even my Presbyterian "raisin'" would permit that.

About ninety per cent of the men in this country would lay down their lives for this government in a fair fight, but we hate to think of our Uncle Sammy in the light of a snoopy, snitchy old woman.

ORDINARY FELLOW,
Helena, Mont.

He's Jealous

To the Editor of Collier's:

There is one thing wrong with Fitzpatrick's cartoon, "The Covered Wagon," in your issue of October 10th. The automobile going hell-to-split and labeled "Florida or Bust" should be labeled "Florida and Bust."

CALIFORNIAN.

His Fingers Are Crossed

To the Editor of Collier's:

J. W. Densford of Salina, Kan., tells a fine story about Kansas, but I am glad he locates his story in Oklahoma, which leaves the whole state of Kansas for my story. I want to say right now that I have read his story over six times, believing 16 2/3 per cent each time, so now I can say I believe his whole story and humbly hope he will do as well by mine.

A friend of mine named Jones who lives in New England had occasion to take a trip to the West; and passing through Kansas remembered a friend who some years before had moved to Kansas to make his home. Baker met him at the train after dark and took him by team and buckboard to his home.

Jones and Baker visited late but Jones was up betimes in the morning, but on descending the stairs he was joined on the front porch by Baker. Jones gazed about over the country and turning to his friend said: "Baker, you have been writing to me that this was a purely agricultural country. If there is no manufacturing going on about here how do you account for all those tall factory chimneys?"

"Factory chimneys, you darn fool!" Baker said. "Why, the last sucking cyclone that come through here sucked all the wells inside out and left them standing up in the air. Talking about suction—that cyclone sucked a two-year-old child right down through the drain pipe of a bathtub. See that fellow plowing over in that field? That's the child grown up. He still wears sections of the pipe for pants.

J. R. PATTERSON, Newport, Wash.

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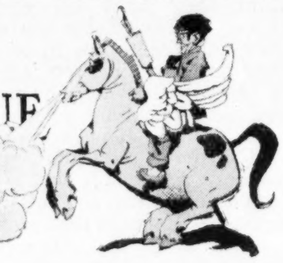

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1875 1925

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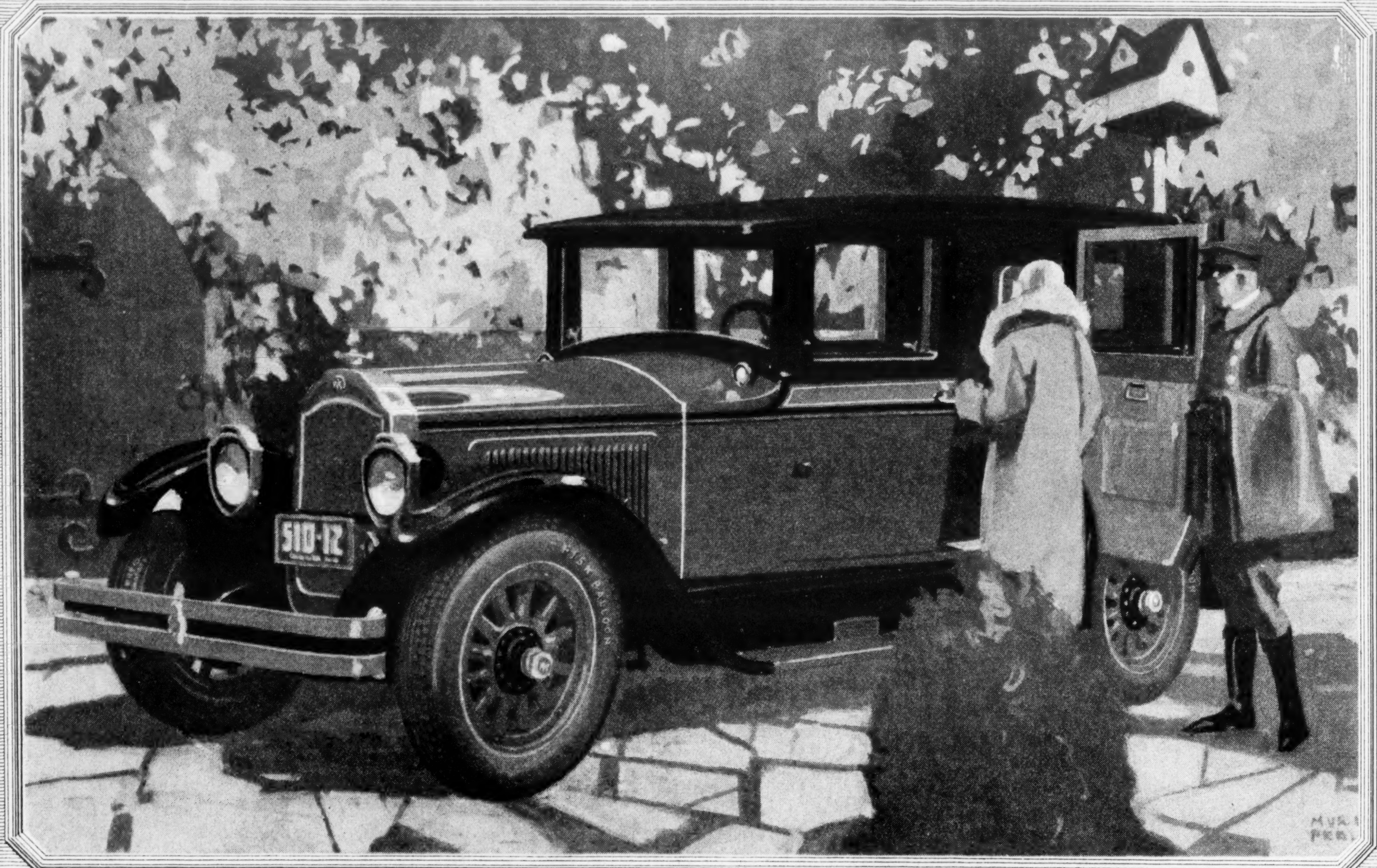

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